Nov. 8, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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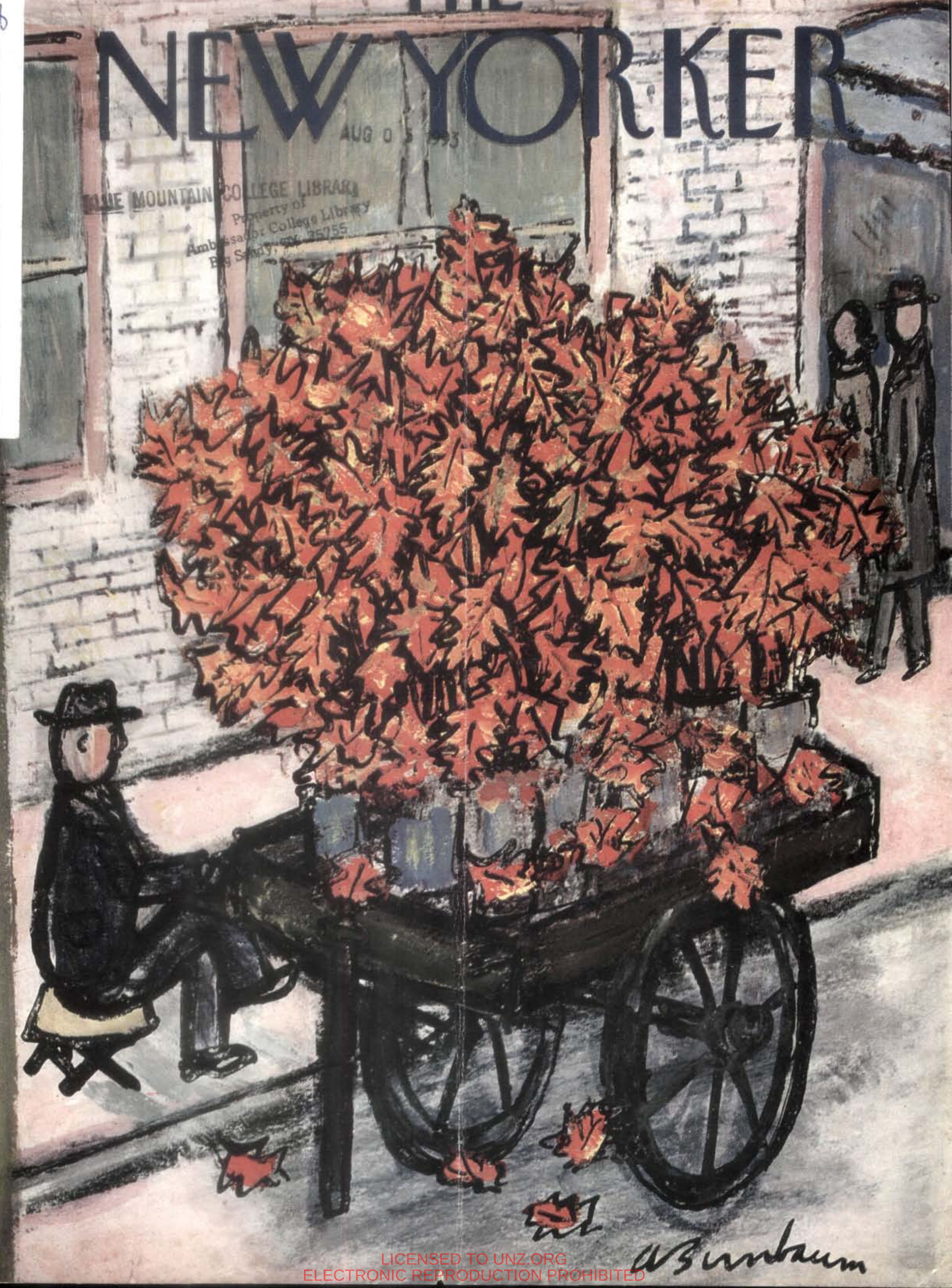

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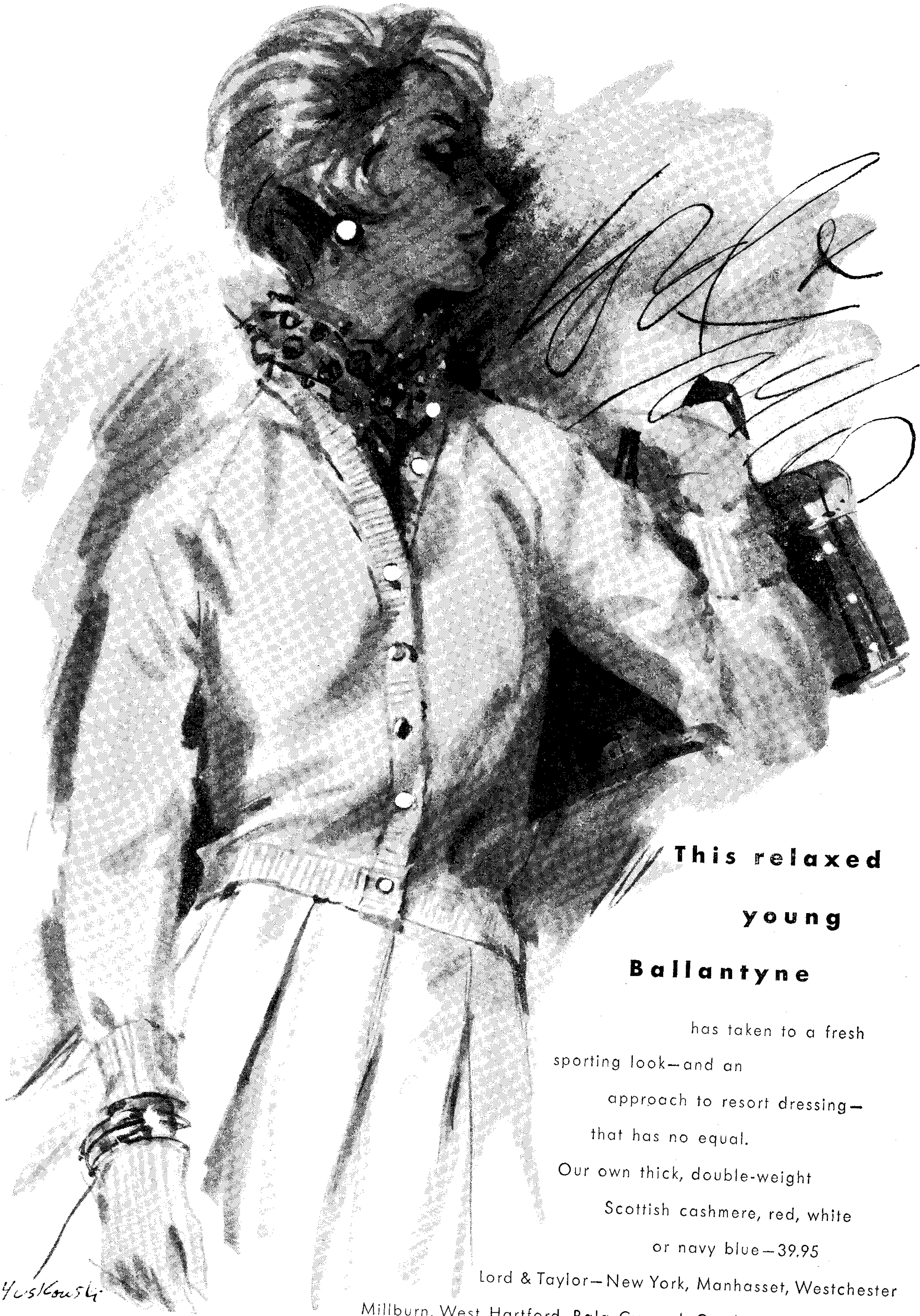

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Drink to Me Only—A comedy by Abram S. Ginnes and Ira Wallach, with Tom Poston, Paul Hartman, and Georgann Johnson in a cast directed by George Abbott. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Girls in 509—Howard Teichmann's play about the foolishness of politics is only intermittently amusing, but Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca are diverting in the leading roles. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Make a Million—Sam Levene and Don Wilson in a comedy written by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, and directed by Jerome Chodorov. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Man in the Dog Suit—An unconvincing study of a downtrodden bank teller who is stimulated to revolution by a fancy-dress costume. Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy are the leading players. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Marriage-Go-Round—Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert, with staunch support from Julie Newmar, illustrate the problems of monogamy, in an academic setting. Leslie Stevens' comedy is a glossy, if sometimes banal, piece of work. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Once More, with Feeling—Some aspects of the world of serious musicianship, discussed in a farcical way in a play that requires a lot of good will on your side to make a visit worth while. Arlene Francis and Joseph Cotten head the cast. The best performance is Walter Matthau's. (National, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Pleasure of His Company—A slick and graceful, though faintly soap-operatic, play about young love, adult selfishness, and other family problems. Cyril Ritchard and Cornelia Otis Skinner, who have doubled as director and co-author, respectively, head the cast, and are strongly supported by Walter Abel, Charlie Ruggles, Dolores Hart, and others. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—Richard Bissell, Marian Bissell, and Abe Burrows have collaborated most felicitously on this play about the birth pains of a musical comedy. Mr. Bissell, of course, had a large hand in "The Pajama Game," of a couple of years ago, so the rest of the parallel should not be difficult to figure. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne wrote the songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond lead a big cast through their comic paces. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Touch of the Poet—A fine cast, headed by Helen Hayes and Eric Portman, in a satisfying period play by Eugene O'Neill that is *having its first American production.* (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

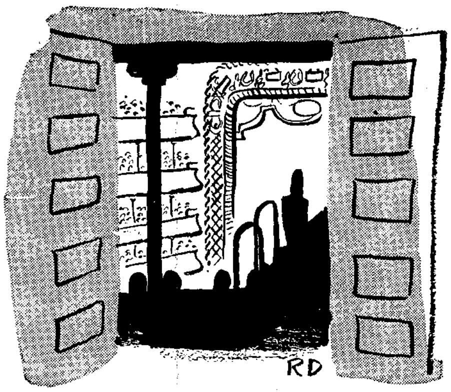
The Visit—About a woman who wants a man killed, and the inhabitants of a village who are all quite willing to oblige her. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are stunning as the victim and the vengeful lady, and the whole thing is chillingly powerful theatre. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The World of Suzie Wong—One of those plays developing the whiskery old notion that brothel inmates are just about the nicest people in the world. France Nuyen, William Shatner, and Ron Randell do their best when they get a chance. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**the dark at the top of the stairs:** All about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago. William Inge's play has a cast headed by Teresa Wright, George L. Smith, and Eileen Heckart. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **look homeward, angel:** Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **sunrise at campobello:** Ralph Bellamy plays the central role in Dore Schary's play covering the three years between Franklin Roosevelt's crippling illness and his speech nominating Al Smith for the Presidency. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **two for the seesaw:** The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Epitaph for George Dillon—A play, imported from London, by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton, with Eileen Herlie, Robert Stephens, and Alison Leggatt. Produced by David Merrick and Joshua Logan, and directed by William Gaskill. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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MUSICALS

Goldilocks—A noisy but sophisticated musical comedy by Jean and Walter Kerr about the pioneer days of movie-making. With Elaine Stritch, Don Ameche, Russell Nype, and Pat Stanley, and a score by Leroy Anderson. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **jamaica:** Lena Horne in a musical for which Harold Arlen wrote the music and E. Y. Harburg supplied the lyrics. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the music man:** Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Robert Preston. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare *now* has the part of Professor Higgins, and Sally Ann Howes that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **west side story:** "Romeo and Juliet," restated in terms of a teen-age gang war. The cast includes Carol Lawrence and Larry Kert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Maria Golovin—Gian-Carlo Menotti's new musical drama, in which Franca Duval, Richard Cross, Patricia Neway, and William Chapman will play the leading roles. Staged by Mr. Menotti and presented by David Merrick and the National Broadcasting Company, in association with Byron Goldman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

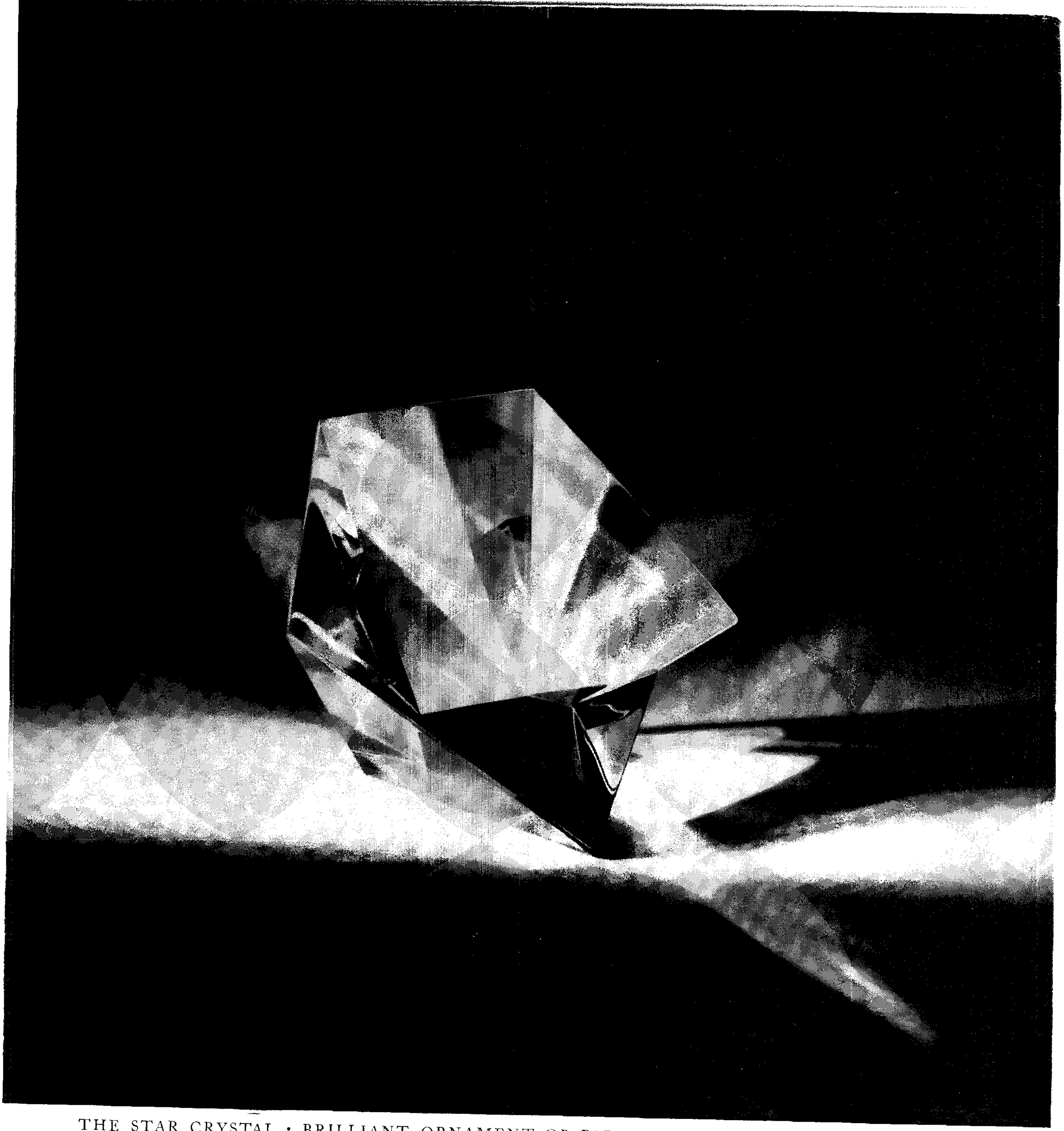
OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Comes a Day—A play by Speed Lamkin, starring Judith Anderson and Arthur O'Connell. Robert Mulligan is the director, and the producers are Cheryl Crawford and Alan Pakula. Opens Thursday, Nov. 6. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

La Plume de Ma Tante—A revue from Paris (but in English), written, devised, and directed by Robert Dhéry. The music is by Gérard Calvi, the lyrics are by Ross Parker, and the cast includes M. Dhéry and Colette Brosset. Presented by David Merrick and Joseph Kipness. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 11. (Royale, 45th

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIV, No. 38, November 8, 1958. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1958, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



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St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"Faust." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Bald Soprano and **Jack**—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Blood Wedding—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Children of Darkness—Colleen Dewhurst and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Tim O'Connor and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Deathwatch—Vic Morrow, Athan Karras, Harold Scott, and George Maharis make up the cast of this play by Jean Genet. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

The Family Reunion—T. S. Eliot's modern rearrangement of Aeschylus's "Eumenides," which neither adheres closely enough to the original to draw much strength from it nor departs sufficiently to stand as an independent play. Prominent in the superior cast are Florence Reed, Fritz Weaver, and Lillian Gish. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Golden Six—The Roman Empire is established at considerable expense to Roman virtue, by courtesy of Maxwell Anderson. If the play occasionally falls a trifle short of its earnest intention, the fault, dear Brutus, is not in its stars, among whom we find Viveca Lindfors, Alvin Epstein, Thayer David, Paul Mann, and Roger Evan Boxill. They and their supporters are remarkably good. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Héloïse—A powerful and intelligent reconstruction of the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag figure as the unfortunate lovers in a workmanlike but not altogether inspired production. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

Ivanov—This early effort by Anton Chekhov cannot compare with his later great plays, but it can compare (and very favorably, too) with other current off-Broadway productions. The role of the enervated provincial gentleman mentioned in the title is persuasively enacted by Paul Stevens, and he receives firm and thoughtful support from the rest of the players. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

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The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Time of the Cuckoo—Kathleen Maguire and Robert Pastene in Arthur Laurents' revised version of his comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—As Leopold Bloom, Zero Mostel singlehandedly rescues this dramatization of a segment of James Joyce's novel, chiefly by annihilating the author's conception of the character and substituting his own flamboyant personality. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-6244. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Beryozka Russian Dance Company—A troupe of forty-three women dancers from Moscow, in their first appearance here. Presented by S. Hurok for a five-week engagement. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Dec. 6.)

Jean Cébron—In a dance recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 2:30.)

Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas—Flamenco dancers, singers, and guitarists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Adolph Green and Betty Comden—Songs and sketches of their own concoction. One in a series of programs called "Monday Nights at Nine." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Monday, Nov. 10, at, unsurprisingly, 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—They haven't quite finished paving the floor with gold, but the end is in sight. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra never pause for breath.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the handsome Cotillion Room, a lot of old Sigmund Romberg set pieces go up in smoke (and sometimes flame) as a posse in which Earl Wrightson is sheriff goes to work on them. This happens at nine-thirty and, on Fridays and Saturdays, again at twelve-thirty. Dance music by an orchestra led by Joseph Ricardel and Alan Logan's band. Closed Mondays.... ¶ A small outfit, almost always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Ted Straeter's band is filling the night with the headiest sort of dance music, and Mark Monte's quintet is playing along with the mob. At dinner and supper, Hildegarde, singer, baker, and candlestick maker, exhibits her prize-winning collection of rhinestone-studded platitudes. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, an idyllic way to pass the time of night, the dance orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen glide decorously down Memory Lane.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians dish up watercress-sandwich music at teatime in the Palm Court and tossed-salad music at the dinner hour in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either abode.

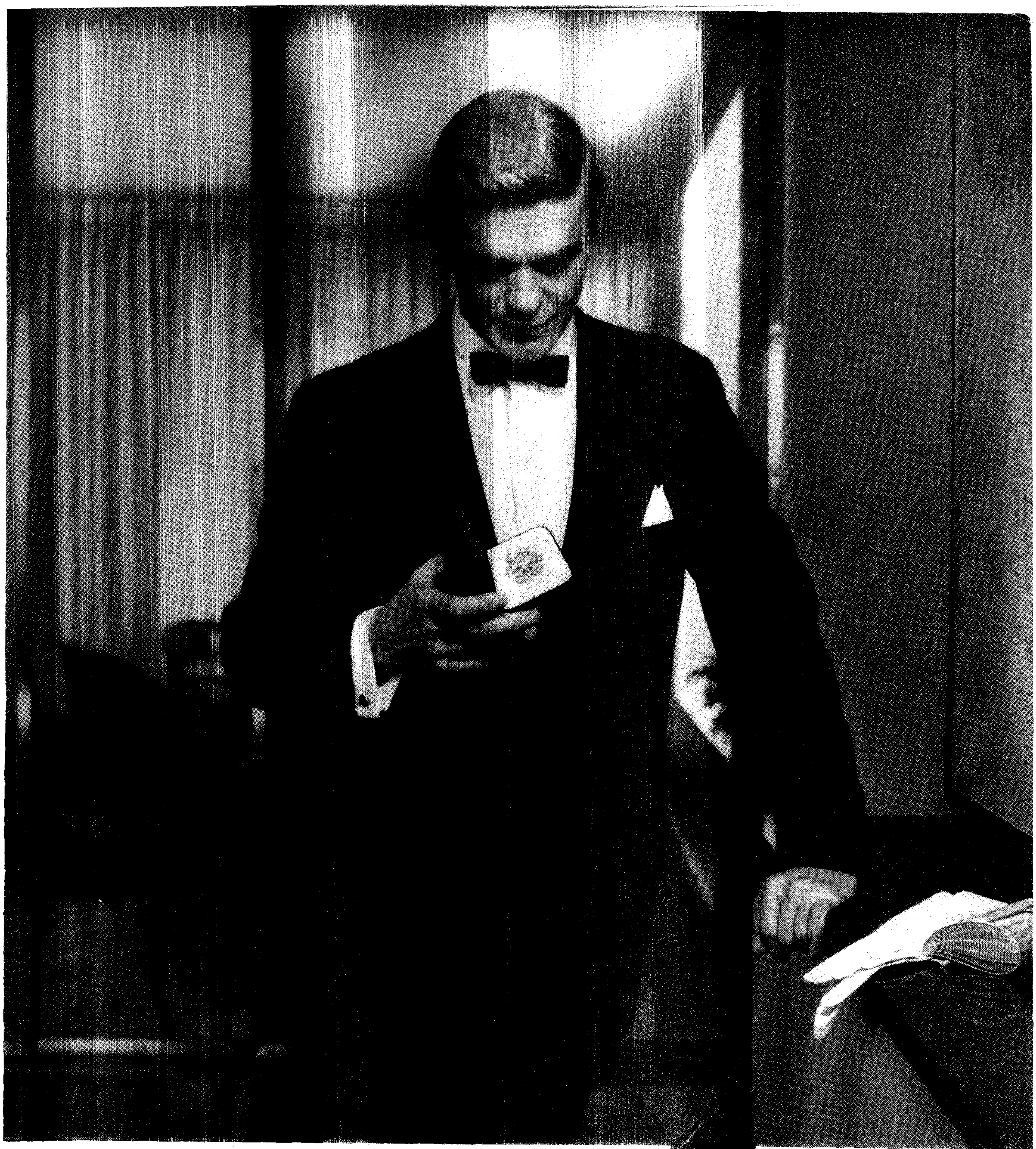
Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye's band, which veers from big-city to small-town with occasionally disconcerting celerity, is making the dance music in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the grand duchy of the Maisonette, at dinner and supper, Fernanda Montel serves as fashion plate and oriole. Dancing, too, and just about non-stop, to the happy little bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti, the piano man, presides over his band in the Café Lounge, where it murmurs for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club at the stroke of nine, Chauncey Gray's orchestra turns on its débutante-speed dance music for a group to whom that sort of thing is an old story. Quintero's band takes up any slack. There's dinner music, too. Sundays are soundless.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dinner and supper with the Gordon MacRaes (Sheila Stephens is Mr. MacR.'s competent bride) in the Empire Room isn't at all the television show you might have expected; their joint burblings of song and story work out very well indeed. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Béla Babai's orchestra, both of them decisive, play for dancing. Sundays are silent nights.... ¶ Mondays through Thursdays, from seven to twelve, the Norman Paris trio makes chamber music for up-to-the-minute moderns in the green pasture called Peacock Alley, while Jozsi Ribari's men maintain



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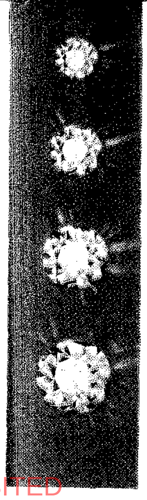

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NOTE—There's light at the top of the stairs (at least from four-thirty to nine every day but Sunday), in the Rainbow Room, which is on the six-thousandth floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Joseph Sudy's trio contributes stein songs now and then. The phone is CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A tree grows in Manhattan—a fine, glittery bay tree in whose shade sits the piano of Addison Bailey, the establishment's cocktail, dinner, and supper concertmaster for a good many years. The Sunday handyman is Joel Forbes.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Some of our metropolitan counters of sheep prefer to do their homework here, grog in hand, ears cocked to the intricate piano of Rack Godwin, once of the never-to-be-forgotten four-hand team of Eadie and Rack. He starts at eight. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' amiable shelter is now ready to receive tenants at 5 P.M., when Bob Printz gets to the piano. At seven-thirty he's replaced by Mr. H. and Wayne Sanders, who don't care when they stop playing single and double keyboards. Late at night, there are apt to be non-scheduled flights of fancy by the guests. Closed Sundays.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, who at times sounds like the wisest woman of the extra-civilized world, offers a song recitation of infinite variety that begins after the theatre. Her accompanist, and the piano soloist, is Sam Hamilton, by now practically her alter ego. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, wielding a guitar on a Mediterranean honeymoon cruise all the way from Seville to Sorrento, holds forth from six-thirty to one every evening. Closed Sundays.... **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): A crossroads-of-the-world restaurant, where Cy Walter, of the light, fantastic fingers, is at play on the piano from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Violins with every course, right on down to the *caffè espresso*. Theo Fanidi's corps of bowmen keeps it up all night. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The tableside violin of the timeless Norbert Faconi is the main event in a household crammed with reminders of the days when knighthood was in flower. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Fun in a Spanish wine cellar, which has been equipped with tables, chairs, and a troupe of players who never get out of the habit of singing, dancing, and plain and fancy strumming. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Another aspect of Spain—a pastoral one—where indigenous music wells up until quite late at night amidst excellent scenery. Closed Sundays.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Hemmed in by an exhibit of oils you're unlikely to see anywhere else this side of Jupiter or Mars is the engagingly souped-up Aaron Bell trio, a lot of whose music is from outer space itself, and a song-and-piano Frenchman, Jacques Kayal, who's not afraid to relax. It all starts at ten. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): None of the Hungarians around here can hold their tongues for any length of time. Along with the resultant songfest goes music by the bushel, some of it from that vanishing instrument the zimbalon. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urban eye could wish. The major punctuation is the piano of George Feyer, which runs still but not deep. He's on at frequent intervals from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the completely unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, largely British and New York. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues arranged in a manner conducive to conversation, instead of mass participation, and looking unmistakably like Greenwich Village. Someone is usually at the piano.... **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, an ornate nook in an ornate restaurant, there's reasonably cheerful piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Sundays.... **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Hunting-lodge architecture, inhabited by the most unruffled grouse in town. Al Mello, a pianist who gets along without the customary Muzak repertory and manner of execution, has the floor from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday.... **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): A familiar scene—candelabra to the left, candelabra to the right, and rhapsodic violins down front. Closed Sundays.... **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): While the night mail coach to Boston is changing horses, it is possible to duck into this chastely modern bar of the Stanhope Hotel for a cup that cheers and a roundelay by Fernando Sirvent, a guitarist who goes flamenco at the slightest urging. He's on point duty from nine till twelve-thirty. No music Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A big new never-never land, where the girls (who unaccountably outnumber the boys three to one) play the livelong day and where seldom is heard an intelligent word. The girls are all beautiful, and so are their clothes. Jane Russell, principal girl, takes her songs and her extraordinary three-man Jack Cole ballet team away on Thursday, Nov. 6; next evening, the beguiling Anna Maria Alberghetti brings in her childlike self and her sweet little voice. Dancing.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Nat King Cole calls it a night on Wednesday, Nov. 12. In between his plaintive and/or impassioned song recitals, there's a show made of bricks without straw. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

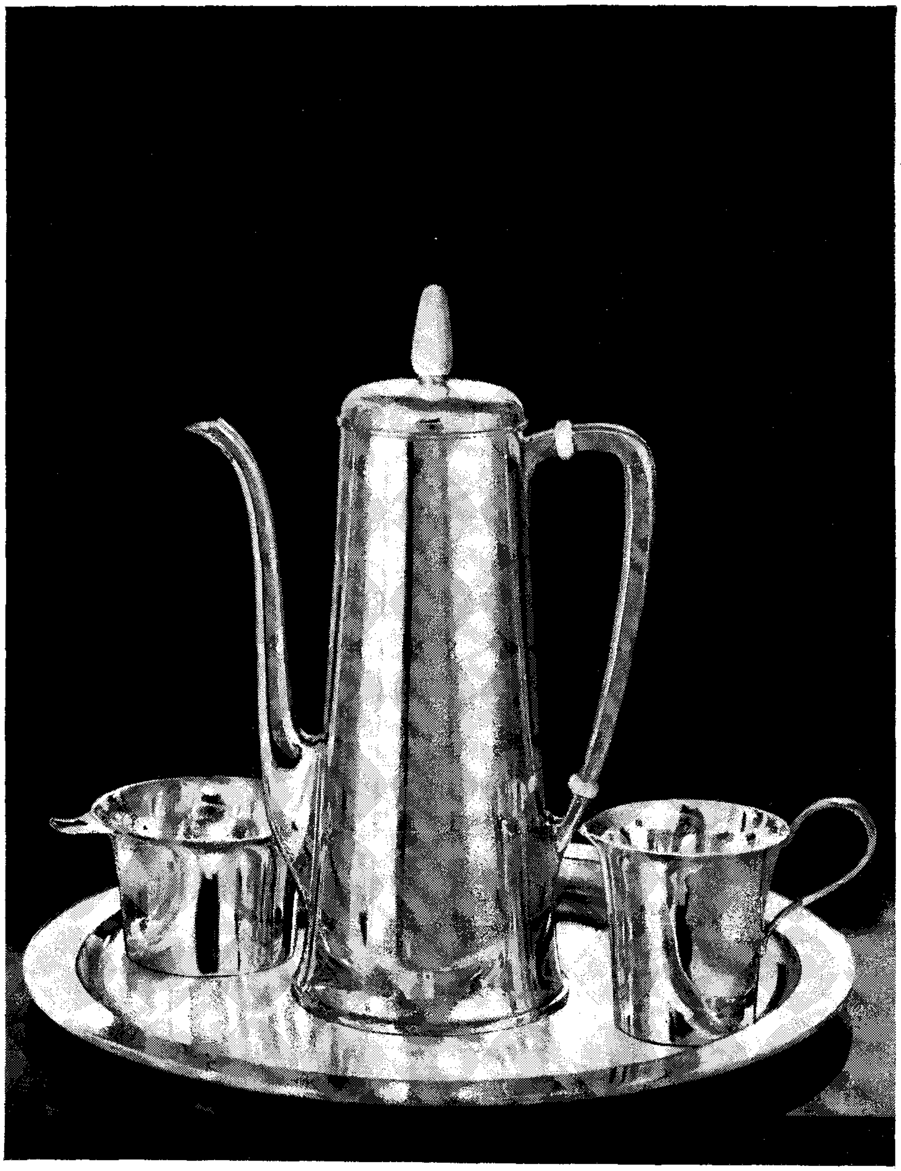
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The comic conferences of Martha Davis and Spouse, who are clearly destined to live happily ever after, are just about summit. So, too, are the portraits of George Matson (everything from the leader of a band to a lady trapped in Paris traffic) and the *petites histoires* of Orson Bean, whose characters live in Vermont, in letters to the editor, and in other outlying provinces. Mr. Bean departs on Wednesday, Nov. 12; Martha Wright starts singing the night after. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. The first performance begins as early as nine-forty-five on Fridays and Saturdays.... ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, from 2 to 4 A.M., except Saturdays and Mondays, there's progressive music by the Lyonses.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk, whose vest-pocket revues flourish more exuberantly every year, has put very wise heads on the young shoulders of Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and George Hall, who play to the hilt the latest of his don't-spare-the-rod commentaries on what now passes for civilization. The pit band is the twin pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell; the curtain times are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A picturesque gazebo, also erected by Julius Monk. After ten-thirty, the cool, clear, bracing voice of Portia Nelson is heard, often in earnest but sometimes in jest. Her lyrics are set to the jewelled music of Don Evans and Carl Norman, upper-echelon pianists. The bar opens at five, the music starts at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,**

1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The fine Florentine hand of the resident chef is supplemented by other diversions: calm dinner and supper piano by Dick Hankinson, and (after the theatre) let's-go piano by the old virtuoso Herman Chittison, Grand Guignol balladry by the owlish Dean Sheldon, and pretty-girl arias by Nancy Kenyon. Closed Mondays. . . . **DELMONICO**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): At eleven, the placid Café Lounge becomes, at least by osmosis, the sort of faintly smoky room in which Hugh Shannon's husky voice and blues piano can do justice to the classic ballads of the days when America was a barefoot boy. Sundays are his vacation time. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar is Phyllis Diller, a compulsive talker on a vast variety of foolish topics, and Stewart Rose, who sings. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those familiar faces, never stray far from their double pianos. Sundays, silent movies and no Rose; Mondays, amateur performers and no Diller. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A Village version of the "1812 Overture," in which the lyric Mae Barnes supplies the cannons' roar and the Three Flames (Tiger Haynes among them) supply the other cacophony. Jimmie Daniels, the inventor of this inn, is blander, more *dégagé*, as he does his world-weary quatrains; and Kaye Ballard, roving correspondent for the bewitched, bothered, and bewildered generation, talks fourteen to the dozen—a fine idea, seeing that certain other performers have nothing whatever to say for themselves. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Up one flight of stairs, in a space no bigger than a hall bedroom, four young folk romp through a series of skits endowed with a fair amount of common sense and airy nonsense. Bobo Lewis is the principal romper. Performances at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, at midnight the rest of the week. Closed Mondays. . . . **DEN IN THE DUANE**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): Some of the wit is less than elementary, my dear Watson, but Milt Kamen, a commentator with his eye on the news of the day and his tongue in his cheek, makes up for that. For lagniappe, there's the jonquil called Isobel Robins, casting a fond and a sardonic eye over her bright potpourri of ballads. Closed Sundays. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): Stella Brooks, a truly odd blending of Sartre, Sitwell, and Carrie Nation, is conducting her course in high-protein semantics for people who never go out before eleven. Tuesdays through Thursdays, the golden Daphne Hellman and her golden harp help the décor, and all week long Oskar Nord's duo thrums quietly. Closed Mondays. . . . **BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The afterdeck of the Midtown Café, and Chinese ice-cream parlor is the word for it. Janice Mars, a delightfully unmannered purveyor of songs of dalliance and songs of supplication, and Baldwin Bergersen, composer and pianist of note, gambol late into the night. All quiet on Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Top-of-the-evening song and piano by Bobby Short, an irresistible force and a milkman's-matinée idol. Russ Haddock's trio, which helps Mr. Short along, goes it alone, too, from time to time. Mr. Short is away Sundays, and Mr. Haddock's group is away Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The famous Condon health farm, with its rigid regimen—Labatt's India Pale Ale, roast beef, and jazz with plenty of sulphur and molasses. Mr. Condon is supported in this worthy endeavor by Rex Stewart, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall. The favorite topic is the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. The recess-hour pianist is Bob Hammer. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-0355): The interesting case of the Miles Davis sextet, which is sometimes caught on a three-horned dilemma—the trumpet of Mr. Davis and the saxophones of John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderley, which can get in one another's way. On Tuesday, Nov. 11, Ernestine Anderson will start adding her carols to



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the agenda. Sundays, there's a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session. The place is closed Mondays.... **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): It takes a bit of doing for some musicians to feel at home on this huge range, but Tyree Glenn (whose real breezy quartet has Hank Jones on piano) and Joe Bushkin (he has a foursome, too) are old enough hands at the game to make it a winning one. Sundays, when they're away, other cowhands take over the corral. Ving Merlin's trio supplies the caramel custard at the dinner hour.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Venerable troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris. Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk, are clattering away in an effort to prove that the old way of doing things is the best way. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band, no stranger here, huffs and puffs in a manner more than likely to blow the walls down. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Hubble, bubble, toil, and strife (in which dissonance usually gets the upper hand of symmetry) issue in a steady stream. At the moment, Machito's band and Buddy Rich's quartet (eardrums pierced while you wait) are at bat, and a triad of sometimes satiric singers (Annie Ross is the most familiar name) are having a milder go at the customers. On Thursday, Nov. 13, they'll all be withdrawn in favor of Chico Hamilton's quintet (less strife) and Johnny Smith's trio (more symmetry). The regulars are on leave Mondays, which are visitors' nights.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, the principal evening occupant of the oval bar, plays piano suggesting (1) that he may become the most brilliant of the modern technicians and (2) that he is just gathering rosebuds while he may. He and his trio are on duty after ten-fifteen every evening but Monday.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Battledore and shuttlecock, without regard for the rules of Hoyle, is offered every day. Wednesday through Sunday, such river-boat shufflers as Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole, Buster Bailey, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and Herb Fleming can often be heard. Sunday afternoons and Monday and Tuesday evenings, Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge take a quintet for a ride. The uproar is continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays and Saturdays and Sundays from 1:30 P.M. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie.... **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): In the back room, Mary Lou Williams, a cornerstone of today's pianism and yet a throwback to the blues, has at the Steinway when Bernard Peiffer isn't overpowering it with glittering, gone-with-the-wind arpeggios. Both are worth the price of admission even without their trios. The Peiffers lie low Sundays, the Williamses lie low Mondays. ... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The perfect concomitant for a weekend football game; i.e., jazz with the fur left on. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, oldliners like Charlie Shavers, Lou McGarity, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis will make the fur fly.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Silence in the auditorium is not part of the golden rule here, so sit well forward if you wish to hear the Jonah Jones quartet and Eugene Smith's trio in their native state. They set to at eight-thirty. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening, and Sundays are catch-as-catch-can bouts between extra hands.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Charlie Mingus, who has just stepped up his firepower from a trio to a quintet, is offering his forecast of what the future holds in store for us. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Greenwich Village of "The Iceman Cometh" period and décor, but full of questing youth. The accompanying jazz, which is over the hills and far away, is well turned out by Randy Weston's fivesome, which is replaced every Monday by Mal Waldron's trio, and, for better or for worse, the declaiming of poetry against a jazz background. Sundays, at six-thirty, there are honest-to-God displays of chamber music.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ARBIT BLATAS—Expressionist oils in black and white; through Nov. 28. (Associated American Artists, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD—Abstract oils, crisply linear in style; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN ETNIER—Paintings (Mallorca, Maine, and Nassau), primarily of the sea; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER—Oils, water colors, and drawings; through Dec. 6. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

JOHN FERREN—Abstract oils; through Nov. 29. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Figure paintings mostly, done in blurred massed forms verging on the abstract; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

PHILIPPE HOSIASSON—Abstract oils; starting Saturday, Nov. 8. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA—Water colors, drawings, and lithographs; through Nov. 22. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

REGINALD MARSH—A small memorial show of paintings, all done in the four years before his death, in 1954; through Nov. 22. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

JOAN MIRÓ—"Peintures Sauvages;" through Nov. 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SIDNEY NOLAN—Paintings by a young Australian artist, mainly built around native folklore themes; through Nov. 22. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT—Water colors and a few drawings, including marines and landscapes with figures; through Nov. 29. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

ALFONSO OSSORIO—Paintings; through Nov. 22. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

JACKSON POLLOCK—A selection of his smaller oils (1934-54); through Nov. 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

KAY SAGE—Surrealist oils and collages; through Nov. 22. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT SIVARD—Paintings of Paris, Rome, New York, and other cities; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

HYDE SOLOMON—Semiabstract landscapes; through Nov. 22. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

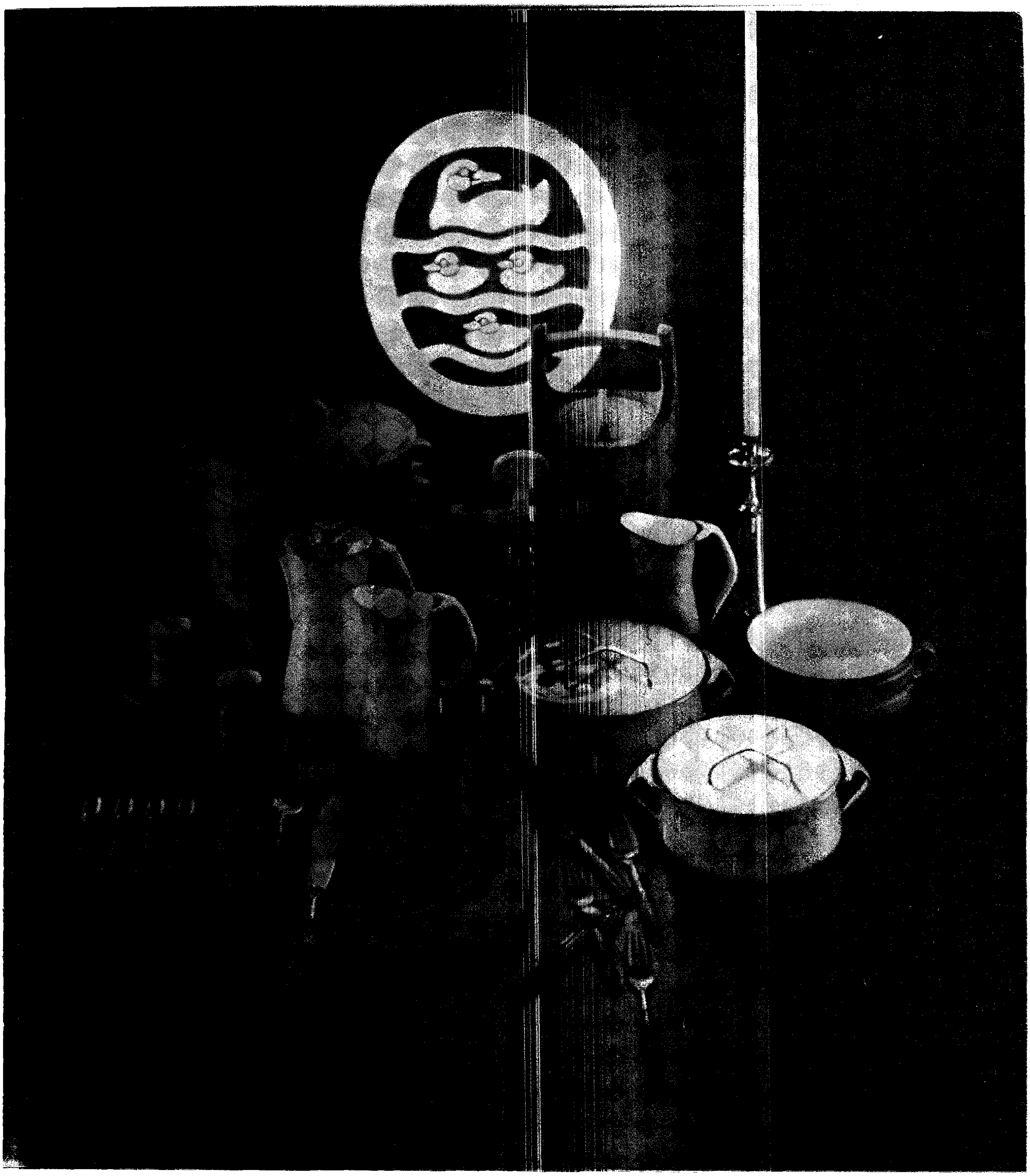
ANDREW WYETH—Paintings in various media, done in his almost super-realist style; through Nov. 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

PAINTINGS FROM THE CITY ART MUSEUM OF ST. LOUIS—Fifty European and American works, from Cranach to Picasso, on loan from, and for the benefit of, the Museum; through Dec. 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

INTERNATIONAL ART—Forty countries are participants in an exhibit of works (ancient to modern) arranged as a tribute to the United Nations. Included are paintings (by Rembrandt, Goya, and Bonnard, for instance), architectural models by Frank Lloyd Wright, abstract tapestries from Yugoslavia, and contemporary sculptures from Ethiopia. For the benefit of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. Through Nov. 23. (Seagram Building, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St. Daily, noon to 11.)

SCULPTURE BY PAINTERS—Picasso, Gauguin, Max Weber, and others; through Nov. 29. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: The thirty-third annual exhibition, comprising paintings by six artists, including Stuart Davis and Charles Sheeler, plus sculptures by William Zorach; through Saturday, Nov. 8.... **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY,** 131 W. 55th St.: The originals of about two hundred *New Yorker* covers, dating from 1925 to the present; through Friday, Nov. 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 1



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to 6.) . . . **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Oils, chiefly, by Ben Benn, Paul Riba, Noel Davis, and other gallery artists; through Nov. 29.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Busts of several art collectors (by Jacques Lipchitz, Marino Marini, William Zorach, and others) and paintings lent by the subjects; through Nov. 22. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: Braque, Gris, and Léger are among the artists represented in a showing of twentieth-century French paintings; through Nov. 29. . . . **SAGITTARIUS,** 777 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Fabrizio Clerici, Filippo de Pisis, Nino Caffè, Mario Sironi, and other contemporary Italian painters; through Saturday, Nov. 8. . . . **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Modern German paintings and drawings by, among others, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Franz Marc, and Emil Nolde; through Dec. 10.

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: Joseph Hirsch; starting Monday, Nov. 10. . . . **BARONE,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Beverly Pepper; starting Monday, Nov. 10. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: Max Weber; starting Tuesday, Nov. 11. . . . **KRASNER,** 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Arnold Blanch; starting Monday, Nov. 10. . . . **NORDNESS,** 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: I. Rice Pereira; starting Wednesday, Nov. 12. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Léger; starting Monday, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS,** Broadway at 155th St.; starting Saturday, Nov. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.) **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY,** 131 W. 55th St.; starting Tuesday, Nov. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

NOTE—There will be an exhibition and sale of paintings and sculptures by American, French, and Italian artists (including Marsden Hartley, Picasso, and Massimo Campigli), plus a selection of specially priced paintings, drawings, and lithographs, at the Walden School, 1 W. 88th St., on Thursday, Nov. 6, from 8 P.M. to 11 P.M., and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 7-9, from 1 to 11, for the benefit of the school's scholarship fund. . . . ¶ Another exhibition and sale, this one of paintings and sculptures by American and French artists (among them Milton Avery, André Lhote, and Nat Werner), will take place at the Seven Arts Center, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St., on Saturday, Nov. 8, from 8 to 10, and Sunday through Tuesday, Nov. 9-11, from 1 to 10, for the benefit of the Women's Organization for Rehabilitation Through Training.

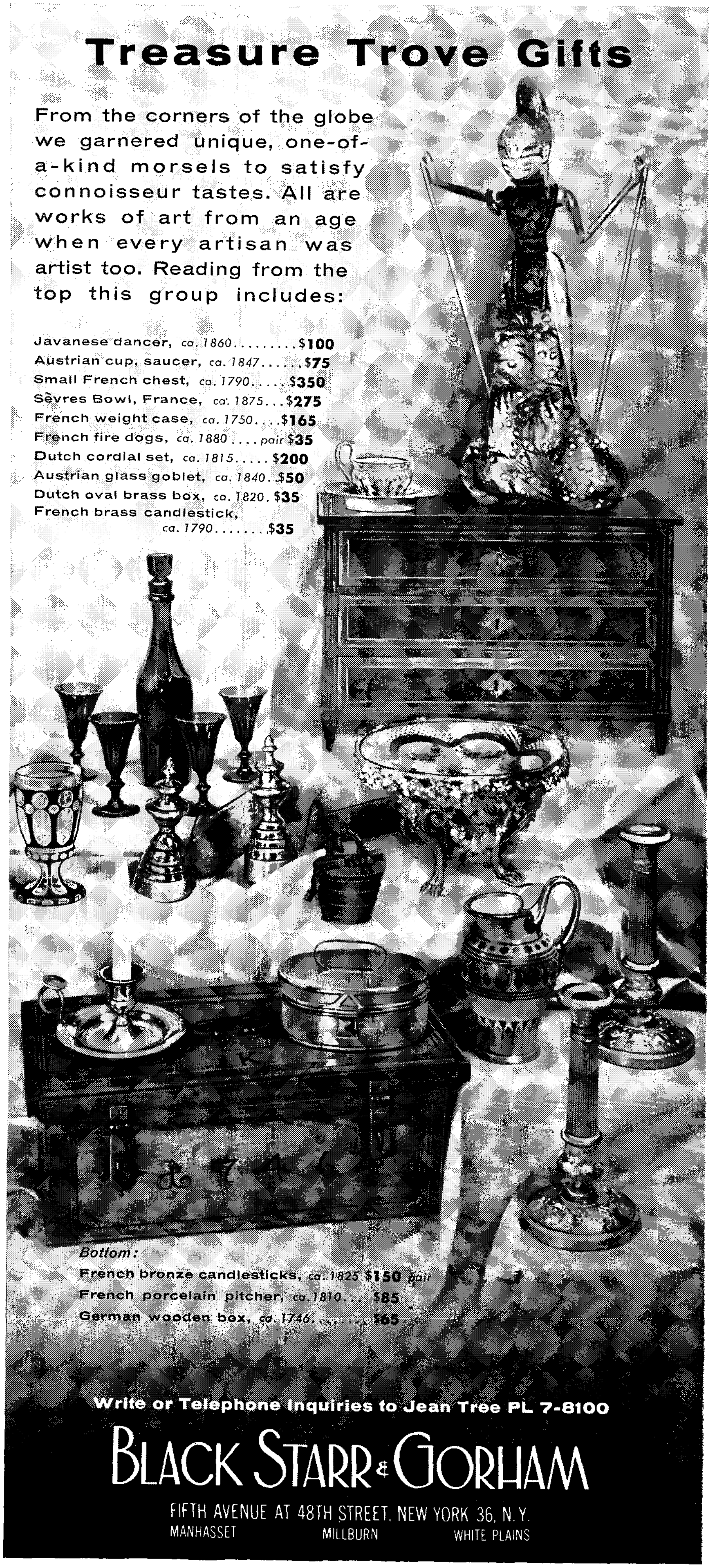
MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings and other works, ranging from Colonial times to the present, and principally from the Museum's collection, by fourteen American masters, including John Singleton Copley, George Inness, Mary Cassatt, Georgia O'Keeffe, and John Marin; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of sculptures, reliefs, collages, and graphics by Jean Arp; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Eleven paintings and sculptures (by, for instance, Léger and Brancusi) collected by the late Philip L. Goodwin; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ A group of European paintings and sculptures (by Seurat, Lipchitz, Mondrian, and others) that have been given or promised to the Museum; through Sunday, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ A photographic display called "Architecture Worth Saving;" through Dec. 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of pagan and primitive peoples' funerary objects (clothing, jewelry, masks, statuettes, vessels for food and drink, and so on) from Egypt and other African countries, the Far East, and North and South America; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—A selection of paintings submitted for the 1958 Guggenheim International Award.



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French weight case, *ca. 1750*	$165
French fire dogs, *ca. 1880*	*pair* $35
Dutch cordial set, *ca. 1815*	$200
Austrian glass goblet, *ca. 1840*	$50
Dutch oval brass box, *ca. 1820*	$35
French brass candlestick, *ca. 1790*	$35

Bottom:

French bronze candlesticks, *ca. 1825*	$150 *pair*
French porcelain pitcher, *ca. 1810*	$85
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including some of the winners; through Dec. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, *10* to 6; Sundays, *noon* to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Primitive sculptures in metal, among them bronzes from Benin, in Nigeria, and pre-Columbian goldwork from Central and South America; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Eleven terra cottas and bronzes recently found at Ife, also in Nigeria, and on loan to the Museum; through Nov. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—*Part I of the eighteenth annual of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, with works by such artists as Henry Botkin, John von Wicht, and Louise Nevelson; through Nov. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)*

Whitney Museum, *22* W. 54th St.—A retrospective of oils, collages, pastels, and water colors by Arthur G. Dove; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ An *exhibition* of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, acquired since May, 1957; through Sunday, Nov. *9*. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The *box-office* number for *Carnegie Hall* is CI 7-7460, *for* Town Hall JU *2*-4536, *and* for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-*1210*. Other box-office *numbers* are included in the *listings.)*

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Nell Rankin, Margaret Roggero, Cesare Siepi, and Kurt Baum. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov and Primo Zambruno; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at *2*: "La Bohème," with Victoria de los Angeles, Heidi Krall, Giuseppe Campora, Mario Zanasi, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday. Nov. 8, at 8: "Madame *Butterfly*," with Renata Tebaldi, Mildred Miller, Eugenio Fernandi, and Mario Zanasi. (A benefit *for the* Bagby Music Lovers' Foundation.). . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Cavalleria *Rusticana*," with Zinka Milanov, Primo Zambruno, and Cesare Bardelli; and "Pagliacci," with *Lucine* Amara, Mario Del Monaco, and *Leonard* Warren. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Tosca," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Eugenio Fernandi, George London, and Lawrence Davidson. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Laurel Hurley, Rosalind Elias, Lucine Amara, Nicolai Gedda, and Martial Singher. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 14, at 8: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Giuseppe Campora, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Martha Lipton, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Kunie Imai, Margaret Roggero, Barry Morell, and Mario Zanasi.

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the *season*—Friday evening, Nov. 7: "La Traviata.". . . ¶ Saturday *matinée*, Nov. 8: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Saturday *evening*, Nov. 8: "The Merry Widow.". . . ¶ *Sunday matinée*, Nov. 9: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 9: "Die Fledermaus," *in* English. (A benefit for the Shore Front Chapter of Hadassah.). . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 12: "Turandot.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 13: "The Silent Woman.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 14: "Susannah.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 15: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 15: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 16: "The Merry Widow.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 16: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At *Carnegie* Hall—Thomas Schippers conducting on Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. *7, at 2:30*; and Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30 (all *with Ruggiero* Ricci, violin); and Sunday, Nov. 9, at 3 (with Arnold Steinhardt, violin). . . . ¶ *Herbert* von

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Karajan conducting on Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 14, at 2:30; Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 3 (no soloists).

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting a free concert, with Patricia Calhoun, soprano, and Sonya Uvezian, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 2.)

New York Sinfonietta—Max Goberman conducting an all-Vivaldi program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 5:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Amparo Iturbi, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Clarion Concerts—Newell Jenkins directing a chorus and an orchestra in the American première of Cimarosa's Requiem, with Irene Jordan, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Donald Gramm, bass-baritone. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting the opening performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:45, and Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in an all-Bach program. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

Kendall Taylor—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Janacek Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Shoshana Damari—Israeli-Yemenite folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Ray Lev—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Walter Hautzig—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Francis Cassel—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Albeneri Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Ruth Slenczynska—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Jorge Bolet and Ruggiero Ricci—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Tenor and guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—Renaissance music of Spain. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Operas-in-Brief—"Tosca," the second in this year's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Theatre. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 5:30.)

Jazz Concert—Dave Brubeck's quartet, Sonny Rollins' trio, Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, and the Four Freshmen. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:30 and at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Tony Anthony vs. Sonny Ray, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 14. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 8: Brown vs.

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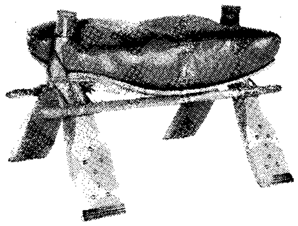

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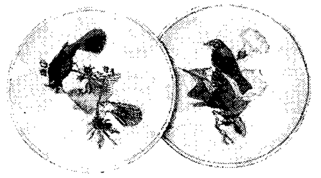

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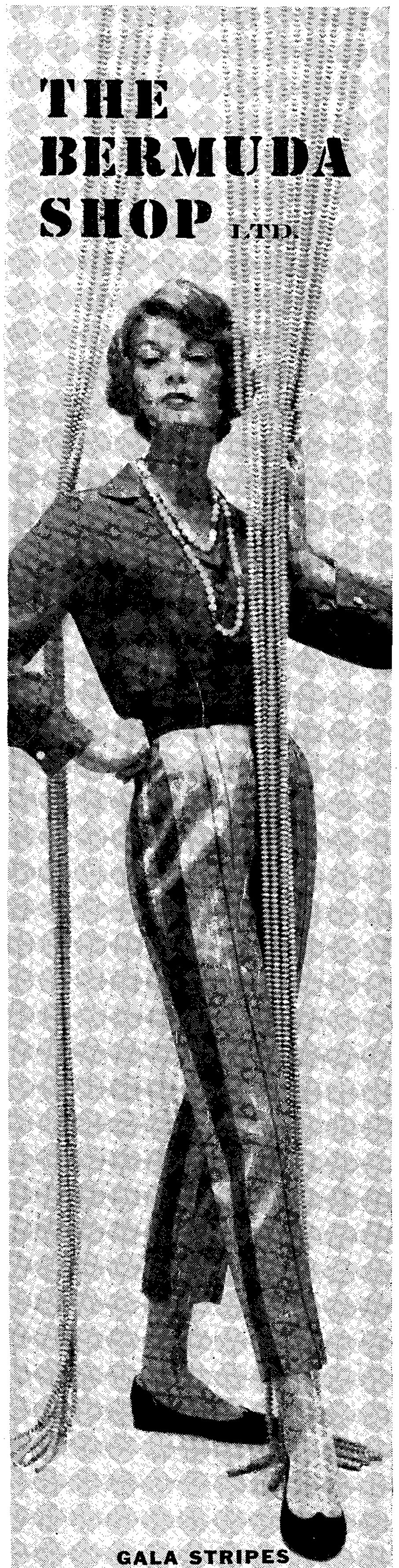

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ *Dartmouth* vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 15 (all at 1:30): Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Baltimore Colts. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 2:05.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Tuesday, Nov. 11. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:45.)

Hunt Racing—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 8.)

Professional Basketball—Minneapolis vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. St. Louis. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 7.)

Racing—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 12:45; through Saturday, Nov. 29. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 8; the Remsen, Tuesday, Nov. 11; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 15. (*Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between* 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Wednesday, Nov. 12. The Selima, Saturday, Nov. 8, and the Washington, D.C., International, Tuesday, Nov. 11 (for this day, post time will be at 12).

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society, with Abbott Lee Ruskin, thirteen-year-old pianist, and members of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Plays—THEATRE EAST: "I Wish I May." (211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Saturdays at 11, 1:30, and 3.) . . . MERRI-MIMES: "The Arabian Nights." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "The Golden Goose." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 11 and 2:30.) . . . PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 11.) . . . ROCKEFELLER PLAYERS: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

Variety Show—The Peggy Bridge Marionettes and other attractions, including a group of Winnebago Indians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole and push-button displays, and so on. . . . ¶ Paintings and prints by children of Southern Rhodesia; through Dec. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

Exhibition of Dolls—More than a hundred dolls, dating from the eighteenth century to the present day and including papier-mâché, wax, china, rag, wooden, and porcelain examples; through Jan. 4. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays, except Veterans' Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

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Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current presentation, "Eclipse at Danger Island," has to do with the total solar eclipse as it was seen on Oct. 12 from Danger Island, in the South Pacific. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays, except Veterans' Day, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Veterans' Day from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films of General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Saturday mornings from 9 to 9:15, and on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30.... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Prose Readings—At the KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, Y.M.H.A.: Katherine Anne Porter reading from her own works, Thursday, Nov. 6.... ¶ E. E. Cummings reading from his own works, Thursday, Nov. 13. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Evenings at 8:30.) ... NEW SCHOOL: Robert Frost reading from his own poetry. (66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Chrysanthemum Show—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Friday, Nov. 7, through Monday, Dec. 8. Daily, 10 to 4:30.)

French Book Illustrations—Picasso, Rouault, Maillol, and Matisse are among the artists represented in this display of books published between 1945 and 1958; through Dec. 16. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 to 5; the exhibit will be closed on Veterans' Day.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W. at 77th St.—"America in Daguerreotypes": A survey of the works of Louis J. M. Daguerre and his followers; through Nov. 30. ... ¶ Prints of the Crystal Palace and the fire that destroyed it, in 1858, comprise a special commemorative exhibit; through Dec. 31.... ¶ A display of eleven costumes, illustrating the change in New York fashions from Dutch days to the late nineteenth century; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 6, at 10:15 and 1:45: Louis XV and Louis XVI furniture, Herend and other porcelains, table silver, a small group of paintings and drawings, clocks, Oriental rugs, and bibelots; owned by Mrs. Louis Jourdan and others.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 1:45: Letters and documents by such American statesmen as George Washington and Zachary Taylor, from the collection of Clendenin J. Ryan and from other sources.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, at 1:45: American and English country furniture, a collection of Currier & Ives lithographs, porcelains, and decorative objects; the property of Irwin Untermyer.... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 13-14, at 1:45: Fukien and other blanc-de-chine porcelains, semiprecious-mineral carvings, snuff bottles, and early-dynastic porcelains and pottery; from the estate of David Weber. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 8.

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(right) FOR WOMEN: *Hand-framed Shetland cardigan made in the Shetland Isles. Dark or bright red, yellow, light, medium or black-grey, light, medium or navy blue, natural, white, black-green, dark brown,* $18.50; *also round-neck pullover, same colors,* $16.50. *Our 2-ply cashmere cardigan in yellow, white, light, medium or navy blue, natural, dark grey, green, red,* $35; *also round-neck pullover, same colors,* $32.50

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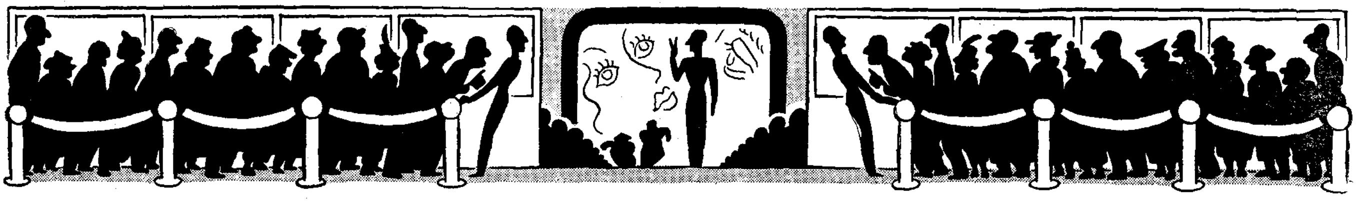
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are first-rate, and the scenic effects are tremendous. (Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; starting Nov. 11.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—Comedy, tragedy, satire, melodrama—whatever you fancy, you'll find it somewhere along the line in this excellent film, which describes the ups and downs of British military units in the Far East during the Second World War. Incisively directed by David Lean, the picture offers brilliant photography and a faultless cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Nov. 10.)

The Case of Dr. Laurent—An interesting French film that explores the subject of natural childbirth with a good deal of dramatic impact. Jean Gabin is cast as a doctor who favors the method, and Nicole Courcel as a pregnant young woman who goes along with his ideas. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Nov. 9.)

The Defiant Ones—At the outset of this picture, a pair of convicts, one white and one black, escape from a Southern prison farm chained together, and from there on, what with the prisoners despising each other's color and a posse hot on their heels, quite a head of melodramatic steam is built up. Admirably directed by Stanley Kramer, the movie also has the advantage of a pair of strong performances by Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis in the central roles. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Gigi—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the betrothed of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a fine cast, headed by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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9	10	11	12			

Pather Panchali—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Reluctant Debutante—Kay Kendall and Rex Harrison make a convivial pair as the parents of a marriageable filly in London. Their troubles arise from the fact that the young lady prefers a jazz drummer of Mediterranean ancestry to a true-blue Sassenach. The business is always light and occasionally pleasantly airy. Miss Kendall and Mr. Harrison have as their assistants John Saxon and Sandra Dee. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Nov. 10, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Nov. 11, tentative.)

The Roots of Heaven—Trevor Howard, playing a man dedicated to saving elephants, gets quite an odd assortment of characters to assist him in combatting ivory hunters in Africa. Directed by John Huston, the film is lengthy, but it does have its lively moments, and the actors supporting the capable Mr. Howard—among them Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn, Eddie Albert, and Orson Welles—are all sound performers. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Seventh Seal—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, this Swedish film makes a fascinating business out of a description of morality in the fourteenth century, when plague was raging throughout Scandinavia. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through Nov. 10.)

REVIVALS

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll study of some benighted inhabitants of the Very Deep South. Carroll Baker and Karl Malden. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 11-12.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 11, tentative.)

Giant (1956)—Some of the denizens of Texas, both human and bovine, displayed in their native habitat. Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through Nov. 10.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 11-12.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th. UN 5-8128; starting Nov. 11.)

The Pajama Game (1957)—The Broadway musical, translated to the screen. Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, and Eddie Foy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 9-10.)

The Wave (1937)—The Gulf of Mexico, its fisherfolk, its beauties, and its problems. A Mexican picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 7.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 11, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The initial programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years, Part II"—Through Nov. 8: "The Great Train Robbery" (1903); "A Trip to the Moon" (1902); "Queen Elizabeth" (1912), with Sarah Bernhardt; and four other early films. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 9: "A Corner in Wheat" (1909) and "The New York Hat" (1912), both directed by D. W. Griffith, and "A Fool There Was" (1914), with Theda Bara. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Nov. 12: "Torpedo Run," Glenn Ford, Ernest Borgnine.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 5. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Blob," Steven McQueen; and "Date with Disaster," Tom Drake.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th (CI 6-4600)
"Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Night Heaven Fell" (in English), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"In Love and War," Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Veterans' Day at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Party Girl," Robert Taylor, Cyd Charisse.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE DEFIANT ONES.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Extra performance Veterans' Day at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Girl in the Bikini" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 10 (tentative): **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE.**
From Nov. 11 (tentative): "Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley; and "Lovers and Thieves" (in French), Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"The Barbarian and the Geisha," John Wayne, Eiko Ando; and "I Married a Woman," George Gobel.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 10 (tentative): **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE.**
From Nov. 11 (tentative): "Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley; and "Lovers and Thieves" (in French), Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Nov. 10: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**
From Nov. 11: "La Parisienne" (in English), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot; and "The Fearmakers," Dana Andrews, Dick Foran.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Nov. 9: **THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT** (in French).
From Nov. 10: "What Price Murder" (in French), Mylene Demongeot, Henri Vidal.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GIGI.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 10: "The Barbarian and the Geisha," John Wayne, Eiko Ando; and "I Married a Woman," George Gobel.
From Nov. 11: "War of the Satellites," Dick Miller, Susan Cabot; and "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman," Allison Hayes.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Night Heaven Fell" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"My Uncle" (in French), Jacques Tati, Alain Becourt.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Nov. 10 (tentative): **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE.**
From Nov. 11 (tentative): "Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley; and "Lovers and Thieves" (in French), Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 12: "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Nov. 10: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**
From Nov. 11: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.**

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Nov. 10 (tentative): "Poor but Beautiful" (in Italian), Marisa Allasio; and "The One That Got Away," Hardy Kruger.
From Nov. 11 (tentative): "Adam and Eve" (a Mexican film with an English narration), Christiane Martel; and "Mam'zelle Pigalle" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 11 (tentative): **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE.**
From Nov. 12 (tentative): "Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley; and "Lovers and Thieves" (in French), Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 10: "The Barbarian and the Geisha," John Wayne, Eiko Ando; and "I Married a Woman," George Gobel.
From Nov. 11: "War of the Satellites," Dick Miller, Susan Cabot; and "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman," Allison Hayes.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 10: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**
From Nov. 11: "La Parisienne" (in English), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot; and "The Fearmakers," Dana Andrews, Dick Foran.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Nov. 8: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE;** and "Albert Schweitzer," revival, a documentary film narrated by Fredric March.
Nov. 9-10: **THE PAJAMA GAME,** revival; and "The Joker Is Wild," revival, Frank Sinatra, Mitzi Gaynor.
Nov. 11-12: **BABY DOLL,** revival; and **THE INFORMER,** revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 11 (tentative): **THE BAKER'S WIFE** and **THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER** (both in French and both revivals).
From Nov. 12: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
PATHER PANCHALI (in Bengali).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 10: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**
From Nov. 11: "La Parisienne" (in English), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot; and "The Fearmakers," Dana Andrews, Dick Foran.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 10: "Poor but Beautiful" (in Italian), Marisa Allasio; and "The One That Got Away," Hardy Kruger.
Nov. 11-12: "The Seven Year Itch," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Nov. 10: "The Barbarian and the Geisha," John Wayne, Eiko Ando; and "I Married a Woman," George Gobel.
From Nov. 11: "War of the Satellites," Dick Miller, Susan Cabot; and "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman," Allison Hayes.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"My Uncle" (in English), Jacques Tati, Alain Becourt.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Nov. 9: "Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), Fernandel.
From Nov. 10: "Up the Creek," David Tomlinson, Wilfrid Hyde White.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Tosca" (in Italian). (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Extra performances Sundays and Veterans' Day at 6. Reserved seats only.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Pot Bouille" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Nov. 10: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish).
From Nov. 11: "The Horse's Mouth," Alec Guinness, Kay Walsh.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Nov. 10: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**
From Nov. 11: **JULIUS CAESAR,** revival; and "The Teahouse of the August Moon," revival, Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 10: "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea islands.
From Nov. 11: "The Camp on Blood Island," Carl Mohner; and "The Snorkel," Peter Van Eyck, Betta St. John.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 6: "Naïs" (in French), revival, Fernandel; and "The Impostor" (in Japanese), revival, Utaemon Ichikawa.
From Nov. 7: **THE WAVE** (in Spanish), revival; and "Child of Man" (in Danish), revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Nov. 10: **GIANT,** revival.
From Nov. 11: "War of the Satellites," Dick Miller, Susan Cabot; and "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman," Allison Hayes.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Nov. 10: "Poor but Beautiful" (in Italian), Marisa Allasio; and "The One That Got Away," Hardy Kruger.
From Nov. 11: "Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley; and "Lovers and Thieves" (in French), Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Nov. 10: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**
From Nov. 11: **JULIUS CAESAR,** revival; and "The Teahouse of the August Moon," revival, Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford.

B

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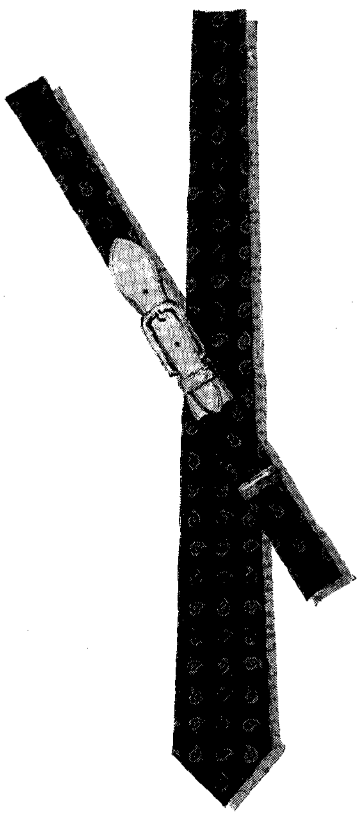

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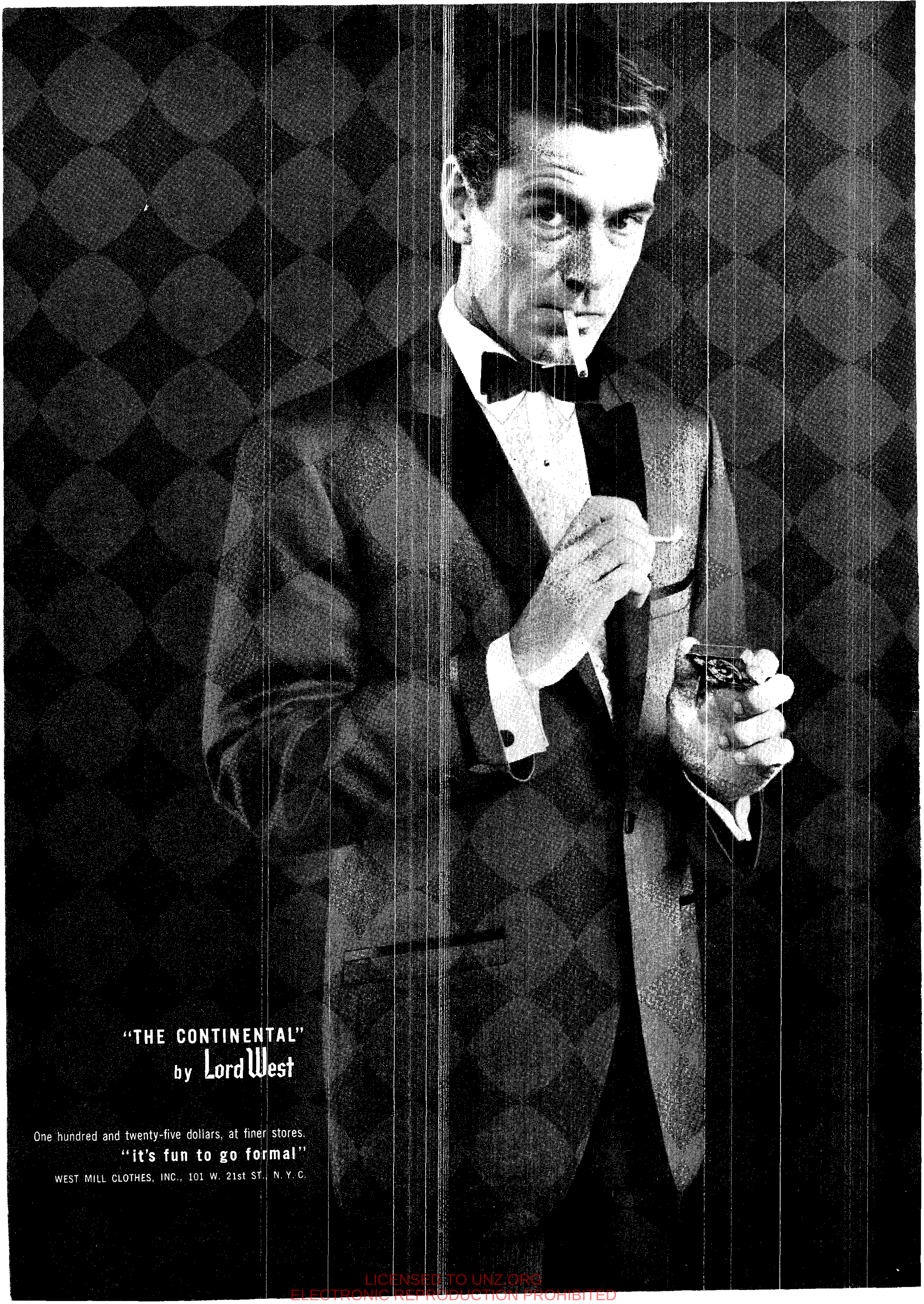

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. . . with rear window of tinted, heat-resistant glass.

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Rocket Engine of all. Here's new luxury . . .
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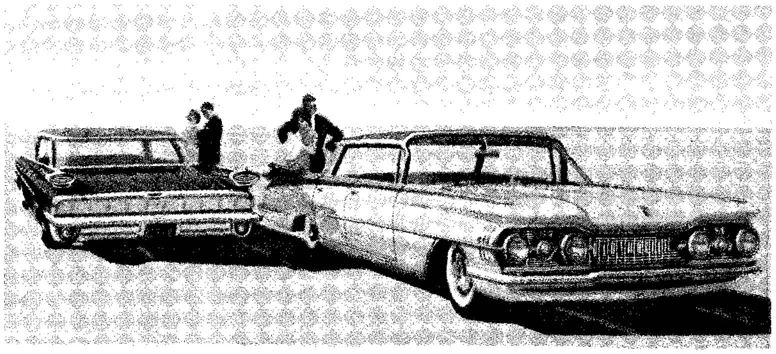

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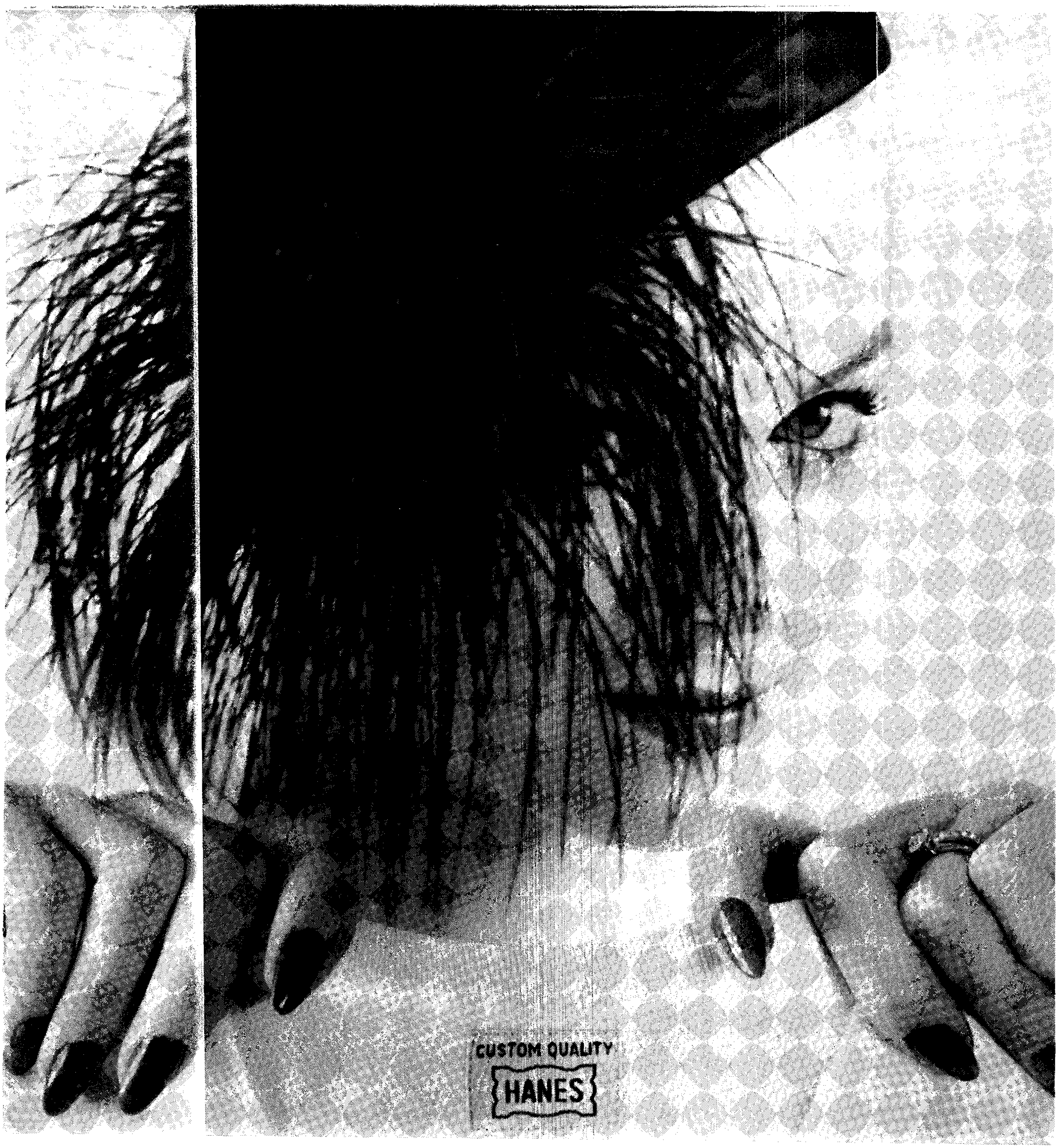

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Food and wines from around the world grace your dinner menu. A typical menu features over 100 items. Shown here are Mr. and Mrs. John Lyon Collyer of Akron. Mr. Collyer is Chairman of the Board at the B. F. Goodrich Company.

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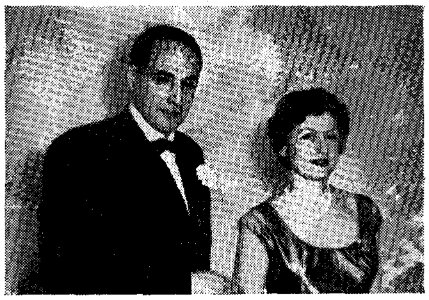

Dr. and Mrs. Emile Zola pause on their way to the main ballroom, where a Meyer Davis orchestra (one of three on board) plays for dancing. Dr. Zola is the grandson of the famous French writer.

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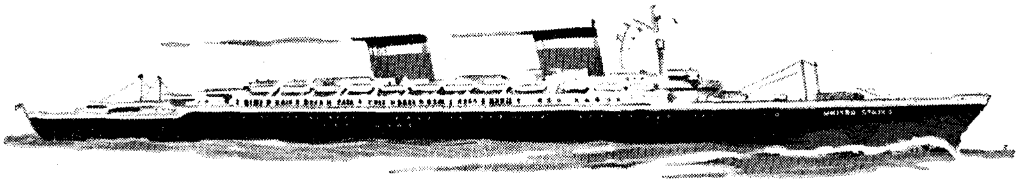

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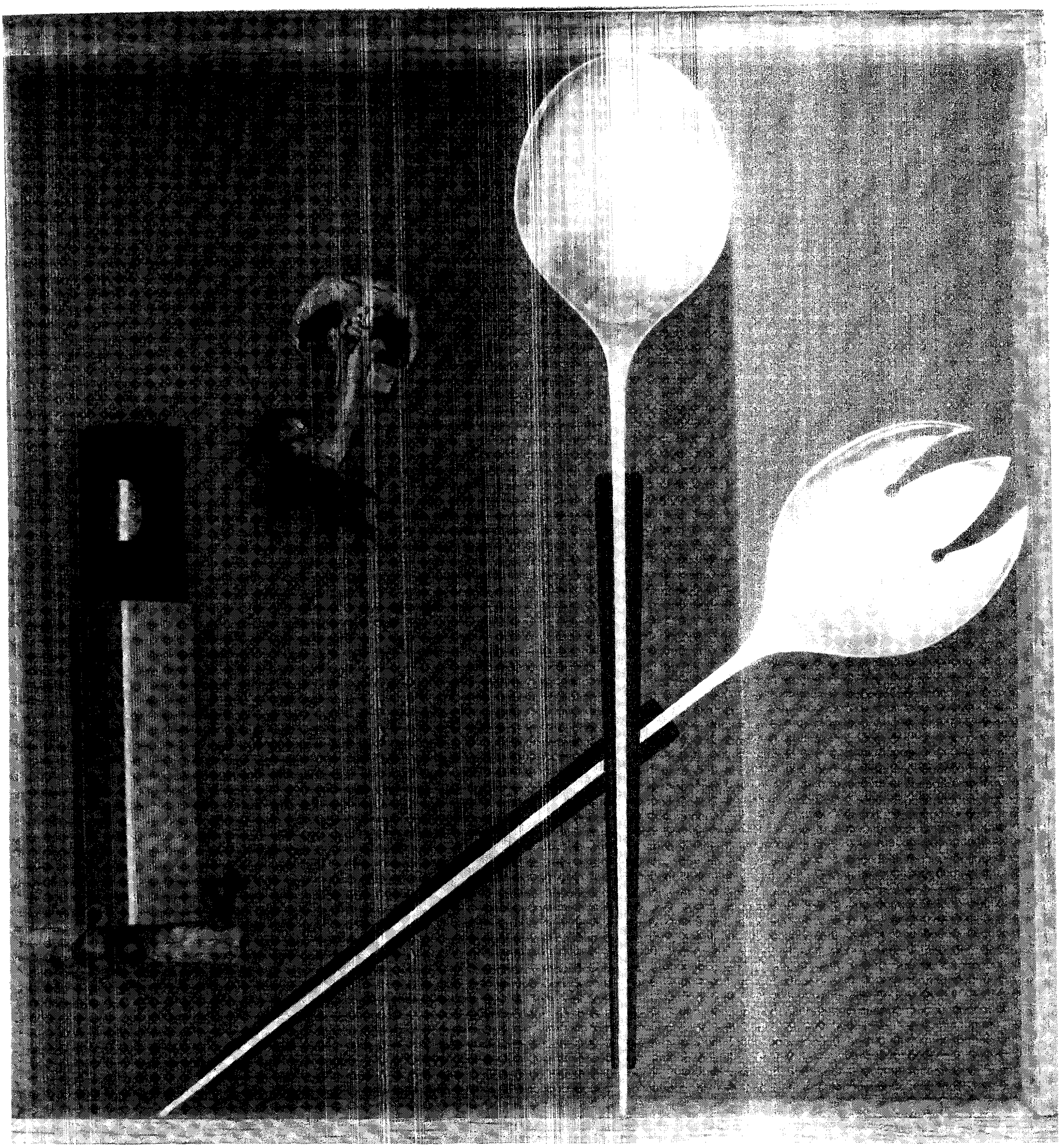

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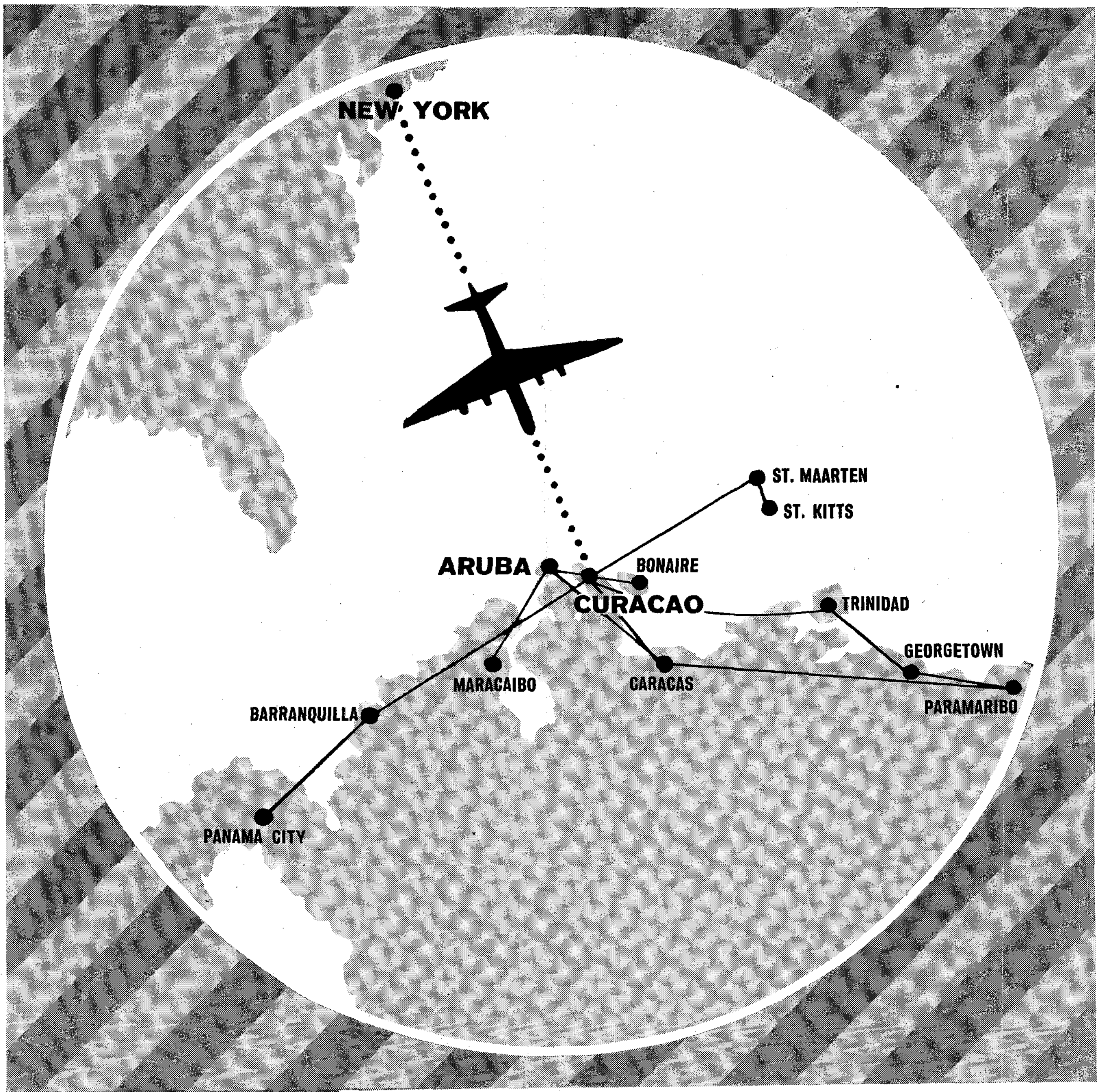
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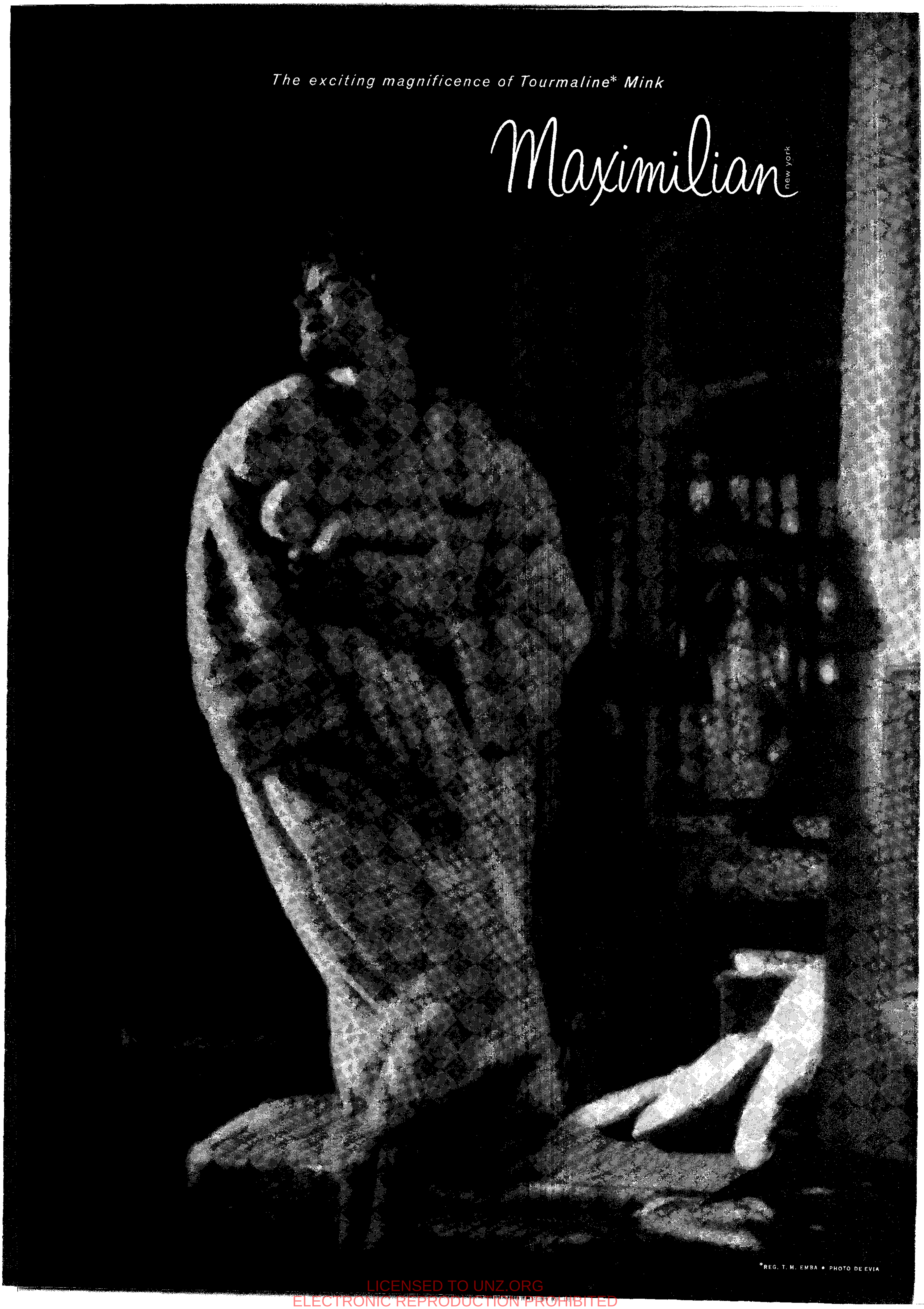
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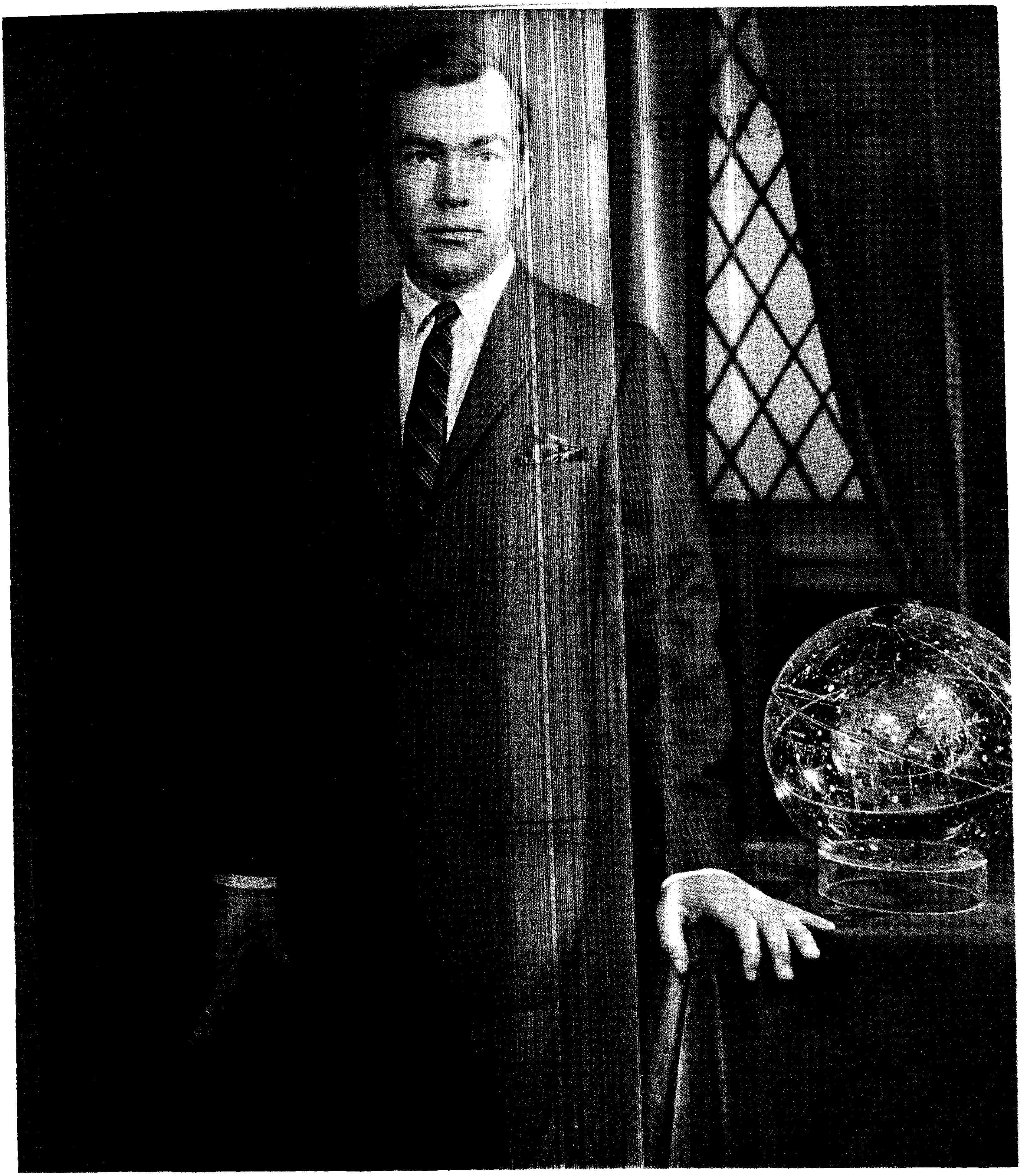

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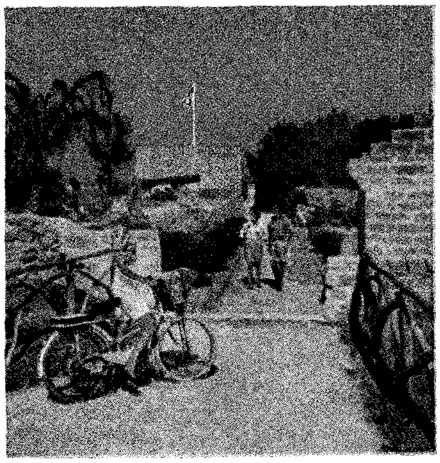
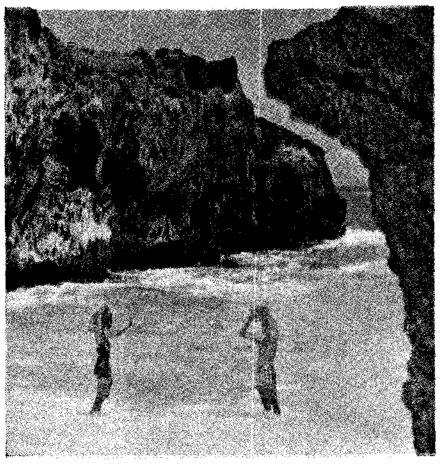


One of Bermuda's historic forts

Guests gather on charming terraces



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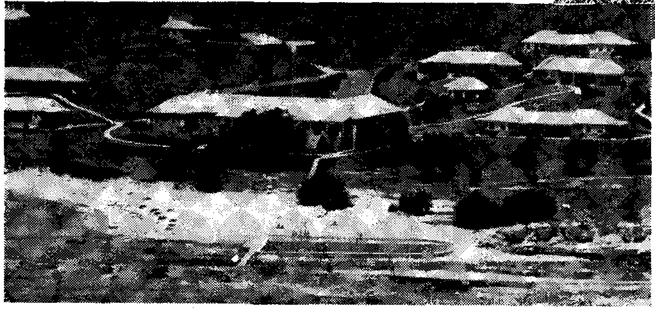

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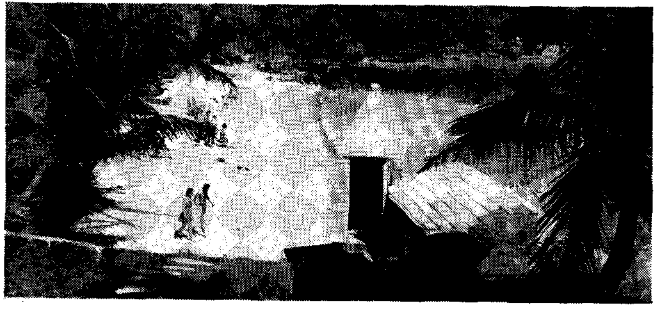

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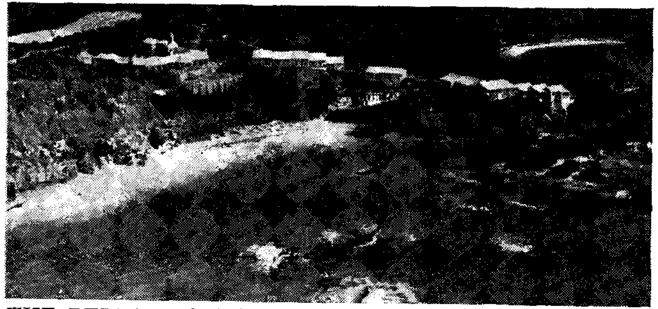

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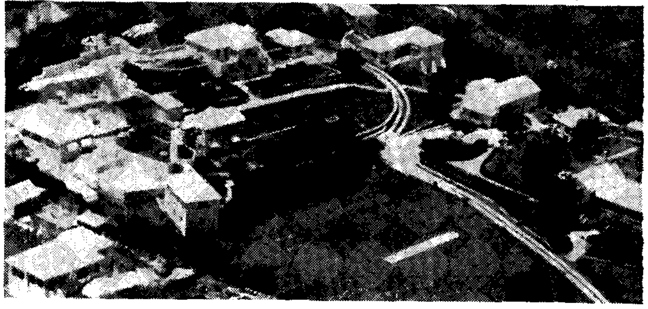

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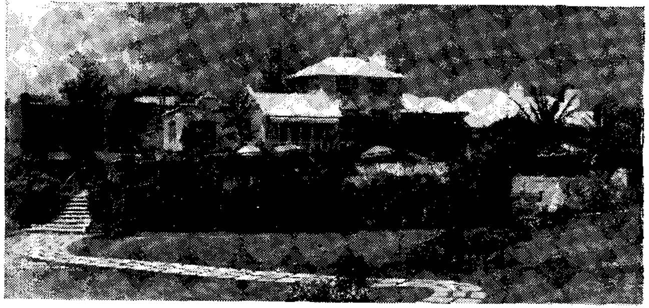

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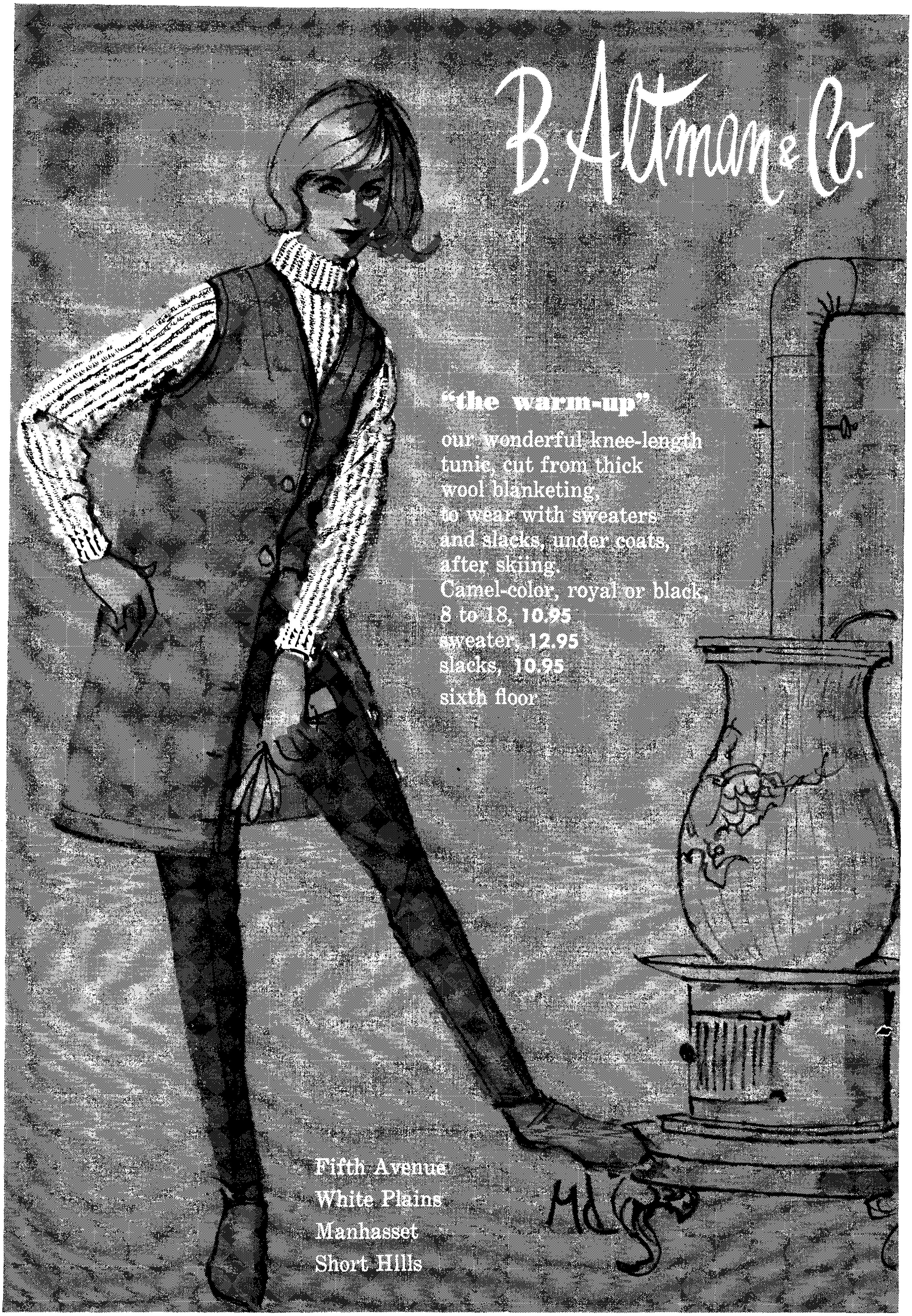

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

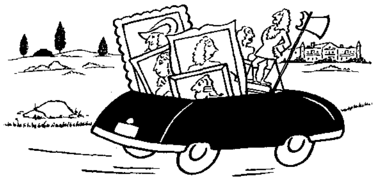
Notes and Comment

POOR Boris Pasternak, cabling to Stockholm last Wednesday his "voluntary refusal" of the "undeserved" Nobel Prize for Literature he had rapturously accepted on the previous Saturday, reminds us sadly of Dudorov, a character in "Doctor Zhivago," who says he was "reëducated and became mature in jail." And in the novel, Dr. Zhivago, the free, fictional Pasternak, comments, "It was like listening to a horse describing how it broke itself in." So life has tragically confirmed Pasternak's picture of the way it is lived in Soviet intellectual circles. There was little else that Pasternak, the tangible, bound-to-earth Dr. Zhivago, could do. He was denounced in Russia and all the small imitation Russias as author of a novel he could not refer to in his own defense because his government had forbidden its publication. Like witnesses before certain familiar committees, he was a defendant deprived of the benefit of evidence. His plight made us think of a Daumier lithograph we used to own called "Liberty of the Press" (circa 1830). In it, an ink-flecked prisoner, bound and thoroughly gagged, stood between two headsmen before the bench of a judge, who was adjuring him, "Speak up! Defend yourself!" Now the Western world has risen in unanimous praise of a novel that it is unlikely all of it has read. (The American publisher of "Doctor Zhivago" reported to the press on the award day that the book had by then sold fifty-three thousand copies; this is splendid for a novel, but small in relation to 175,155,240, the latest official guess at the population of the United States.) Not all these new adherents can have been noted in the past for their love of poets, non-conformists, and intractable critics of the prevailing order, like Pasternak's hero. For those who weren't, the important question is what side of the Curtain you non-conform on. As for the population of Russia, Prize award, denunciation, foreign praise, and the charm of the forbidden must by now have produced in Russia the greatest pre-publication audience for a novel in history. We hope that the Voice of America will not lose the opportunity. A straight, serialized reading on the air of "Doctor Zhivago," completely unedited, would draw such an audience in Russia as once awaited the monthly numbers of Dickens' great novels in England. Its members would follow "Doctor Zhivago" as a story, and it would tell them more than it can possibly tell us who are outside. Fortunately for serial purposes, it is long, full of dramatic coincidences, and drenched in tears, like the best of Dickens. And if the Voice of America refrained from cutting passages that it considers unfavorable to us, or inserting plugs for what it considers laudable aspects of capitalist culture, we would win a magnificent reputation, inside Russia, for cultural integrity, as well as provide a beluga grade of soap opera. And Pasternak himself would at least have a fair trial in public opinion, though the Kremlin might try to jam his Exhibit A.

Stouffer's Soars

WE'VE visited Top of the Six's, the new Stouffer's restaurant on the top floor of the Tishman Building, at 666 Fifth Avenue, and the big news is that good old Mother Stouffer—a score of Yankee-style eateries in six cities, including one, which opened a year ago, at the *bottom* of the Tishman Building—has gone French. *Qu'est-ce que nous avons trouvé dans le jardin-à-toit du restaurateur M. Vernon Stouffer?* A long gallery and a big dining room stouffed with French antiques and paintings, and, on the menu, along with "Stouffer's Famous Cheese Cake" and "Plantation Cake with Whipped Cheese and Lemon Sauce," tried and true, such hitherto un-Stouffery items as "Potage Crème de Poulet," "Veal Cordon Bleu," "Breast of Chicken Continental," "Filet of Sole Marguery," "Beef Tenderloin, French Market Style," "Individual Loaf of Bistro Bread," "Noisette Potatoes," "Rissolé Potatoes," and "Glace à la Vanille."

"Raymond Loewy helped Mr. Stouffer with the décor," Mr. Allan K. Bittner, the Stouffer vice-president in charge of the New York area, told us as we both walked through the gallery. "They got together in Paris last year, and then went prowling around the château country in a little sports car, picking up odds and ends. This is a Lancret painting, and this is a Watteau. Note these cocktail tables, which were used in Paris street cafés in the eighteenth century, and this panelling, picked up in an old Norman château. All originals, as you can see. Customers can sit here and have drinks while waiting for tables. We think it's pleasanter for them than standing in line, as they sometimes have to do downstairs. Mr. Stouffer took his daughter Deanette along with him on the trip, and they ate their way through France."



"D-i-n-e-t-t-e?" we asked, spelling it out like that.

"D-e-a-n-e-t-t-e," Mr. Bittner said, spelling it out like that. "Named after her mother, who was a Miss Dean."

We looked at some eighteenth-century silk needlepoint pictures, a couple of eighteenth-century gold garlands, an eighteenth-century bronze baby bath, a French Provincial clock, a Louis XVI water container, and a number of Directoire and Limoges plates, and, in the dining room, which commands a splendid north, east, and south view of the city, inspected additional Gallic treasures, among them primitive paintings done by a soldier of Napoleon's Army and sent by him to his family, a Louis XIV watering can, some eighteenth-century bed warmers, and a battle ensign of the Navy of Louis XVI. A far cry from the Thomas Cole and the George Innesses in the Hudson River Room of the Bottom of the Six's.

"The place is truly magnificent," Mr. Bittner said after settling us on a red banquette near the bar and introducing us to its head man, George Bauer. "You hear the word 'gorgeous' repeated here time and time again."

Mr. Bittner ordered a Cloud 666 cocktail—Beefeater gin, Bacardi rum, lemon, lime, and cream—which sells for a dollar seventy-five, and we asked George, who joined Stouffer's in Detroit in 1933, what he is asked for most often. "New York is a Scotch town," he replied.

"We have three strolling musicians in the evening," Mr. Bittner said. "Our waitresses are mostly experienced A-1 Stouffer girls garnered from our other restaurants, in New York and elsewhere. I believe we're the only luxury restaurant in town that has waitresses rather than waiters. Would you like to see our railroad?"

We finished our drink and followed Mr. Bittner backstage to a cable car on a set of tracks leading from the west side of the building to a kitchen somewhat east of center. "This connects with a freight elevator that brings food up forty floors from the basement kitchen," he said as we walked on to the Top kitchen. "Baking is done downstairs, and sautéing, frying, and the cooking of vegetables here. Look at this RadaRange, in which we heat our Bistro Bread. Six seconds. A real crusty French bread. Our vegetables are cooked in a surgical-instrument sterilizer converted into a pressure cooker by our research laboratory, in Cleveland, which turns out special kitchen equipment for all twenty-one of our restaurants. We've had five hundred for lunch here, and six hundred for dinner. They've included Charles F. Kettering, Leo Durocher and his wife, and Dore Schary. We open for lunch at eleven-thirty, and for dinner, after a three-hour cocktail interval, at six, and people are always already waiting at both times. There was quite a discussion about a name for the place before it opened. 'Top of the Tish' was one of the rejects."

When we had returned to the gallery, Mr. Bittner asked us to try one of the chairs in which waiting patrons imbibe Cloud 666s, Satellite Cocktails, and other house specialties. "Not an antique," he said. "All our non-antique furniture was made in Grand Rapids by a factory that belongs to Jack Brower, a Stouffer director. Mr. Stouffer personally tested the chairs for squishiness."

We pronounced our chair squishy, squished out of it, and made the thirty-nine-story elevator trip down in twenty-two seconds, non-stop.

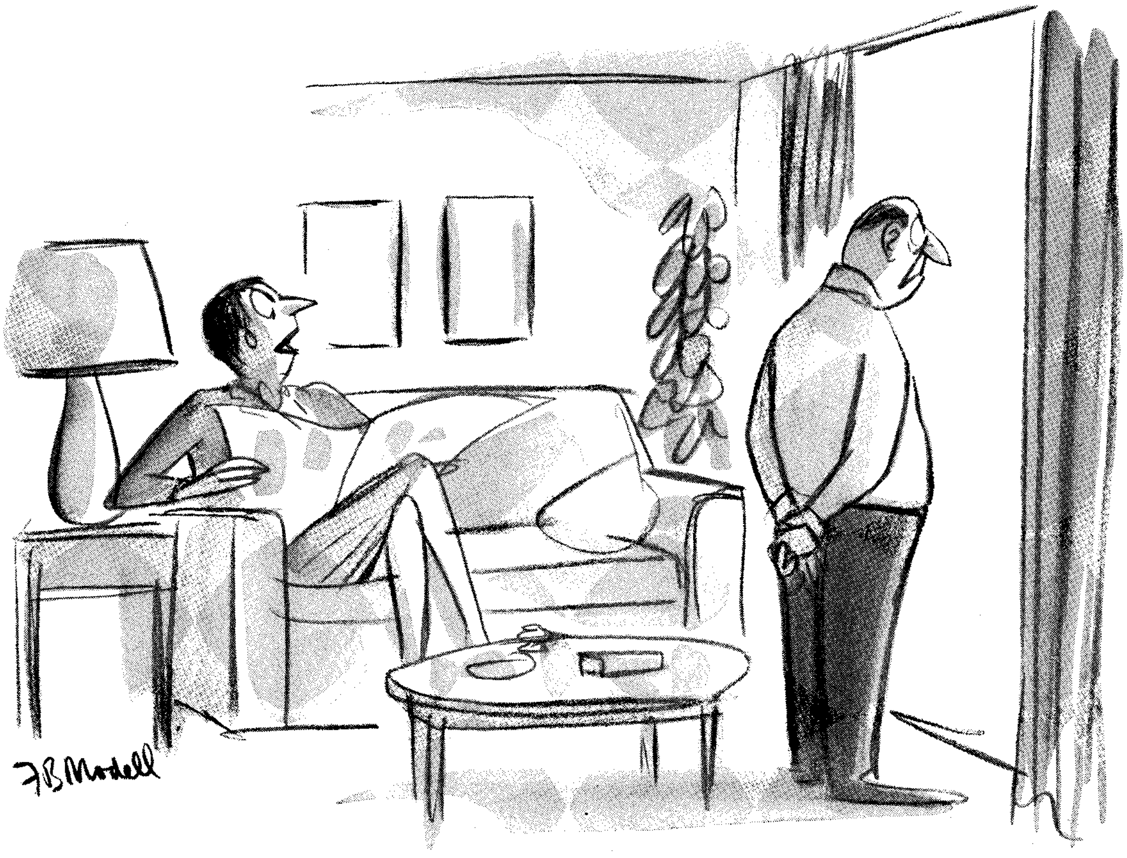
Rouser

A YOUNG matron of our acquaintance has just turned over to us a copy of the chant employed by her daughter and schoolmates to stimulate school spirit. It runs:

Strong as an eagle,
Swift as a vulture,
Go, go, go
For Ethical Culture.

Delacour Revisited

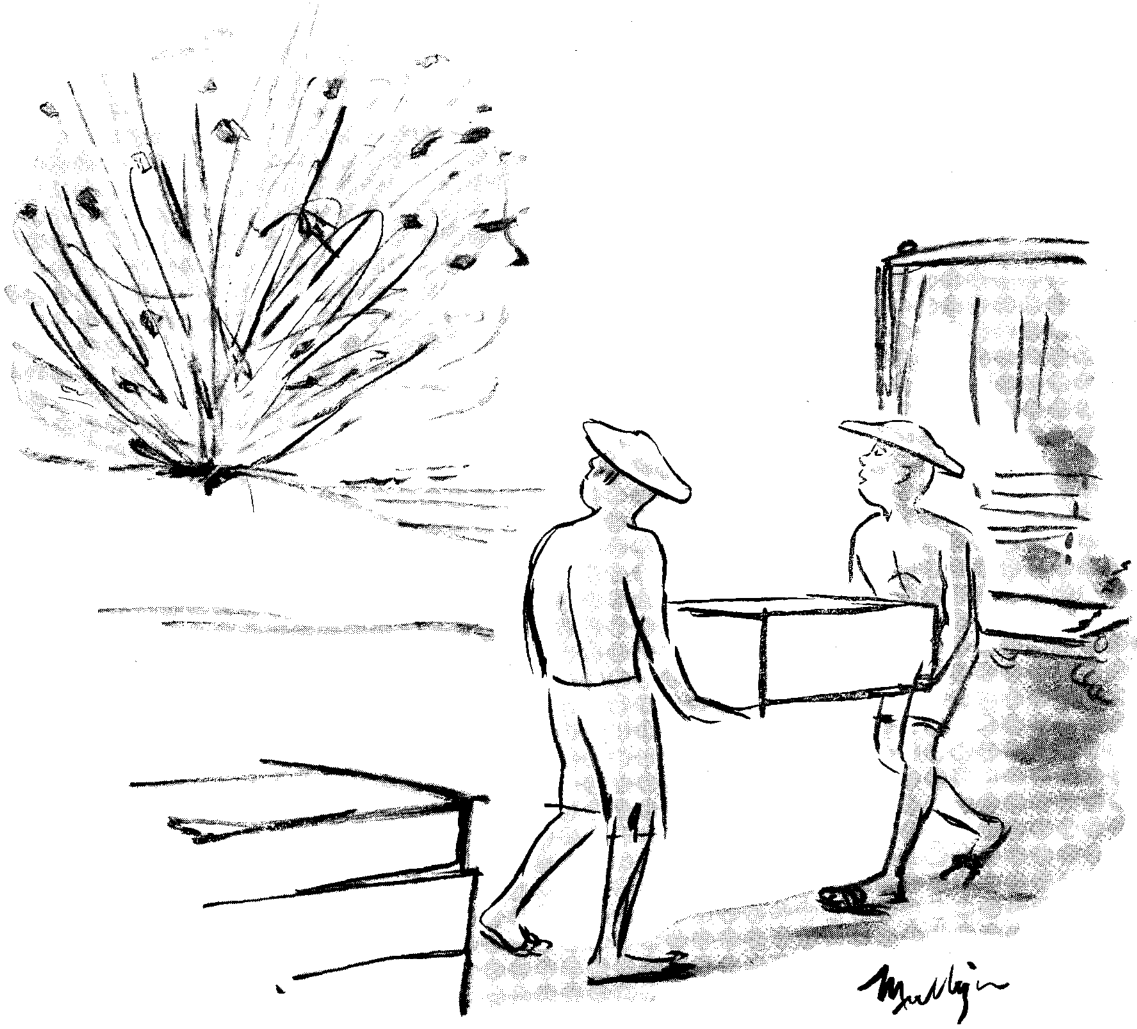
OUR last official chat with Jean Delacour, the dean of aviculture and a mammalogist with an international reputation, took place a dozen years ago. At that time, having been uprooted from his native France, where the Germans had first bombed into avicultural extinction and then occupied his unique bird-and-small-mammal park, and its château, at Clères, he was helping to run the Bronx Zoo and doing research at the Museum of Natural History. Since then, Mr. Delacour has exchanged New York for Los Angeles; he has added history, art, and science in general to his professional responsibilities; and the Château de Clères, restored to his hands, has reopened. Its owner was in town recently for an Ornithological Congress at the Museum of Natural History, where, between sessions, we caught him, in an office that he still maintains there. "I became director of the Department of History, Science, and Arts of the Los Angeles County Museum in 1952," he said. "Administrative work. Civil Service. I'm a bureaucrat. The history is local history. Our art section is quite good. We have a nice Cézanne, a couple of Re-



"For pity sakes! You'd think you were the only businessman in the country who wishes he'd thought of the hula hoop."

noirs, and a lot of stuff that was given by Hearst. We have a little endowment for art—a million two hundred thousand dollars, or something of the sort—and we sometimes let the income accumulate for a few years and then buy something rather grand. We bought a Goya for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars this year. Some time back, Paul Getty gave us an excellent Rembrandt, along with two Persian rugs, worth a hundred thousand dollars apiece. I'm responsible to a board of five supervisors, and I cannot leave the county, except during vacation, without their permission. But they're quite nice. They're always very nice to me. They've let me come to this Congress, and they've let me travel in Central and South America and Europe. I'm a kind of ambassador. I help raise money for the museum."

Mr. Delacour, who looked as chipper as he had in 1946, advised us that he will be seventy in 1960. "I'll have to retire then," he said, "so I'm making plans. With Maurice Machris, a Los Angeles friend of mine who is a retired oil man, and some other industrialists out there, I have formed the Friends of the Los Angeles Zoo, which is negotiating with the city to run a really good zoo there. At present, there's a rotten little thing in the mountains back of Hollywood. It's dreadful! Shameful! Ours will be in Elysian Park, on the way to Pasadena. Machris is president of it, and I'm the executive vice-president. It will be the best zoo in the world. I'll be able to come to New York for two months a year, and spend four months a year abroad. I reopened Clères, as a public park, in the spring of 1947; I've restored the château, which was largely destroyed, and installed two or three thousand birds and two or three hundred antelopes, Chinese deer, and other mammals. The place pays for itself. It's tax-free, and we get nearly three hundred thousand visitors a year, at forty cents a head. Frank Fooks, an Englishman who came to me as head keeper thirty-eight years ago, is running it, with a staff of fifteen; he writes me every week and I visit him every summer. I stock the park from all over the world, just as I did before the war. I'm leaving it to France."



"That's strange. I thought today was Thursday."

Mr. Delacour smiled and observed that California is a great place for aviculture. "I have a lovely house in the Wilshire district, with sixteen aviaries full of birds, and a garden full of orchids and tree ferns," he said. "It's very pretty and very amusing. Great fun! I'm a good gardener. I get up at six and work in the garden and feed my birds—hummingbirds, sunbirds, tanagers, flamingos, some wonderful rare doves—until eight-thirty, when I drive to my museum office, seven miles away. The county provides me with a car and chauffeur, which is fortunate, or I'd never dine out. The distances in Los Angeles! No one ever walks. In a few generations, the people out there won't have legs any more. I generally lunch at the California Club, and sometimes entertain there in the evening. I serve cocktails at the house, but it isn't geared to anything more formal than a buffet, which I don't favor, because I have terribly good rugs and I don't like having things spilled on them, so I take everybody to the club for dinner. Physically, California is a delightful place. You can leave your birds outside most of the year, and the working people are marvellously well off, and therefore happy and contented. My chauffeur has a little house that is a paradise. And in a town of six million people you *do* find a few friends."

Good Citizen

PASSING along Sutton Place the other evening, we fell in behind a dishevelled character, uncertain of gait, who was gripping an empty whiskey bottle. Presently, he dropped his arid burden into a municipal litter basket and reversed his course. As he lurched by us, he observed, "A cleaner New York is up to me."

Anniversary

THIS year marks the one-hundredth anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of St. Patrick's. In

1858, Fifth Avenue up in the Fifties had an almost suburban air; the Elgin Botanical Gardens occupied part of what has become Rockefeller Center, and much of the neighborhood was still a stony waste of little cut-over hills and dales, with here and there a row of brick or brownstone houses. The high point of land on which the cathedral was to be built provided views east and west to the rivers and south over Murray Hill toward City Hall, some four miles away; up the Avenue, to the north, lay a scattering of squatters' huts, and for wildlife there was an occasional ruminative goat. The trustees of the church that is now called Old St. Patrick's, down on Mott Street, had bought the block between Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets for use as a cemetery (apparently none of the trustees had troubled to visit the site, or they would have seen how unsuitable its rocky outcroppings were for the digging of graves); when Archbishop John Joseph Hughes decided to build a cathedral, instead of a cemetery, on a site so far from the center of things, the project was promptly nicknamed Hughes' Folly.

To compound this seeming folly, Archbishop Hughes called upon the celebrated architect James Renwick to draw plans for a church far bigger than the Catholic population of the city then required. Renwick, who had made his name when he was twenty-four, as the designer of Grace Church, is said to have based his plan for St. Patrick's on that of the Cologne Cathedral, but students of Gothic architecture have also observed in its interior echoes of an assortment of other European cathedrals, including Amiens, Exeter, and Westminster Abbey. Originally, St. Patrick's was to have been faced with brownstone, at an estimated cost of eight hundred and ten thousand dollars. Renwick begged Hughes to spend forty thousand more and face it with marble. "Every year will add to its beauty," the architect wrote the Archbishop, "and every turn of the setting sun will be reflected by the spires and pinnacles." Renwick's elegant prose convinced Hughes; marble it would be.

In the course of what must have been an exceedingly vigorous fund-raising campaign, Hughes succeeded in collecting a thousand dollars apiece from a hundred and one Catholics and two non-Catholics. Of the latter, he wrote, "Their motive is not their belief at the present moment in the Catholic religion [to judge by "at the present moment," the Archbishop was out for souls as well as cash], but it is that they are New Yorkers by birth—that they have travelled in Europe, and that they are ambitious to see at least one ecclesiastical edifice on Manhattan Island of which their native city will have occasion to be proud." At about the same time, he wrote a friend, "I suppose it will cost one million dollars. I am not obliged to be alive when it shall be completed, but I think it is my duty to see it begun."

Under the terms of the contract for the construction of the cathedral, no spirituous liquor was to be brought to or used on the site. On August 15, 1858, the cornerstone was laid. A hundred thousand people attended the ceremony, and, according to the *Tribune*, "It was an impressive sight to see the archbishop and other prelates proceed along the line of the foundation walls, sprinkling the sand with holy water, and singing psalms." Coins, newspapers, and the names of subscribers to the building fund were deposited in the cornerstone. In 1861, money ran out, the Civil War began, and construction was indefinitely postponed. By the time the war ended, Hughes was dead, but his successor, John Cardinal McCloskey, proved to be even more skillful at raising money, and in 1878 the great marble shell was roofed over. Lacking only its twin spires, the cathedral was formally opened to worshippers a year later. The spires were topped off in 1888, and in 1900 the Lady Chapel was added behind the high altar, giving the cathedral an exterior length of three hundred and thirty-two feet. No Catholic church may be consecrated until it is entirely free of debt; the consecration of St. Patrick's took place in 1911. Between 1945 and 1947, two and a half million more was spent on major repairs, so everything should be fairly shipshape at St. Patrick's for the next hundred years. One odd thing—when the hundredth anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone was celebrated this year, nobody could find the actual stone. You don't expect the cornerstone of a building, and especially the cornerstone of a cathedral, to vanish, and to prevent any such embarrassing incident from marring the sesquicentennial, in 2008, we hope Cardinal Spellman has somebody out looking for it right now.

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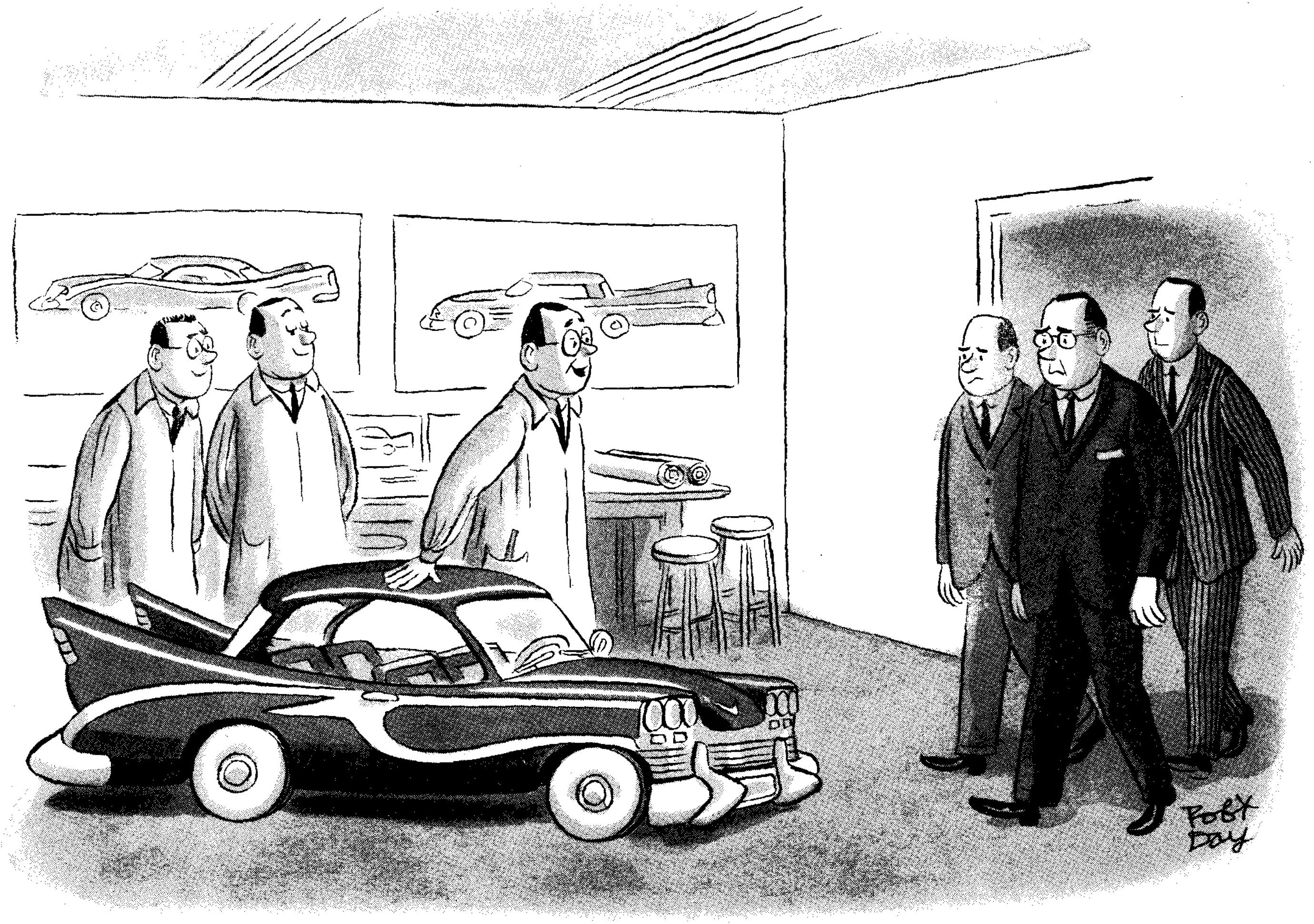
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (STEREOPHONIC INFLATION DIVISION): The five-and-ten on West Forty-second Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, is selling hi-fi sets for fifty-nine fifty.

Literary Twins

THE literary life at the Stork Club is the literary life for us, we discovered the other day when we attended a lunch given there by the David McKay Company for Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt and Thelma Lady Furness, the distinguished identical twins whose twin autobiography, "Double Exposure"—all about the Prince of Wales, Aly Khan, Leopold Stokowski, and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney—has just been published. "We're syndicating the book, and expect to make ten thousand dollars," Mr. John N. Wheeler, president of the McClure Newspaper Syndicate, told us expansively during the prefatory cocktail half hour. "It's moving at a brisk pace," said Mr. Kennett L. Rawson, president of McKay, who wrote his own exposure, "A Boy's-Eye View of the Arctic," in 1926, when he was only fourteen. We moved at a brisk pace around the bar, skirting Charles Rolo, Charles Van Rensselaer, and Jerome Zerbe, and asked Mrs. Vanderbilt what she was wearing. "Soft woollen black basic dress, American Beauty velvet hat, pearls, and gold bracelets," she said. "Thelma is wearing a similar dress, a black mink hat, pearls, and gold bracelets. We're inseparable. We share an apartment; we think alike; we like the same people. We often interrupt each other and finish each other's sentences. We're both very shy. Thelma always leads, and I follow. We're in the perfume business together, in the Squibb Building—Jumelles Corporation, a wholesale salon. I'm president, and Thelma is vice-president and treasurer. '*Jumelles*' is French for 'twins,' when they're female, but we blend our products here. We think American perfume can be just as good as French. Our Curtain Call is in the Tailored Woman and Altman's, and in stores all over the country. We were born in Switzerland, and came to America, for the first time, when we were sixteen. Our mother was Chilean, and our father, Harry Hays Morgan, was American. We speak French like Spanish, and Spanish like French, and English like—well, like something I can't mention. I think ours is the first twin autobiography. We researched back for two hundred years and didn't find another."

Seated next to Lady Furness at lunch, we learned that she and her sister are seasoned business partners. "Gloria and I had a doll factory in Santa Monica



"There she is, gentlemen! If the American people want a small car, we'll give them a small car!"

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after the last war," she said over the fruit cocktail, which neither she nor Mrs. Vanderbilt touched. "We put out a doll called Pooks, and in two years sold eight hundred thousand Pookses, at eighty-nine cents apiece. It was a fun business, but we sold it to go to Nassau. Gloria is allergic to sand flies, so we came back to New York after a year or so. Gloria had a cosmetics business for a while, and three years ago we started Jumelles. I really think our perfumes are divine. Curtain Call is for winter, and conjures up theatrical openings and first nights at the Opera. Our White Piqué is our spring fragrance. It reminds me of crocuses coming up from the ground. We're about to make a tour of stores all over the country, in the interests of our book and our perfumes. We'll travel mostly by plane. I don't know why it is that the press likes to meet you at an airport and not at a railroad station."

A copy of "Double Exposure" was at every plate, and Mr. Rawson, who was seated at Lady Furness's other side, called our attention to a handsome portrait of the sisters on its cover. "By Paul Trebilcock," he said. "It's six feet high and seven feet wide. We had to get it out of storage."

"Much too big for our apartment," Lady Furness said over the squab, which neither she nor Mrs. Vanderbilt touched. "All my little bits and pieces in England were ruined in the bombing of London and in a fire that destroyed my country house. I said to myself, 'Never again will I let possessions take possession of me,' and I never have. I was lucky to have been young enough and rich enough to enjoy all the glamour when there *was* glamour. Now I leave it up to the younger people. Gloria and I get to our office at ten. We both love to knit and sew in the evening. We think alike. We interrupt each other all the time. We speak French like Spanish, and Spanish like French, and when we speak English, we have a bastard accent."

Lady Furness smiled disarmingly, and as she and her sister waved aside the sherbet, we asked her whether they had stopped at a Hamburg Heaven on their way to the party. "We're very small eaters," she replied. "We like a good dinner, but very little breakfast or lunch. I love cheese and beer—all the plebeian things."

We took the book home and found it interesting, but, as a second-edition tip to the publishers, we recommend that the Chauncy Olcotts (page 64) be switched to the Chauncey Olcotts; Mrs. McKay Twomblev (95) to Mrs. McKay Twombly; Mrs. Arthur Curtis James (115) to Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James; Mrs. G. Macculoch Miller (262) to Mrs. G. Macculloch Miller; Irwin Untermeyer (270) to Irwin Untermyer; Mrs. Frank Storres (308) to Mrs. Frank Storrs; and "respectacle" (265) to something more respectable.

Literal

A TRAVELLER we know, a Mrs. Daniel G. Hoskins, wrote to a firm in Milan recently and advised the outfit that her address in France would be "the head of the stationery on which this is written." She promptly got a letter directed to "Mrs. Daniel G. Hoskins, Head of Stationery, Tour Vieille, St. Tropez, Francia."

IN THE SHADOW OF IMMENSE BLACK UMBRELLAS

WHEN Guy Dutour returned from a triumphant tour of the American continents, North and South, he shut himself up in his suite at the Hotel Carlyle for two weeks of complete rest.

It was spring, and for the first time in his career he could no longer listen to his own repertoire. On the subject of first-rate music for the wide-eyed high-school student who "took" piano, he spoke with cynicism. He felt slightly sick at the thought of train menus. ("One piece of shoe sole between two pieces of cotton wool," he kept telling his wife, as if he had invented the image.) And he had become terrified of air travel. After having flown for years and years without a mishap, he now decided that he was flouting Fortune every time he stepped into a plane; as if it were roulette, soon her wheel would point to Crash.

He knew that he needed a sabbatical, but when he reviewed his life, he saw that he could allow himself no rest; his wife, Annette, seemed to be spending more precipitately than usual; he had recently bought a town house, which had to have extensive repairs before they could leave the Carlyle and move into it. And for pianists the competition was not growing less severe; with each musical season came a touchingly disorganized young genius of the keyboard, or, in default, a resuscitated wonder-child.

So he sat in his study, suffering from a slight depression. He drank more cognac than he allowed himself on tour, ate complicated meals, read "Les Nouvelles Enquêtes de Maigret," and, to keep himself from answering, lit another cigarette every time the telephone rang.

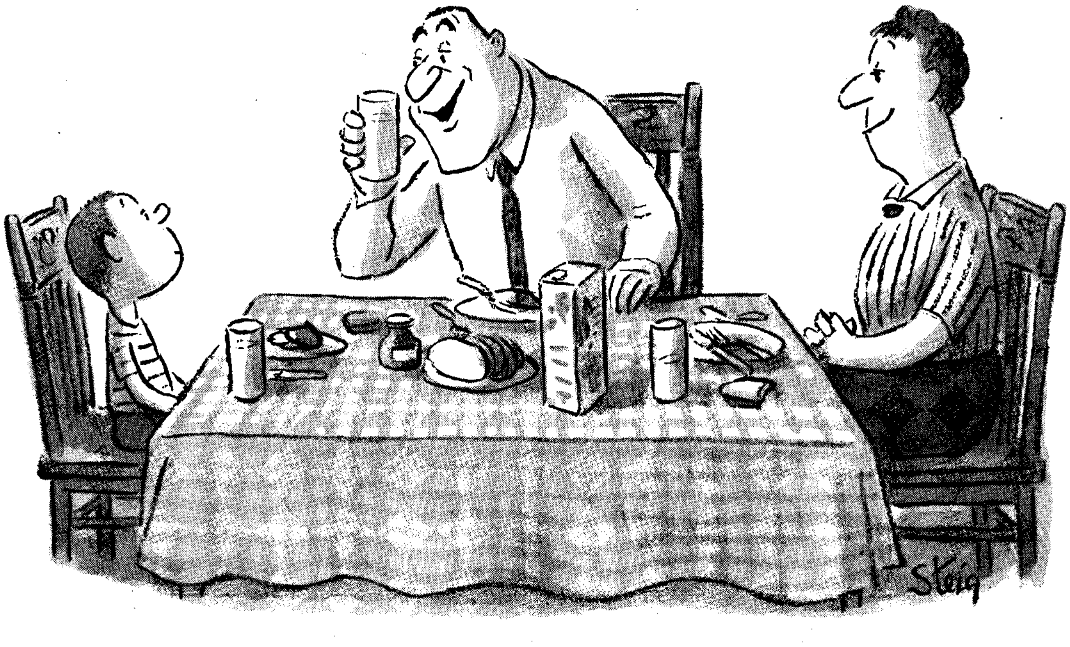
Once a day, following a reassuring call to WEather 6-1212, Guy Dutour put on his oldest suit, dark glasses, a green scarf, and a checkered cap; fastened a pair of clips to the cuffs of his trousers; let himself out of his apartment, and rang for the elevator. On the ground floor, he walked to a telephone booth and shut himself in. The elevator man ran toward the doorman. They held a short, whispered conference; then the doorman ran toward the garage next door. He soon returned, wheeling a bicycle, which he parked by the curb at the front entrance. Then he ran back through the lobby to the telephone booth. Gently, he knocked on the glass. Guy Dutour crossed the lobby quickly, and went through the revolving door. Once astride his machine, he calmly rode toward Carl Schurz Park.

Annette still attended benefits and dinners on the arm of an old friend, a French biographer of note. Having invented, and carefully retained, her husband's itinerary for these two weeks, she announced, with perfect composure, that Guy was alone in Washington, paying tribute to the Vermeers at the National Gallery. Actually, he had not set foot in a museum for years, and his taste, in any case, ran to Tiepolos and Bouchers.

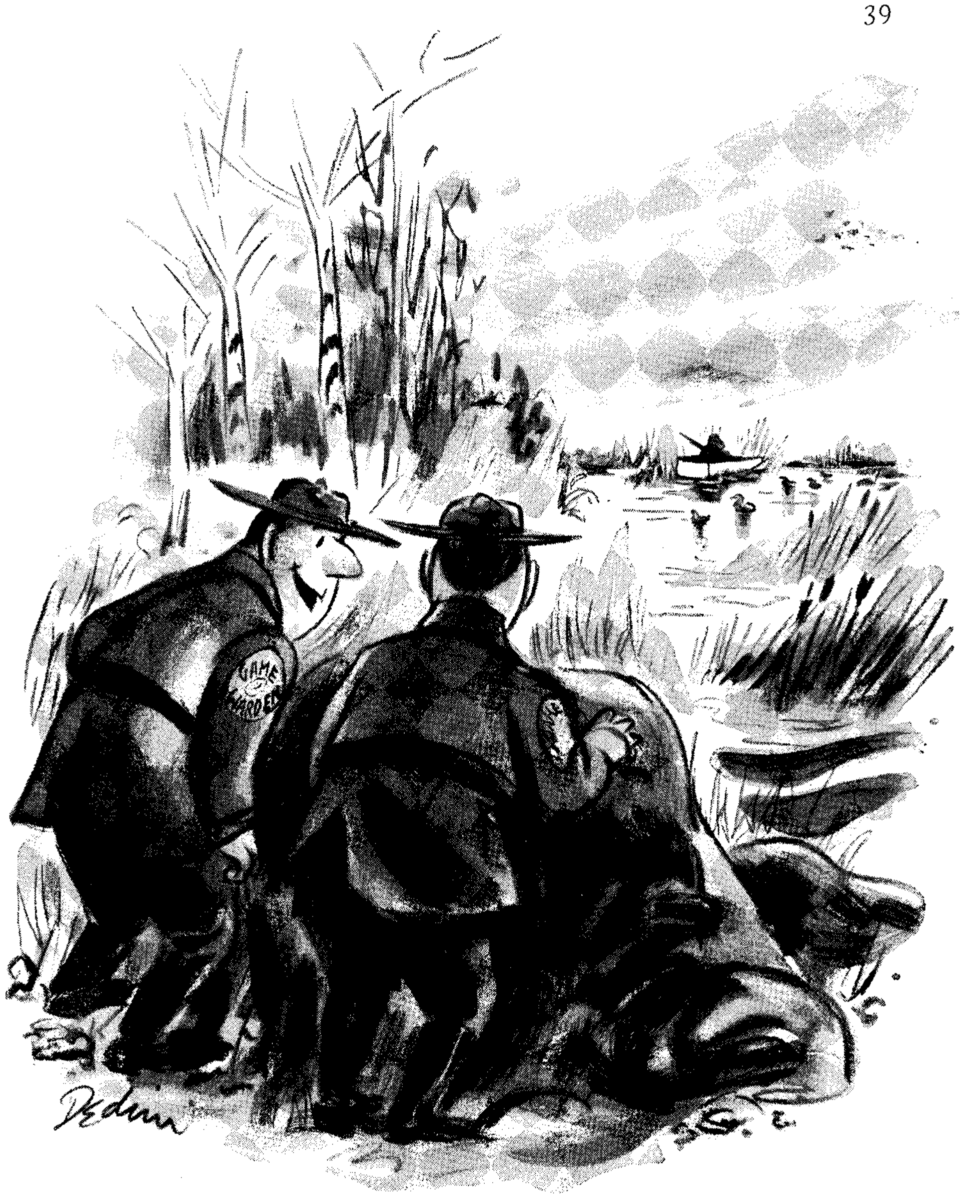
In June, Guy Dutour "opened" the Lewisohn Stadium. The concert began with several short speeches. A new dressing room was dedicated. Then, as Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" Overture got under way, a dull drizzle interrupted the hum of airplane engines, thus dividing everyone's attention. The concert was cancelled, and rain checks were given out. On the second night, toward the conclusion of the first movement of Tchaikovsky's Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor, a violent rainstorm lifted the audience from their seats. The conductor let his baton fall with a gesture of theatrical helplessness and started fussing with the mechanics of the microphone. When at last he spoke, it was at close range, and with a distinct lisp: "I think that this is enough flirting with the weather. We had better call it a day. Or rather"—he sighed, smiled, and raised his eyes to the sky—"a night."

In September, the Friendly Little Orchestral Association failed to open on schedule, because of a disagreement with the Musicians' Union, and the critic Justin Berg wrote for the music page an editorial in which he damned the politics that had "silenced" his "favorite little ensemble." Meanwhile the immensely wealthy Wilena Samuels, a zipper heiress and the musicians' confidante and hostess, who was sensitive to negative musical emanations, took to her bed with a bad case of feverish flu. "Maestro Cagliostro," her doctor, visited her morning and evening. (He treated susceptive nerves with long needles, lashed older ladies into a cheerful state of shock with foul language, cajoled the rich patron, and when faced with genuine musical talent as yet unrecognized, sliced his bills into token fees. He adored music, and was altogether more of a charlatan-magician than a general practitioner.) When Wilena Samuels' friends, already worried over the legend of her nervous heart, heard that she was running a high fever, they fell upon their telephones. Without her ministrations they were lost.

During Wilena Samuels' illness—necessarily a period of musical repression, since no benefits were organized, no young pianists in search of new continents to conquer were introduced to South American managers, and no musical dinner parties given—she nevertheless managed to follow the criticisms, the record reviews, the announcements for future con-



"See? I'm drinking my milk."



"He's bagged his limit. Now we're in business."

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certs. She thought she sensed a trend in the air; she planned to back it up, and give, simultaneously, the impression that she was its originator. She saw herself as the giant figurehead of a symbolic virtuoso's galley. Piston and Diamond put her to sleep. Madrigals gave her a headache. She had long ago decided that early music, modern music were passé. Actually, only romantic music reached her, and she could never get enough of it. And as she rested, weakened from sweating and fever, a certain name started revolving in her head, like a fragment of melody overheard at dusk. The name was Liszt—poor neglected Franz Liszt.

When she got up at last, starved for the scent of Town Hall on a rainy night, the first person she received was a young Hungarian pianist whom she was sponsoring, and who was falling short of her expectations. Instead of telling him to practice two more hours each day (he already practiced seven) or that she had finally arranged for him to meet the conductor who lisped, she installed him, to his dismay, at her dressing table. Carefully, she observed the young man's reflection. Then she brushed back the unruly lock over his forehead. About his sideburns there was little she could do.

"You must stop looking like Elvis Presley," said Wilena Samuels rather severely. "Let your hair grow long if you wish, but for goodness' sake make it lyrical, make it distingué. Look leonine!" she continued, and, in a lower voice, admonished, "Think of Franz Liszt . . ."

At the first concert she attended, the pianist, up-and-coming and French, played Liszt's "Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude." Wilena Samuels had heard his recordings, and she felt little sympathy for his playing. During the intermission, she walked into Guy Dutour's box and folded Annette into her arms. Annette, half smothered, involuntarily moaned. The biographer stood up with all the decorum of a French biographer wearing the uniform of the Academy (to which he aspired). Then he bowed, and sat down again. Guy Dutour, who had missed Wilena Samuels' entrance, turned to his neighbor, a young English comedienne, who was swallowing some pills.

"Are you now tranquil?" he asked, exercising the fingers of his right hand on the rim of the box. He still had not seen Wilena Samuels standing beside him. She stooped from her great height to the level of his ear.

"Stinks—no?" she whispered.

He sighed, and said, "He plays like a lawyer; the case he pleads is not his own. Nor is it—and that is even more unfortunate—the composer's."

Wilena Samuels, paler than usual and vastly elegant in her eternal, unfashionably-hemmed black, started back to her own box. Bowing slightly from time to time with a peculiarly archaic grace—tense spine, absent eyes, Ionic smile—she advanced in the guise of the muse. She was certain that the small groups on the stairs and in the lobby, smoking and speaking softly, were as attuned as she was to an idea that would soon become, she hoped, Guy Dutour's inspiration. She must right her galley and pilot her favorite pianist through all his musical mishaps to a triumphant docking at the concert hall, and she could do it with the help of Franz Liszt.

In late September, the Sunday papers forecast an extraordinary event, scheduled for the early part of November. Above the name "DUTOUR" the announcement heralded "Unprecedented!" and, underneath it, explained "Guy Dutour plays an all-Liszt program, first time at popular prices, $2 top."

Rival pianists gloated, considering it a slightly desperate and stooping gesture.

THE skies became wan. In October, the Dutours' town house began to look inhabited. The copper handles and lock shone, the black door was freshly painted. But on the second floor the windows of Guy Dutour's study remained bare. Here, day after day, in the lustreless light, he sat practicing, with the window open and his Pekinese, Malachite, on a cushion at his feet. He was a man of little visual sense, but the room was pleasant. Soon Annette with her color chart (lees-of-wine for the couch, olive for the armchairs) and the decorator with his tape measure (must build a narrow shelf for manuscripts of Berlioz, Chopin, Liszt, etc. . . . not too much attention to detail, room must remain masculine) would come in and spoil everything. But for the moment, Guy Dutour could still throw cushions to the floor before sitting down in an armchair, and then sink his slippered feet into them. The library he would never read—mostly criticism, correspondence, and biographies of musicians of the nineteenth century—was still confined to cardboard boxes piled in a corner. The all-red Dufy he had not managed to digest in spite of the years stood on the floor, face to the wall. The Louis XV draperies destined for his windows were being restored, and this delay granted him, at least temporarily, the maximum amount of light.

Then, one morning, the fog rose, hail fell, and the only tree on the block, a stripped little tree cradled in macadam and restrained between two posts by rubber belts and wires, began to wobble in the wind.

Guy Dutour took his hands off the keyboard and rubbed them together. He managed to generate a little heat in the palms, but the joints remained stiff—a little numb, even. Without getting up, he reached for a large Swiss cowbell that served as paperweight to the "Hungarian Rhapsodies," and shook it energetically. Like most musicians, he seemed impervious to very loud noise. But Malachite growled, and raised her head slowly from the cushion by the pedals. Guy Dutour thought, She does not like to be reminded. . . . For Malachite had been a great teaser of cows throughout the Swiss vacations of her childhood and youth. Now there was only lassitude, lazy reflexes, and, worst of all, the chronic wheeze that left her without any breath whatever. Annette called the veterinary every morning, and Malachite continued to be carried, like a football, up and down the stairs, and even, this past week, from room to room.

The Pekinese laid her head back on the familiar *gros point*, lovingly embroidered by Wilena Samuels, closed her laminated eyes carefully one at a time, and Guy Dutour registered the painful sound of her breathing. He sighed and returned to the "Mephisto Waltz."

Gertrude, Guy Dutour's maid for seventeen years, waited for the end of a phrase behind the closed door; then she walked in without knocking.

When he heard her progress toward the piano—Gertrude was breaking in a new pair of crêpe-soled moccasins—Guy Dutour, still playing, mimed the fact that he was cold. His teeth chattered on the sound "bvovovovovvv," a fitful chill shook his spine, and he pointed with his chin, first to the open window, then to the cold radiator. Gertrude closed the window, bent down by the radiator, and forcibly turned the knob. The radiator clattered and sighed; soon a thin jet of steam rose from the safety valve, followed by a curving spray of boiling water. A fusty smell spread through the room. Malachite sneezed. Winter, season of New York recitals, was here.

THE UNSEEING EYE:

THE TRAVEL DIARY OF A NON-OBSERVER

THE AZORES

An Azore is an isle volcanic
Whose drivers put me in a panic.
The English expression "Slow down, please"
Means "Step on the gas!" in Portuguese.
An Azore is a beauty spot?
I don't know whether it is or not.
While racing round it hell-for-leather,
My eyelids were always jammed together.

AMSTERDAM, ROTTERDAM, AND THE HAGUE

The Dutchmen are their own best pals,
They're satisfied with their own canals,
So their galleries lack one major menace—
Those everlasting views of Venice.

MADEIRA

Madeira is the home of wineries
And extremely expensive embroidered fineries.
I seem to sense a relation tender
Between vintner and embroidery vender.
Free sample sippings of the grape
Inflate the tourist to a shape
In which, by the time he's embroiled in the embroidery imbroglio,
He will pay for a dozen doilies the price of an authentic First Folio.

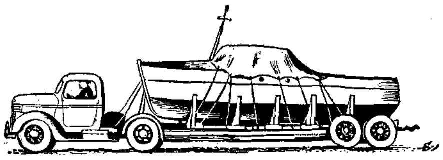
MOROCCO

The bus to Marrakech, Morocco,
Traverses landscapes simply socko.
The agricultural economy
Suggests the Book of Deuteronomy.
The machine has not replaced the mammal,
And everything is done by camel.
I hope I never learn what flesh
I ate that day in Marrakech,
But after struggling with a jawful
I thought it tasted humpthing awful.

—Ogden Nash

• •

At four o'clock that afternoon, the telephone rang. Gertrude had run around the corner to Gristede's for another quarter pound of butter, and so the telephone rang and rang unanswered. Guy Dutour tried not to hear it. At last, in her bedroom on the third floor, Annette picked up the telephone and sat down on her unmade bed.



"Allo?" she said softly.

It was Wilena Samuels. "Dear heart," she said, in a contralto that had not regained its purity since her illness, "all our troubles are over. Last night a clairvoyant"—she waited for encouragement; it did not come—"read the palms of my hands."

Annette, who was studying her bare legs and feet, opened the appointment book on her night table and found the name of her pedicurist written across the emptiness of a Tuesday afternoon four days hence.

"Yes," Wilena Samuels repeated, "I feel that our troubles are *definitely* over. After the usual rubbish about letters and trips, that clairvoyant really got down to business. She said, 'I see a project close to your heart. You set the date

"Let's shoot this one over the falls and see if it floats—tribewise, that is."

• •

some time ago. This project will prove successful beyond your expectations.' Our recital," said Wilena Samuels, tenderly. "And wait a minute, I'm not finished. She also said, 'Someone very dear to you, someone close to your heart, is in bad health just now. Don't worry, I see a complete recovery.' Our dear Malachite," said Wilena Samuels, softly. "I must come over tonight and give you details. Fantastic woman!"

Annette hesitated. "Couscous is coming to dinner," she said at last. There was a silence. Couscous was the rather adolescent nickname Wilena Samuels had conferred on the French biographer, after she had watched him stuffing himself in an Algerian restaurant. The fact was that she rather disliked him. She thought him pompous beyond his reputation for pomposity, and although her own, antiquated French was fluid and not unpoetic, she could not follow the subtleties of his eternal, ranting narrative. She misunderstood his jokes (*"Ma nouvelle biographie! Sublime! Il ne reste plus qu'à l'écrire!"*). But she could hardly admit to herself that what she resented most about him was his friendship with the Dutours. It was common knowledge that he had been Annette's lover, and a scene in his fictionalized autobiography (*". . . et ce fut sur ce vieux tapis persan, devant ce feu mourant, que je la pris . . ."*) had struck a puritanical blow to her solar plexus, and for this she could not forgive herself.

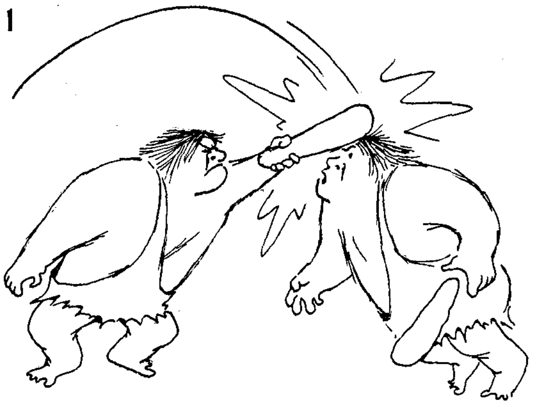
"Then I shall see," said Wilena Samuels. And she hung up, rather abruptly.

Annette walked into the bathroom, switched on the light, and picked up a magnifying mirror. The image she showed the world in the evening was far removed from her daytime appearance at home. At five in the afternoon, she still wore one of her husband's discarded dressing gowns, with the sleeves rolled up, a pair of frayed straw slippers on her bare feet, and this year's cream on her face and throat. From the extract of chick embryos that had been the rage a few years back, Annette had gone on, through the royal jelly of the queen bee, to the latest miracle—tranquillizers for the skin.

A dinner at home, these days, filled her with a vague but persistent domestic anguish. A cleaning woman came every day, but they had no cook. Gertrude did the cooking, and had tantrums. Devoted though she was, she simply did not want to perform duties for which she had not been hired.

In the past forty-eight hours, the situation had become grave. Gertrude had been surprised talking to herself over the ironing board. Annette had overheard the strange words *"mille-pattes sur patins à roulettes,"* followed by an endless repetition of the never-ending chores that had been imposed on her, Gertrude, in a new house, with three floors. That was yesterday. Later in the afternoon, Annette, concerned, had secretly followed her to Gristede's. Gertrude had on the old beaver coat Annette had given her several seasons ago; it was terribly long on Gertrude, who was broad and tiny, and it had split between the shoulder blades and been sewn up so crudely with brown wool that her back, in closeup, resembled that of a bear with a surgical scar. An empty string bag hung from her right hand. Malachite, wheezing and sneezing and in a pitiful state, was tucked under her left armpit. Gertrude was out to attract sympathy, and looked unnecessarily pathetic. Annette watched her through the store window. She started by counting potato eyes, and to choose two pounds of potatoes took her a good five minutes. Then she quickly deposited Malachite in a vegetable scale, in order to weigh, by hand, the relative merits of two grapefruits. A young salesclerk rushed over, and rather than be a witness to the terrible scene Annette had walked away while Gertrude, making fearful grimaces over the vegetable counter, loudly proclaimed the barbarism of broccoli (*"chou-fleur vert pour les Peaux-Rouges"*). But even this terrible behavior did little to disguise her helplessness. Gertrude refused to learn a word of English, and missed what she called her "kitchenenette" at the Hotel Carlyle, where her housekeeping duties consisted of making chicoried coffee and heating *croissants* in the morning, and then calling room service the rest of the day.

In the bathroom, Annette reviewed Gertrude's predicament and shook her head. Her chignon, carelessly pinned, 1



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moved a little. She checked the pins with lowered head, and when she straightened it, the sight of her hair in the bathroom mirror, so pale and luminous under the bare bulb, stopped her for a moment; that beautiful, very long hair had escaped, without a single effort on her part, not only the cut and the permanent but even the professional shampoo and set. And in spite of all the commotion in their lives, Gertrude, plying two soft-bristled brushes backed with tortoise shell, still managed to brush it for half an hour each day.

With a lipstick, Annette made a small cross on the mirror. She must not forget to call the veterinary at a quarter to six. She took off the dressing gown, rolled it into a ball, and threw it in a corner of the bathroom. Then she climbed into the tub and settled herself, without an intake of breath, into the almost cold water. This wood nymph's bath was a daily habit ever since she had read, at the age of fourteen, a biography of Diane de Poitiers.

In the second-floor study, Guy Dutour played "Funérailles." No inclined yellow faces, like chrysanthemums in the rain, no image of funeral processions under domed umbrellas, no smell of dug wet earth came to disturb his concentration. Confronted with a small but obstructing technical difficulty, he repeated a short passage slowly and patiently until the knot was unravelled. Yet he was not totally absorbed. Malachite was sitting up, her neck taut, her thinned chest rigid, her fur matted and damp. It took all of her energy to perform the act of breathing. She inhaled short gasps of air and then exhaled very slowly and with difficulty, moaning softly just before the next intake. Guy Dutour picked her up and kissed the damp fur between her eyes; she closed them slowly, recognized his habitual caress, and growled acceptance. He stroked her back, gently; then, even more gently, he scratched the fur above her ears. Her paws appeared curiously rigid, her fur felt cold and inorganic, her heartbeat violent. The veterinary had drugged her yesterday, and for a time had eased her breathing; now it seemed to have grown worse again. Yet he had said that Malachite sounded far worse than she really was, and that there was no immediate danger. Of course, the New York climate was disastrous, but it would not prove fatal, either. Guy Dutour sighed; he'd had enough Liszt for the day. Besides, it was five o'clock. He had to dress. With formality, he deposited Malachite back on her cushion.

Gertrude stood in the basement kitchen, plunged in martial gloom over a gleaming stove that still bore the *Good Housekeeping* seal. Holding a long steel knitting needle in her right hand and a pot holder in her left, she mounted the kitchen stepladder and lifted the cover off the earthenware pot. With a grimace of distrust, she sucked in the rising steam. Then, with one swift downward movement of her right hand, she stabbed the *poule au pot*. Once again, it would not be ready on time. According to Gertrude, the American chicken was faultily constructed, like the American woman, being overlong in the leg, and so it had to cook beyond the time allotted to its weight.

In the pantry on the first floor, Annette opened a refrigerator that had been emptied of trays and shelves, took out a tall vase containing sixteen sulphurous carnations, and carried it up to the study on the second floor.

Guy Dutour poured himself some brandy, added a little water, sat down, kicked off his felt slippers, and slipped farther down into his armchair.

Gertrude ran in, sniffling and with new shoes squeaking, picked up Malachite, and ran off, muttering into her ear a sweet chaos of complaints and endearments.

The doorbell rang.

The biographer came in, made himself comfortable in a corner of the couch, raised his tiny glass of porto, and said, thoughtfully, "Ah! Liszt!"—pronouncing it "Litz," in the French manner. He had never published a musical biography. "In preparation for my lectures at Mills College, tonight we speak nothing but English. Litz! I would like to write a very short biography entitled, 'L'Abbé Litz.' All biographies of Litz are half filled with Chopin and George Sand, as all Chopin's are with Litz and Marie d'Agoult. Very unnerving. In my biography there will be no Chopin, wrapped in brown blankets, coughing mazurkas in the gloom of deluged Valldemosa." Here he paused, delighted with his own English, and swallowed a little porto. "No George, with her walking stick. No Solange, dressed as a boy. No Marie d'Agoult, standing, in white, and in profile, against moonlit columns. No. Give me the impregnable and theatrical mystery of white-haired Litz walking down the gravelled path of an autumn garden, a *bréviaire* against his heart. But do not underestimate him." And here he waved his right index finger back and forth. "Laudanum—was it laudanum?—is still being consumed by distraught ladies in second-rate hotel rooms."

Guy Dutour, often abstracted and a poor listener, watched his wife finger the pleats of her new, short white dress. It was the dress of a worldly child, and it tacked onto her self-conscious beauty a look of gravity, a sudden innocence. He observed the watchful, listening tilt of her head, and, in her usually brilliant eyes, a new complexity of expression, a docility hovering on the edge of pain. Suddenly, he slapped his thin hands against his thighs: so there it was; now he knew it. Nothing serious yet, but she had begun to brood over a new love plot. He got up, walked toward the piano, sighed, sat down, and began "Funérailles."

Annette listened; she was expecting a call from Wilena Samuels' protégé, the young Hungarian, who had followed Annette's bare back at a charity ball with the air of a rabbit about to be executed. He was ridiculous, but the antiquated manner in which he paid his respects, his innocence, and his obvious devotion had touched her. She hoped the call would come in the course of "Funérailles."

The telephone rang.

Annette ran upstairs to her bedroom,

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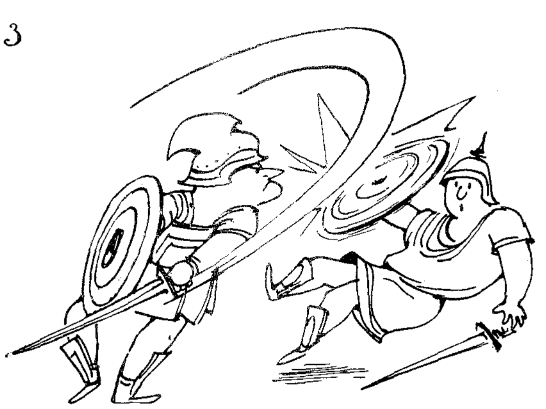

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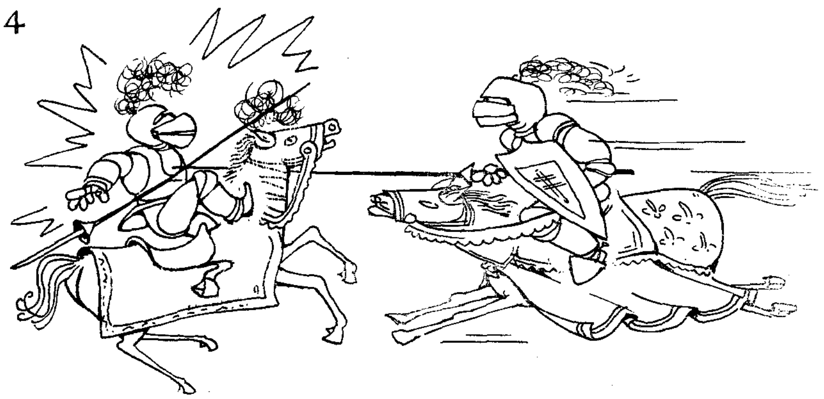

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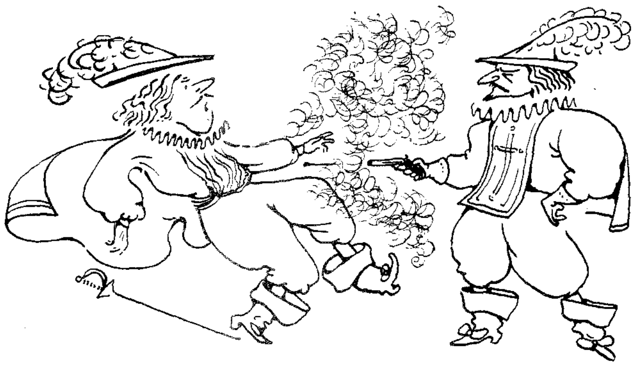

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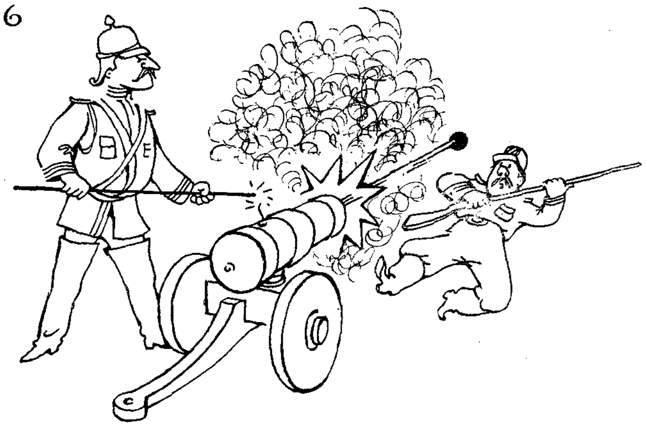

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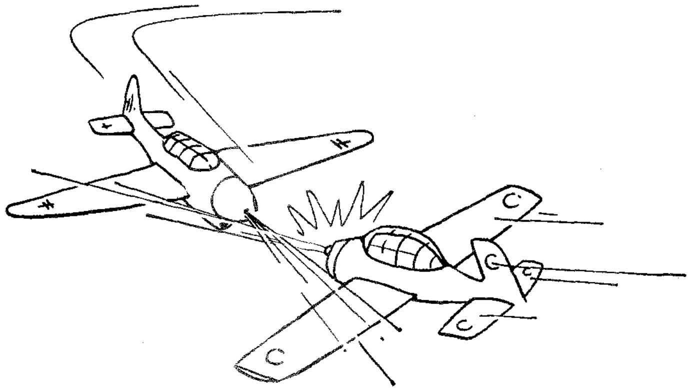

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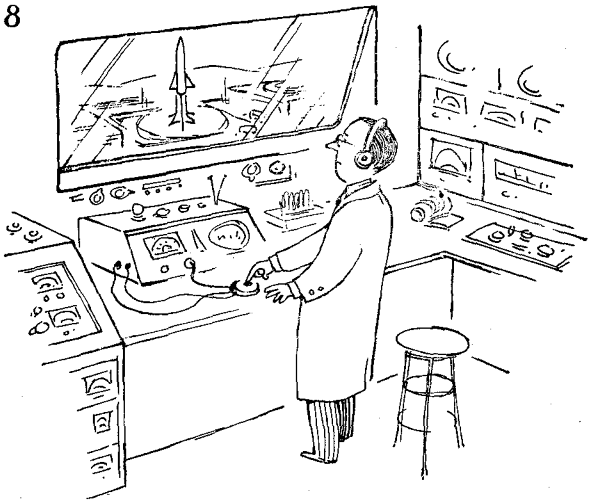

lifted the telephone, and sat down on her unmade bed. "Allo?" she asked softly.

It was Wilena Samuels.

"Dear heart," she said. "I'm afraid my news is far from excellent."

"Yes," said Annette.

"Well, the news is not bad yet. Who knows, it may mean nothing, but my heart is broken. The . . . tickets are not selling well."

WHEN Annette returned to the study, Guy Dutour was in his armchair. He watched her while she sat down. She saw that he was watching her, and, suddenly embarrassed, crossed her legs as she had been taught to do just before leaving the convent. Her love for her husband was bound at all times to the prestige of his musical career, and it had just suffered a setback.

"Ah! 'Funérailles'!" said the French biographer. "Père-Lachaise; Chopin's grave—an ugly tombstone, and on the grave a profusion of violets, from Michon's. No; let me try again. 'Funérailles'! Evocation of a funeral procession; young cy-

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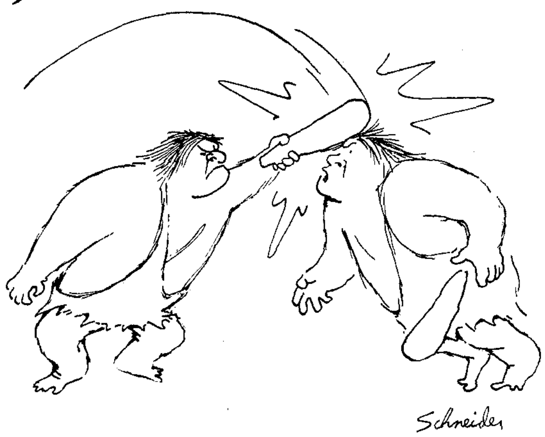

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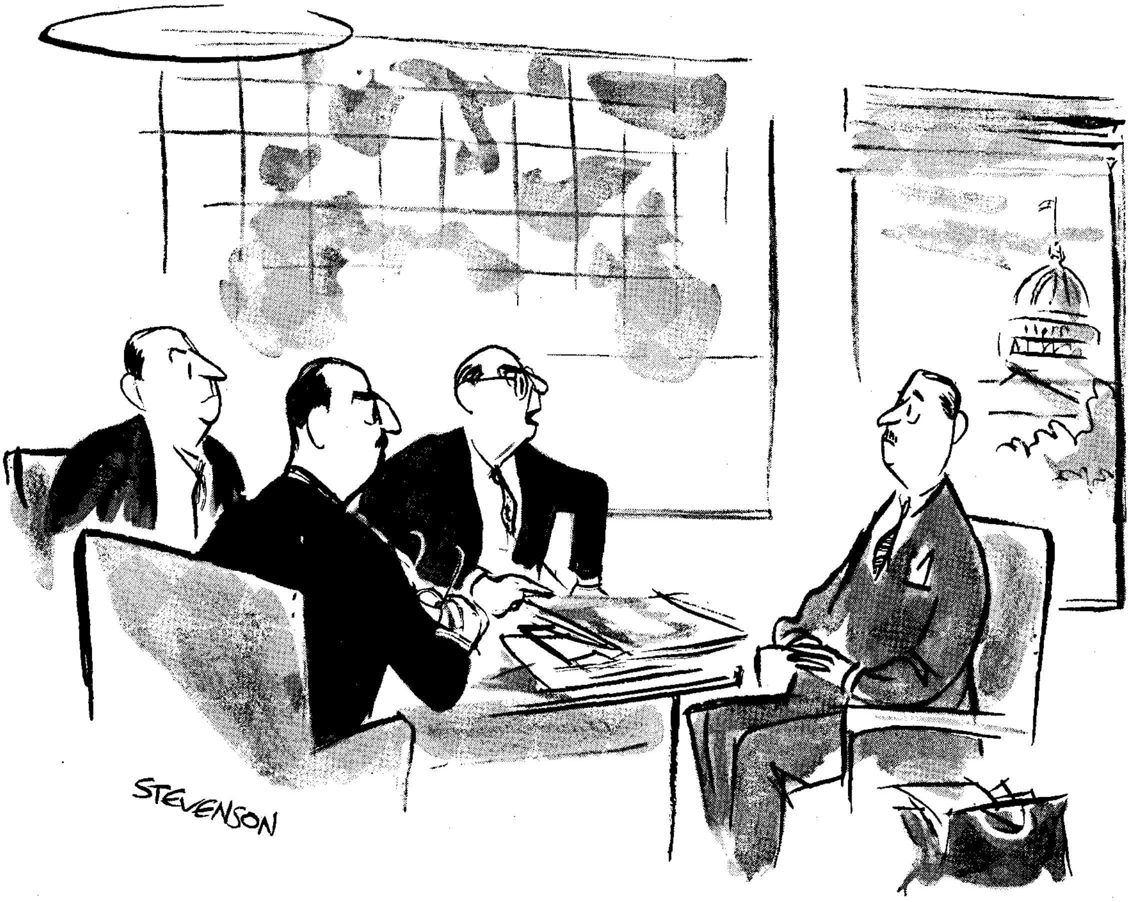

"Is that all you can tell us after a six-week fact-finding mission—'It's a real mess over there'?"

• •

press trees; inclined faces in the shadow of immense black umbrellas, wet earth, smell of giant rust-colored chrysanthemums . . ."

"What about dinner?" asked Guy Dutour.

"I'll see," said Annette.

She got up, but the sight of Gertrude, standing in the doorway, prevented her from moving. It was obvious that Gertrude did not stand there, totally undone, to announce dinner. She looked as if she had taken a steam bath with her clothes on. Her faded-blue working dress was all crumpled, her face was a large, shiny mask. Wisps of usually smooth hair curled unexpectedly about her ears. And her eyes! Her glistening eyes held a strong reflection of light, the tears having settled in them like dew.

Gertrude opened her mouth and, addressing Guy Dutour, said, "Malachite—" It was unnecessary for her to go on; they had all understood. The French biographer looked up at the ceiling. Guy Dutour looked down at his hands.

"All right," Annette said to herself. "Malachite is dead. Let's bury her."

She took Gertrude firmly by the shoulders, turned her around, and started her down to the basement.

Heart failure, she decided on the first-floor landing. After all that effort in breathing. Poor Guy! She tried to imagine Malachite dead, and her mind's eye immediately produced Malachite on her back with paws drawn up and curled. Annette, annoyed, stopped herself. No, that was a dead canary. She heard Gertrude muttering on the basement stairs, seemingly unconscious that she was overheard: ". . . *Hôtel Barbizon, pour dames seules comme moi* . . ."

So Gertrude was going. Once before, Gertrude had disappeared, carefully leaving her address behind. She must be left alone tonight to do what she felt like doing. Tomorrow would be time enough to send "Maestro Cagliostro," who could double as psychiatrist in time of emergency, after her. Poor Gertrude; this last year had been too much for her! Poor Guy! On the night of the all-Liszt recital, the chain of fetishes must once more be complete: the gold compass charm, the diamond-and-onyx shirt studs, Malachite, her cushion, and Gertrude, who prepared the backstage *tilleul* with three and a half tablespoons of sugar. Break a link and you invite catastrophe; Malachite must be replaced and Gertrude brought back, or Guy might bury Liszt and cancel the recital.

Gertrude went to her bedroom, which was next to the kitchen, and locked herself in. Annette listened at the door for a moment. She heard Gertrude fall to her knees; then she heard the sound of a large object lightly scraping the wooden floor; then two familiar snaps, and the suitcase, which had once belonged to Guy Dutour, opened.

Annette turned away. Malachite must be in the kitchen; perhaps on her *toile de Jouy* cushion, under the canopy of a new Formica table with tubular legs.

And while Gertrude opened the drawer in which she kept her flowered nightgowns, her box of camomile, and her two hot-water bottles, Annette slowly pushed open the swinging door and walked into the kitchen.

IN the study, the two men sat, Guy Dutour with his elbows on his thighs and his face in his hands. The biographer found the situation absurd. Here, in constraint, hunger, and imbecilic silence, sat two men, one of them mourning a dog.

"Malachite . . ." Guy Dutour said at last, through his hands.

"*Ce fut pendant 'Funérailles . . .'*" the biographer attempted, "*. . . qu'elle rendit le dernier soupir.*"

Guy Dutour did not move. The French biographer shrugged his shoulders; he had gone beyond the first, uncontrollable embarrassment caused him by Guy Dutour's grief, and he now observed his nails.

After a while, the front door slammed shut, and the sound revived him. He heard Gertrude's voice screaming "Taxi! Taxi!" Then the door of the taxi slammed shut.

"Malachite . . ." said Guy Dutour, lifting his face from his hands.

And the biographer froze; in a second, in a moment, and in silence, he would be asked for sympathy.

—NATACHA STEWART

•

Leaking badly, manned by a skeleton crew, one infirmity after another overtakes the little ship.—*The Herald Tribune Books Section.*

Those game little infirmities!

FAESEYA'S MRS. SCIPIO

EVERY Monday morning in Cape Town, my Malay cleaning woman and laundress, Faeseya, brought the clean laundry back to my house in a great white bundle balanced on her head. Almost seeming to float, the solemn rolls of her body moving in counterpoise above her small feet, she walked up the avenue through a soft, aqueous light made by sun filtering through the oak leaves. Faeseya never seemed to notice anyone she passed on the avenue: the little group of white girls, all frilly and crisp, who were being walked by their nursemaids, in white aprons; the butcher boy singing sad wisps of a dance tune; the man who went around with a clinking sack, buying empty bottles and crying through the trees, like a forlorn bird, something that sounded like "Tee Rorrels! Tee Rorrels!" She would walk into the house and untie her bundle, and then she would talk to me about her neighbor, Mrs. Scipio.

"Medem knows," said Faeseya one Monday, absently arranging the clean linen on the bed, and looking at me with her little black raisin eyes, "not even a Christian angel can sing more lovely than Mrs. Scipio. There she stands, Medem. Medem should yus see her. She's got long hair, not short and curly like the other colored people. She's got long hair yus like a Malay woman." Here Faeseya stiffened her body proudly. "But Medem knows, her voice. Medem mustn't go to bioscope to hear people sing. Medem must yus listen to Mrs. Scipio."

Faeseya could always make Mrs. Scipio into a vivid presence for me. Now I could clearly hear Mrs. Scipio sing—some melody that wove in between the crooked rooftops of Cape Town's slum, filling with magic the space between the mountain and the sea. It was a song that made men stop their work and look about them strangely. When Faeseya added, "Mind you, Medem should yus see her," I clipped onto Mrs. Scipio's ears, in my mind, a pair of big shiny brass bangles.

So potent was the magic of Mrs. Scipio that it was hard to accept her as an ordinary human being, who lived in Faeseya's tenement block of District Six. She lived right across the landing from Faeseya's crowded room, separated from it only by the flight of stairs that spiralled through the building. But even in this small setting Mrs. Scipio assumed proportions larger than life.

"Medem should yus see the stove Mrs. Scipio has got. Medem knows I don't eat Christian meat, but mind you, Medem, sometimes when I smell a sheep's head cooking on that stove of hers, Medem, I know it is a sin to say it, but I would yus die for it. And Mrs. Scipio she always says, 'Come on, eat some. I don't cook yus for myself. I like hungry people to eat.' She gave my son Mozedick some bread the other day, thick—Medem, it's true—thick with yam. Not yus scraped on, like some people do, scraping back half the bread into the yam tin."

And while I silently adjusted Mrs. Scipio into a new and vivid focus, Faeseya said, running her words together as she often did when she wanted me to give her something, "Medem knows. That old blue yug of Medem's? Medem knows it leaks. Now, I mean to say if Medem doesn't mind? Medem, I want yus to give Mrs. Scipio a lovely present. Medem knows what Mrs. Scipio did do the other day. Medem remembers how I told Medem what a terrible cold my big girl, my Karima, had. Medem remembers? Mrs. Scipio she came into the room and she said, 'My poor child! Yus look how your nose is running. Give me your hands.' She felt her hands and she said, 'Ice. Blogs of ice. Here'—and Medem, there she pulls off from her own body her own yersey. The one she knitted the other day. So Medem understands. Mrs. Scipio loves flowers. So I mean to ask. It's an old yug."

I felt bad. It was a jug without use or value, which I loved—a fat little jug with a delicate, nacreous sheen. "But it leaks, Faeseya," I said.

"That's eggzegly why I ask, Medem," said Faeseya, making me feel worse. "But Medem mustn't worry. Mrs. Scipio will fix it good like new. Mrs. Scipio can fix anything."

"MEDEM knows," said Faeseya some weeks after I had parted with my blue jug, "Mrs. Scipio can read and write. She is going to teach my Mozedick. Never mind yus my Mozedick. There she goes, Medem. There she goes looking for other children in the street, also. Medem should yus see her sitting there, in the

Chas Addams

street. Doesn't matter that there is noise. There she is yus sitting and teaching the children to read and write. So I mean to say. Medem mustn't mind. Medem's got some old books to teach reading. Please, Medem."

As I looked in a closet for the books, I thought about Mrs. Scipio, books under her arm, stopping by some lines of washing to speak to a child. "Come, boy," I heard her say. "What is your name? I like you. Can you read? I am Mrs. Scipio. Come, let us read together." I saw her long forefinger move across a page.

Faeseya was delighted with my old books. "Look," she said. "Full of pictures. Medem knows Mrs. Scipio likes pictures very much. Medem should yus see the pictures that woman has got. Her room is full of pictures. Mrs. Scipio always says, 'Don't give me rooms yus with walls. I like pictures.' Medem knows that blue yug. Mrs. Scipio, when I gave it to her, she yus said, 'Faeseya, you have got a heart of silk. Pure silk.' "

BUT there were days when Mrs. Scipio showed her human qualities all too clearly. On those days, Faeseya untied her bundle in silence. She took a very long time over her breakfast, after which doors were slammed, pots were clanged against pans, and the floors were poked at angrily with the mop. On one such day, perspiring, she told me, "Medem knows. My heart is full." She pointed her finger at the curve of her neck. "Full up to here. Medem knows. Medem remembers how I told Medem, Mrs. Scipio she feels my Karima's hands and she says, 'My poor child. Ice. Blogs of ice,' and she takes off from her own body her own yersey. Medem remembers? Medem knows my Karima, how much she thanked Mrs. Scipio. This morning, Medem, Mrs. Scipio she comes into the room, without knocking, mind you. Doesn't matter if people is dressing or undressing. Mrs. Scipio is so filthy dressed, Medem, I don't want to talk. Mrs. Scipio says no please. No excuse. Yus gimme. 'Gimme back my yersey.' "

"She did *that*?" I asked.

"Yes, M'm."

"I can't believe it."

"It's true, Medem. Yus snatched the yersey off the child's body. Medem knows. If Medem's sure Medem's finished with it. That old blue yersey Medem doesn't wear any more? Medem knows my Karima gets these terrible colds."

But, as Faeseya said on another Monday, "We have all got our faults, Medem. And Mrs. Scipio hasn't got much faults. In fact," she continued, "Medem should yus come to her parties. She had a party last night. Medem should yus see the flowers she put in that yug. And then, Medem, she stands on the stairs and she begins to sing. Medem. That voice. It puts stars in my heart. Medem should yus hear it. There she stands in a dress, long and new. Straight from the shops—not second-hand. New. Shining with beads on the bodice, Medem, and yus singing. Medem should yus see all the people running from their rooms. Doesn't matter if their food is cooking. They come running yus to stand and watch her."

Faeseya's eyes glittered like two newly washed grapes.

THE extravagant, unpredictable Mrs. Scipio began to fill my thoughts to the point where I waited for Faeseya's Mondays with impatience. But one day, instead of seeing Faeseya floating up the avenue under her white bundle, I saw a little boy running on thin, quick, matchstick legs. Somehow I knew he belonged to Faeseya.

"My mother," he said when he arrived at the door, "she is very sick." He looked at me with frightened gazelle eyes.

"Are you little Gafoer?"

"Yes, M'm." He stood very still. I felt that I could almost hear his heart beating.

"What's the matter with her?"

"I don't know, M'm."

"Is Mrs. Scipio looking after her?"

The child looked at me questioningly.

"Is Mrs. Scipio looking after your mother?" I repeated. "You know Mrs. Scipio—your mother's friend?"

"I don't know, M'm."

"The lady who sings," I coaxed. "You know—Mrs. Scipio."

"No, M'm."

"Mrs. Scipio?"

"No, M'm."

LATER that day, I went to see Faeseya. She lived in a part of Cape Town where the mountain has pushed up one of its folds, as though trying to toss the mass of squalid houses off its splendid slopes and into the sea. But like insects swarming over each other, the houses have resisted. Their roofs have fallen askew and their walls have crumbled, but they remain, even through the strongest winds, clinging to each other and clinging to the mountain.

As I walked through the crowded

SAILOR ASHORE

What unsteady ways the solid earth has
After all. The lamps are dead on their feet,
Blinking and swaying above the wet cobbles;
The darkness yaws out and back, sprawling
And slithering on the walls; the sleeping houses
Reel and almost fall but never wake;
And the echo of feet goes round and round
Like a buffeted gull and can find no place
To alight. Somebody said it would be
Like this: the sea is everywhere.
But worst here, where it is secret and pretends
To keep its mountains in one place. If you
Put your foot down, the spot moves—the waters are
Under the earth. Nowhere to run from them.
It is their tides you feel heaving under you,
Sucking you down, when you close your eyes with women.
They wink in bottles, and you are washed off
And under. Gull shriek, boozy guffaw, woman
Laughing—turn your back on each in turn
And you hear the waters' laughter. Which is
What they gave you a back for. Better to stay
In one place, and sleep like the lamps, standing,
Then get back to the barefaced, original
Bitch-sea. Which is what they gave you legs for.

—W. S. MERWIN

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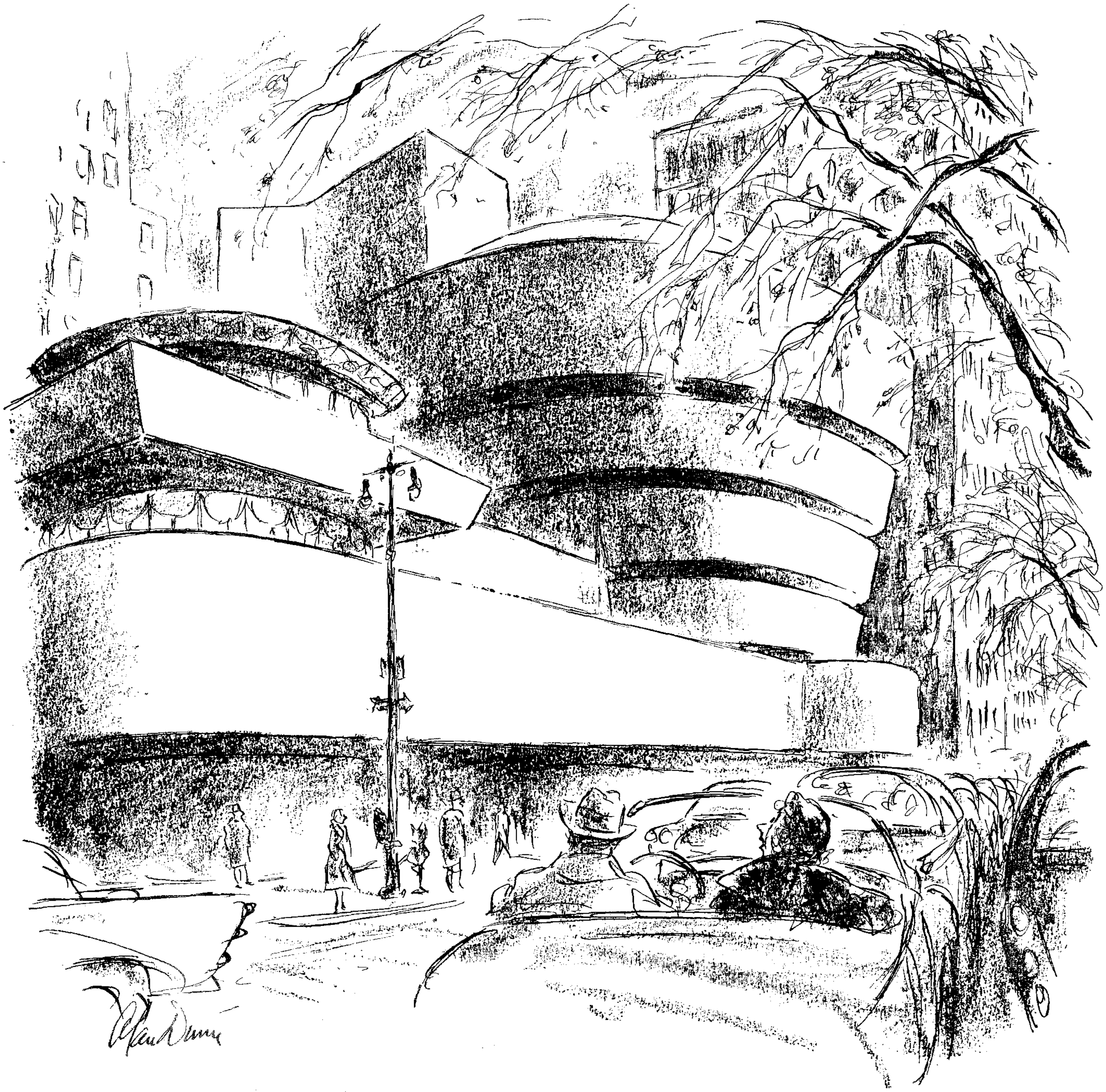


"Are they allowed to do that on Fifth Avenue?"

• •

streets lined with slanting walls, I expected to hear, at any moment, Mrs. Scipio's magic voice pouring itself through the tattered edges of a curtain. "Excuse me," I said to a group of women who were sitting at the bottom of a flight of stairs. "Does Faeseya live here?" They were so tired, so dirty, that they seemed like refuse thrown out of the building together with the bits of orange peel, the empty tins, the flaps of newspaper that littered the entrance. Even their suspicion of me was dulled. One woman peered up at me and then went on feeding the baby she held to her breast. The two women beside her looked as though they had become dark brown from decay.

I changed my question. "Mrs. Scipio?" I asked. Surely they would know the brilliant singer, the reader, the party-giver. "Mrs. Scipio?" I repeated. But it did not touch them. Quite casually the mother shifted her baby, gave it her other breast, and watched, as though fascinated, the movement of some flies across the child's head.

At the corner of the street, a little farther on, one woman seemed to understand me. In a voice that seemed to be made of spit and gravel, she asked, "Who you want?"

"Mrs. Scipio."

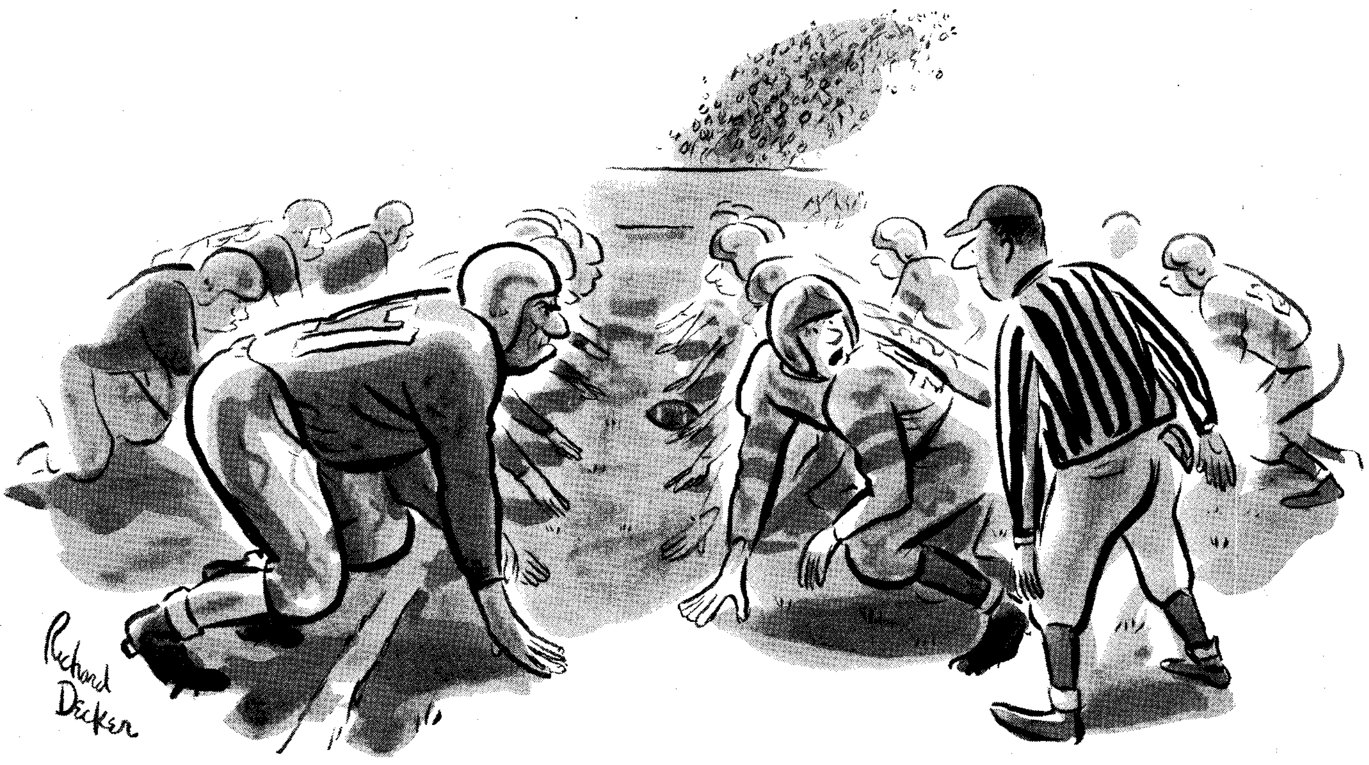
"There is no Mrs. Scipio here."

"You know," I insisted. "The lady who lives opposite Faeseya, the washerwoman."

"You want Faeseya?" The woman pointed upward into the darkness behind her. "On the first floor. By Table Mountain side."

As I climbed the dark, spiralling stairs, I wished, suddenly and deeply, that the woman outside had been wrong, and that I would find Mrs. Scipio taking care of Faeseya. Let me see you, Mrs. Scipio, I prayed, with your long arms and your bangle earrings. Let me see you in your new dress with the beads on the bodice. Let me hear you singing, Mrs. Scipio. . . .

I reached the landing and knocked on a door. There were scuffling noises. I



"He keeps saying 'Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum!'"

• •

knocked again. There was a jounce, a creak. At last Faeseya's voice said something. I went inside.

It was a very dark room. Something touched my legs, and then a little child scuffled away. "Medem," came Faeseya's voice from a dim pile of covers on the only bed in the room. "I knew in my old bones it is Medem. Yus when I am lying so sick and sore. And my old heart is so empty."

A thin shaft of light came into the room where the edges of some cardboard in the window had worn away. I moved between the vague outlines of furniture to Faeseya's bedside. "What is the matter with you, Faeseya?"

"Medem knows. Medem remembers the last time I had that backache." She moistened her lips and began, with much satisfaction, to tell me the details of her illness.

"So has the doctor been?"

"Yes, M'm."

"And who have you got to look after you?"

"Well, Medem knows, it is all right. My Karima has got a half-day yob. So I mean to say she is looking after me. The trouble is my little Yasmin." She peered over the edge of her pillow. "Yasmin! You there?" A damp hand touched my leg.

"She's here," I said, bending down. Halfheartedly, I put my hand on a dark bit of fluff. It was sticky. A very sour smell came from the child.

"That's all right," sighed Faeseya. "And Gafoer and Mozedick?"

"Yus somewhere. Medem knows. But I mean to say they are looking after themselves all right."

Gradually the bulges in the room began to take on shape. The room seemed to be a museum of all my shabby pieces of charity. I recognized the chair that used to lie on its back in the garden, the shabby rugs, and the old kitchen table with a broken leg. In one corner, there was a pile of soapboxes stuck together to form an open cupboard. On top of the topmost box stood the little blue jug.

Faeseya had been watching me. "Medem knows . . ." she began, hopelessly.

At last I asked the question. "Mrs. Scipio, Faeseya. Where is she?"

"How Medem means?"

"Why doesn't she look after you?"

"It's hard to say, Medem." She was looking at the little blue jug as though trying to draw inspiration from it. "Medem knows. One day I can tell Medem. But yus now, Medem must understand, Mrs. Scipio is gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, M'm."

"But where, Faeseya?"

There was a long pause. Then Faeseya brought her hands together with religious solemnity. "Medem knows. Medem must yus understand about Mrs. Scipio. You see, Medem. To tell the truth, Medem, Medem must know. I will tell Medem eggzegly. It is like Mrs. Scipio was living in my heart. And yus now it is like she has yumped right out of it."

There was a silence. Faeseya swallowed. I began to tiptoe around the shabby room, looking for something. I wanted to find some compensation for Faeseya. Anything would do—anything she liked. But how do you find compensation for a heart that has lost its stars and its silk? It was to comfort me that Faeseya said at last, in a voice like the echo from an empty shell, "Medem mustn't worry. Maybe Medem can bring me some flowers. Yus some nice pretty flowers."

—Sonia Rollnick

•

For Sale—All modern house. I want to sell my house in Monona, neighbor to Langenbacher. I want to leave Iowa in order to save my life. One fellow wants to rob me, the other wants to kill me. I went to the law and they sent me to the justice of the peace. And he told me to wait until after Christmas and I answered back. If I have to wait until after Christmas I could be dead. I lived here for 46 years and no one bothered me. I have a rocking chair that is 108 years old and they are better than the new ones made today. I also have a potato that is turned to rock. I bought the rocking chair from Jim Comorgan in 1924. His father came to this county in 1836. And he made a walnut bed as there were no furniture stores at that time. And they are made stronger and don't fall to pieces like they do today. Fred Broszeit Sr.—*Adv. in the Monona (Iowa) Leader.*

How many bedrooms are there?

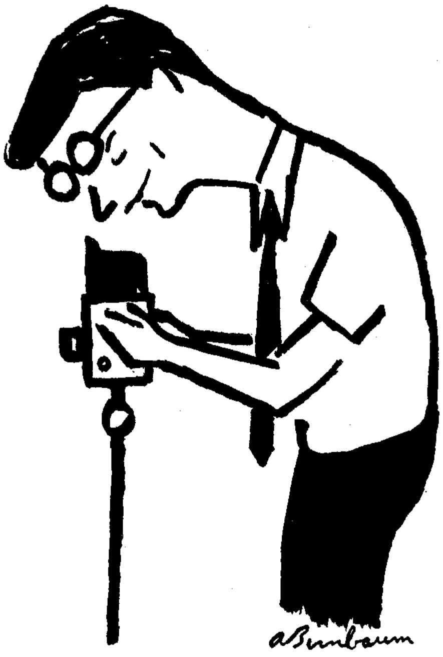
PROFILES

A WOMAN ENTERING A TAXI IN THE RAIN

TO people who are only casually interested in such matters, fashion is a bewildering phenomenon. It has been denounced as "spinach" and "a racket for selling clothes." It constitutes, as nearly everybody knows, the third-largest industry in the country, and it is responsible for the existence of a considerable publishing business. Its interest in rapid obsolescence is transparent, and its aesthetic standards—as those who have recently been exposed to the sack, the trapeze, and the balloon will agree—are apt to shift quickly from the classic to the downright bizarre. It has attracted the attention of psychiatrists, some of whom have traced its lineage directly to the Marquis de Sade and maintain sombrely that it is largely the product of male designers suffering from a pathological fear of women and seeking to render them harmless by making them look grotesque. The doctors' theory may very well be sound, but it leaves unexplained the fact that the women who are the victims of this curious assault on feminine charm seem to cherish their martyrdom and submit to those who impose it on them like lionesses under the lash of the tamer. The probable answer is that women don't care about the motives of their dictators. What they are after is elegance—a quality, undefinable in terms of logic, that is quite distinct from allure. Many women possess allure almost from the cradle, but elegance is the product of deliberate art, rather than of nature; superficially, it seems to have little relation to sexual attraction—but only superficially. The outward manifestations of elegance change more or less violently from year to year, causing the masculine mind to pursue a cycle that leads from surprise to horror, from horror to resignation, from resignation to apprehension over what is coming next, and so back again to surprise, but at least elegance attracts attention, as spectacular martyrdom always does, and attention, as the late José Ortega y Gasset has pointed out, is an indispensable prelude to love. Thus, however roundabout the route, elegance does appear to have a sexual object in the end. It also takes on, in the minds of its devotees, the character of a religious ritual whose Olympus is Paris and whose principal scriptures are *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. Not long ago, Mrs. Diana Vreeland, the fashion editor of the latter publication, summed up a major part of its scriptural doctrine when she remarked, "One cannot live by bread alone. One needs *élan*, chinchillas, jewels, and the touch of a master designer, to whom a woman is not just a woman but an illusion."

Since the time of Charles Dana Gibson, the propagation of the illusion has rested largely in the hands of the fashion photographer, a specialist who today is the religion's principal evangelist. For many years, this specialist entered so wholeheartedly into the advancement of the cult that he depicted the illusion pretty much as it existed in the mind's eye of the designer, and the result was that fashion photography, as an art, tended to show a certain Byzantine aloofness from human concerns. The gaunt, skinny, praying-mantis model—an image calculated to frighten most males out of their wits—was a caricature of her sex, a fierce, denying goddess. Presumably she sold the clothes that she wore, for that was her expensive purpose, but her chic was exclusively that of the limited world of high fashion, where any suggestion of womanliness was banished as vulgar. She was as vivacious as a marble statue and as appealing as a mummy—an overt symbol of the death that all good fashion designers, according to the psychiatrists, unconsciously wish to visit on womankind.

About twelve years ago, this approach to fashion photography began to be subtly undermined by a sprightly and ingenious photographer for *Harper's Bazaar* named Richard Avedon. As far as he was concerned, the statues and mummies went out the window. The model became pretty, rather than austerely aloof. She laughed, danced, skated, gambolled among herds of elephants, sang in the rain, ran breathlessly down the Champs-Elysées, smiled and sipped cognac at café tables, and otherwise gave evidence of being human. Whether she thereby sold more clothes is open to question. But the new trend certainly brightened the pages of *Harper's Bazaar*, and Avedon was widely conceded to have reached a previously unattained artistic level in fashion photography. A good deal of this accomplishment can be attributed to his imagination and resourcefulness in handling a camera, but some of it undoubtedly stems from the fact that his primary interest is not in fashion but in women.



Richard Avedon

The Avedon photograph—or, more broadly, the Avedon photographic style—has by now become a lively contribution to the visual poetry of sophisticated urban life. Nearly everybody is familiar with it, for it has long since overflowed the pages of *Harper's Bazaar* and influenced the advertising in most of the slick-paper periodicals. It has been imitated by other photographers, but the imitations have seldom approached the animation of the originals; in any case, as soon as the imitators have mastered at least the surface elements of one of Avedon's innovations, he has always popped up with some entirely new departure, for he has never been one to stand still. The world he depicts is an artificial one; his polished and rather romantic art flatly contradicts the bromide that the camera never lies. Avedon's camera unquestionably lies, but it does so in such a poetic and ingratiating manner that the photographic fiction it produces has become a sort of folklore of the world in which fashionable elegance counts. The characters in this fiction are women of unbelievable beauty and grace, moving about in an environment that exists largely in the imagination. This is a composite of mists, glowing lights, the moods of nocturnal revellers, nostalgic memories of bars and gaming tables and theatres, and such ephemeral minutiae as the feeling of enchantment at the sight of a taxi in the rain whose door is opened to receive a suave and mysterious beauty, or the moment of gaiety when some lovely girl decides to throw dignity aside, or the magical second in which the casual motions of a beautiful woman are observed secretly across a restaurant table—all fragments of a metropolitan fairyland, glimpsed by ordinary mortals only at times of heightened illusion.

Technically, Avedon's work shows little reverence for the ideals of sharpness and accuracy that are still the goal of most commercial photographers. Not being concerned with realism, Avedon sometimes deliberately reproduces the imperfections of elementary photography in order to create pictures that have an unrehearsed and improvised—almost accidental—air about them. His camera often invades a penumbral region in which the blur—for years regarded by professionals as the mark of the bungler—is used as a means of poetic evocation. His control of various kinds of blur—blurred backgrounds, blurred lighting, blurred movement by the model—has added a new dimension to what used to be an extremely literal art. The Avedon blur has, in fact, become a sort of colophon. He is not the only photographer who has intentionally produced the fuzzy effects that are the continual humiliation of the amateur, but he has been more consistent and resourceful than most. As might be imagined, the Avedon blur calls for a lot more ingenuity and technical mastery than are required for pictures that are merely clear, since it involves, among other things, determining just how much blurriness is desirable for the job at hand, and then capturing precisely that amount on the negative, working out contrasts between blurriness and sharpness in a single picture, and deciding intuitively when to blur and when not to blur.

For not all Avedon photographs are blurred, nor can blurriness even be said to be the basis of his craftsmanship. In many of his pictures, everything has been eliminated but the model, who stands out in sharp outline against an absolutely blank white background; moreover, his portraits are notable for an almost microscopic delineation of human character that reveals a stark concentration on personality. The key to Avedon's art is to be found not in his technical devices, which he invents and discards with restless rapidity, but in his preoccupation with the looks, mannerisms, and gestures of human beings, whom he appears to regard as actors performing in dramas of his own invention. In fashion photography, the human beings are, of course, beautiful women, and as seen through his camera lens they actually do take on the semblance of leading

"You made *your* mistake when you put things to a vote."

Is the luxury of its flavor worth the extra cost?

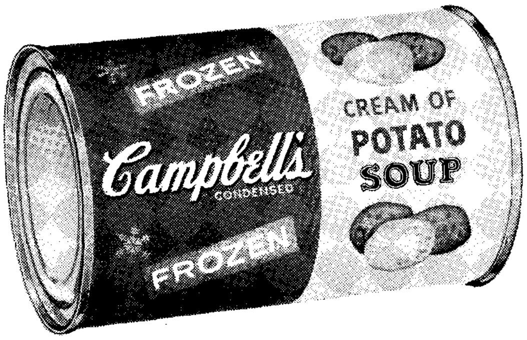
(She'll know... and so will you the moment you taste it)

People who know fine food will wonder why this costs so little.

Here's a Cream of Potato Soup (an elegant Vichyssoise, too) for people who have a real feeling for food—who think nothing of driving miles out of their way to try a new restaurant.

To make it, Campbell's simmers the potatoes long and slow in fresh milk and real butter. Meanwhile, just the proper touch of onion and other seasonings bubble all through it. Then Campbell's rushes the soup to the freezer to lock in all its delicate flavor.

Before Campbell's began putting it in your grocer's freezer, such a superb Cream of Potato Soup could seldom be found. Now (at only about 7¢ a serving) you needn't deprive yourself.



Green Pea with Ham
Oyster Stew • Clam Chowder
Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef
Cream of Shrimp • Cream of Potato

CREAM of POTATO SOUP

FROZEN by Campbell's

THE NEW YORKER

Bewhiskered Empire Builders ...Posh!

Let's not be taken in by wordiness! No matter how clever! We're referring, of course, to those advertisements that The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland have been running in these pages of late. Oh, but they're frothy, and a pleasure to read! They're *telling* you to go ahead and drink "Irish Coffee," which is Irish Whiskey in Sugared Coffee with Whipped Cream on Top if you want to. They're saying drink it straight, too, if you prefer, or mixed with your favorite diluent. Just be sure you try its elegance.

All well and good! Now! We, ourselves, are one of The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland. We're all of a piece, as it were, conjuring up a picture of bewhiskered empire builders. Giving away badges for your lapels. Holding out to you the value of cancelled Irish stamps. *Posh!*

In all of Ireland, where whiskey itself was born, there's none that outsells Power's Gold Label! That's a fact! The reason lies, completely unobscured by fancy words or prizes or the lure of cancelled stamps, in its well-nigh magic taste, its warm, elegant, true, burnished flavor, *the finest in the world!* Before you make up your mind about Irish Whiskies, try Power's Gold Label. Fie on eloquent words! Judge it for yourself!

IRISH WHISKEY
JOHN POWER & SON
DUBLIN
P
WHISKEY
POT STILL WHISKEY
This Whiskey is SEVEN YEARS OLD

POWER'S GOLD LABEL
IRISH WHISKEY
IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY

A PRODUCT OF IRELAND. 7 YEARS OLD—86 PROOF. CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

ladies on the stage. They may, in passing, also make the clothes they are wearing seem desirable, but what principally attracts the eye is the spirited way they seem to be participating in a psychological situation. The woman inside the clothes may look joyous, wistful, lonely, arrogant, bored, expectant, surprised, annoyed—she may even weep, though weeping models have not been particularly popular with the editors of *Harper's Bazaar*—but in no case does her display of emotion betray any sign of affectation. On the contrary, she invariably seems to have been caught unawares by the camera at some evanescent moment, and everything about her expression and bearing suggests a drama beginning long before and concluding long after the click of the shutter. It is this power to induce the conviction that one is witnessing a crucial instant in the emotional life of the subject, and to stimulate curiosity as to what brought it about and what will ensue, that gives the Avedon photograph its peculiar distinction—that of being not so much a picture of a well-dressed beautiful woman as a revelatory glimpse of a feminine psyche confronted with a situation involving action or passion.

Any inquiry into the nature of Avedon's singular talent as a photographic dramatist leads, naturally, beyond the sphere of mere dexterity with a camera to a consideration of the photographer's own personality. So slim (five feet seven and a half; a hundred and twenty-five pounds) as to give a deceptive appearance of fragility, he is a rather handsome, black-haired, dark-eyed, and, at thirty-five, still boyish-looking man—fastidious, but with no trace of self-consciousness in his manner, and endowed with an acute sensitivity to his surroundings and the people in them. Toward women—especially toward those who happen to be his models—he is courtly and attentive, and his understanding of their potentialities and foibles is comparable to that of a veteran casting director. When the model pleases him, he is so laudatory that she may well come to believe she is the embodiment of his ideal of a leading lady. In his studio—a surgically tidy suite of seven rooms on the top floor of a two-story taxpayer on East Forty-ninth Street, adjoining Manny Wolf's Chop House—he usually works in his shirt-sleeves and a pair of tight-fitting Edwardian slacks, hopping about like an undergraduate stage manager and bossing a staff of half a dozen secretaries and laboratory assistants without ever losing

Absentee vote strong on Irish Whiskey question

INCONCLUSIVE EARLY RETURNS FROM COUNTY COOK

[NUMBER VI]

Well now, we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] had lately thought Chicago a Profit stronghold where the whiskey flowed like coffee. Not so. Oh, the Irish Coffee crowd have sent in for their Profit Badges all right. But the Pride Party, they who rejoice in the unadorned flavor of Irish Whiskey, that is to say it with only mild additives as ice and such, are like the sands of the sea. Our tongues are quite sore from licking the stamps for *their* badges. Still, it's too early for us to tell how the voting will go nationally and we're not sure we should tell anyway. It's all very well for you to take sides but we've got to carry whiskey on both shoulders, so to speak. However, if any of you yet wish a Pride Badge or a Profit Badge you have only to write us; we have loads left. Though we have been advised by the experts that this sort of admission is not strategically sound; that it is better to tell people we have only a few left because then they will want them because they are scarce. Actually, we do have only a few *Pride* Badges left. The most distressing thing has happened: *Prides are 2 to 1 over Profits.* And here we ordered equal quantities of each never thinking there'd be such an imbalance. We hope that our new respondents will keep this in mind when filling out the coupon: The truth of the matter is, of course, that whether you drink Irish Whiskey for its burnished, emphatic, unembellished self alone or take it in the coffee we'll manage to eke out a little something. It's Profit either way, you might say. And now for coming attractions as time will allow. Please watch this space on 22 November, only a fortnight away, and then on 6 December, after which we shall observe the Holidays and take up again in the New Year.

The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland
P. O. Box 186, Dublin, Ireland
(Air Mail is 15c; by Ship 8c; Postcard 5c)

[COUPON]

PRIDE PROFIT

Dear Whiskey Distillers:

☐ *I'm sorry about your parlous predicament; please send me a* Profit Badge.

☐ *Your lack of prescience distresses me but I still wish my* Pride Badge.

May I trouble you to also send me the Irish Coffee Recipe and a catalogue of the Nine Grand Brands of Irish Whiskey? Though I've committed them to heart. Murphy's, Old Bushmills, Power's Gold Label, John Jameson, Dunphy's Original Irish, Paddy, John Locke, Tullamore Dew, and Gilbey's Crock O' Gold. But I'd like to see the pretty bottles as well.

Yours faithfully,

*Name*__________ *Address*__________

*City*__________ *State*__________ *Country*__________

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in leather . . .
bit-trimmed jacket,
out of Montaldo's
by Samuel Robert
in violet, ivory,
pistachio, powder-blue,
desert-tan, 8-20 sizes 49.95.
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Doop's
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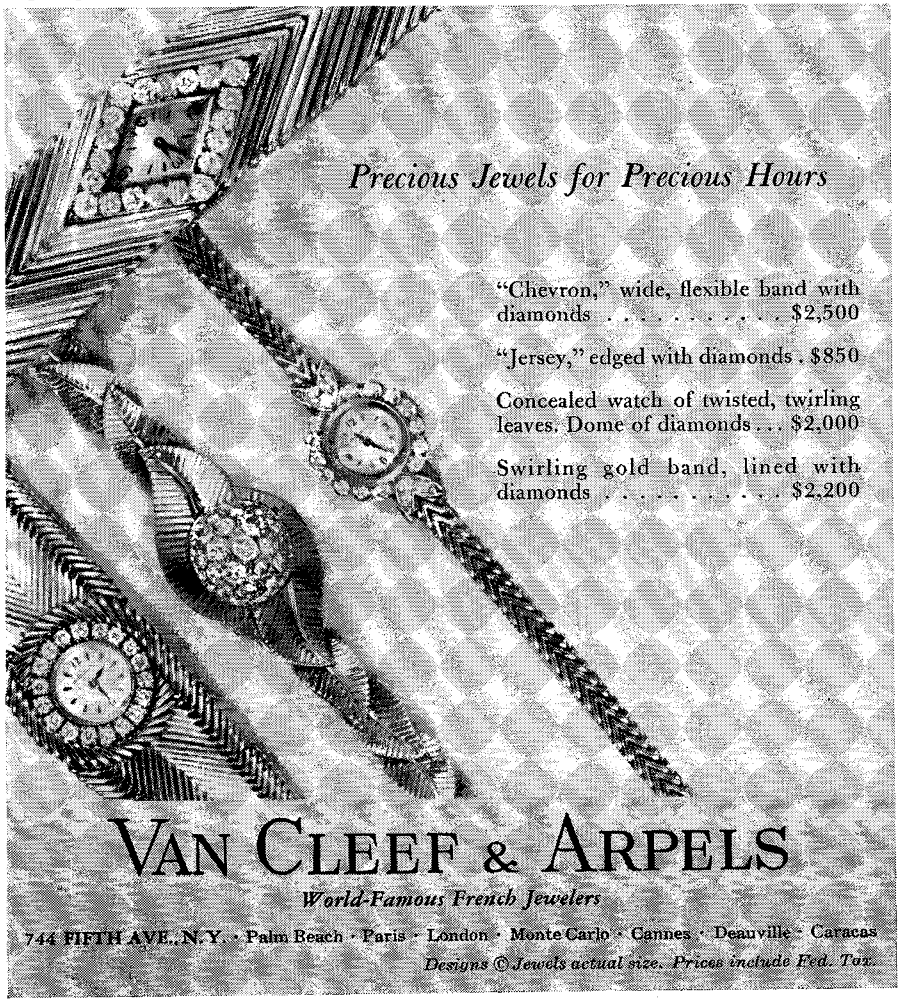
MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N. C. • Richmond, Va. • St. Louis
Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Hot Springs, Ark. • Columbus, Ohio



Precious Jewels for Precious Hours

"Chevron," wide, flexible band with diamonds $2,500

"Jersey," edged with diamonds . $850

Concealed watch of twisted, twirling leaves. Dome of diamonds . . . $2,000

Swirling gold band, lined with diamonds $2,200

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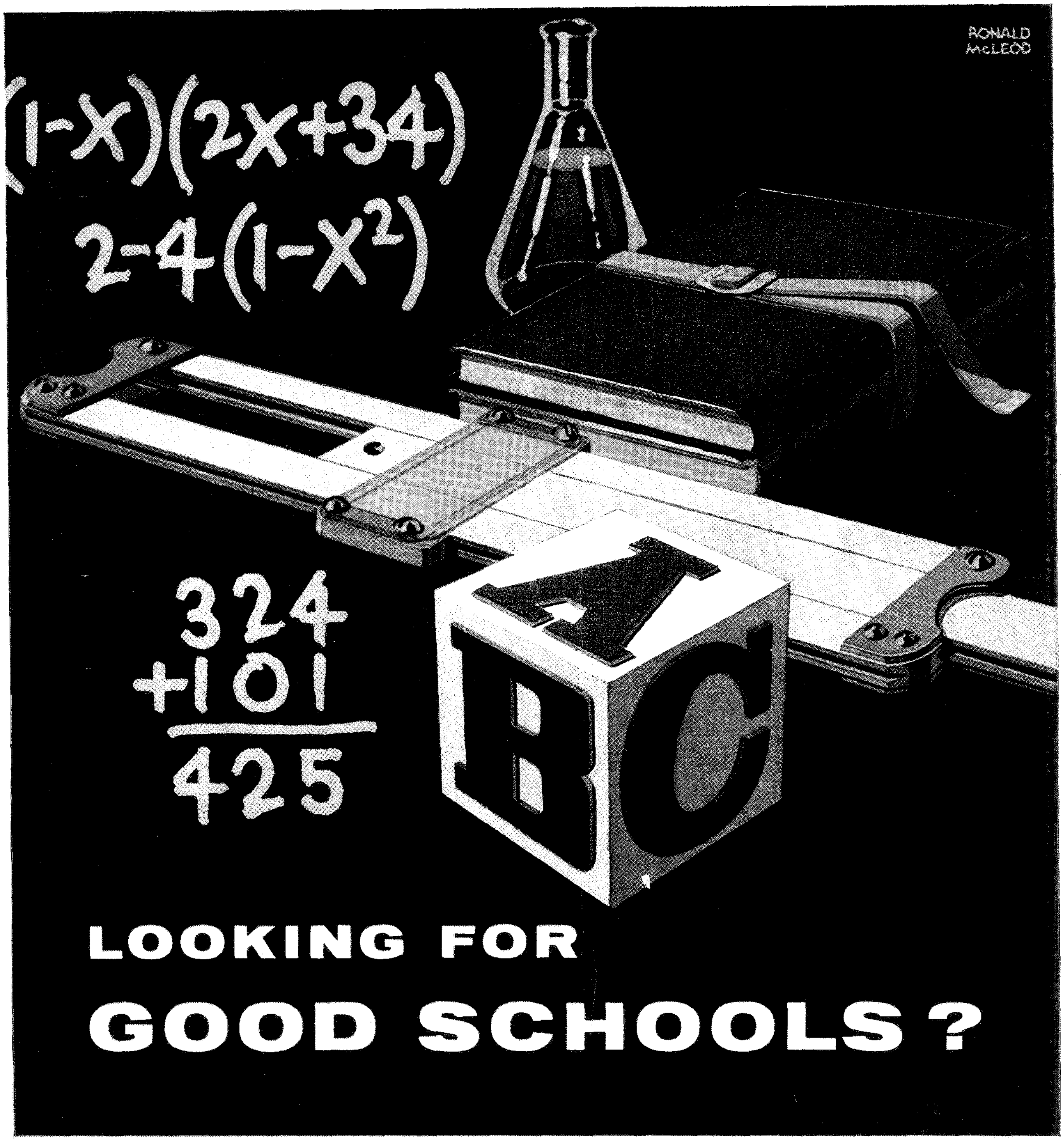
his temper or using an even remotely dictatorial tone. The studio is constantly throbbing with activity—props being constructed, whole stage sets being erected, complex lighting systems being laid out—and the transient fauna on the premises may include not only the models but a flock of doves or a pack of greyhounds. One cold day last winter, a portable swimming pool was installed in the place, from which a young lady emerged, dripping, to face the camera for a series of bathing-cap shots while Avedon thoughtfully provided her with restorative draughts of brandy.

No matter how frenzied the bustle, though, Avedon is never too hurried to spend half an hour (at a cost to him of perhaps sixty dollars in model's fees) sitting serenely with a distressed model on a couch in the studio, discussing whatever it is that is troubling her. A model is likely to arise from one of Avedon's cultivated pep talks with the idea that she really is lovely, and that, instead of merely posing, she is gloriously holding the center of an imaginary stage, free to act as her own dramatic impulses dictate. In this frame of mind she will very probably reveal the instinctive individual charm that may be expected of any beautiful girl when given her head in an aura of masculine admiration. When, presently, she finds herself facing the camera, the theatrical atmosphere is heightened not only by Avedon's cries of delight and his occasional bantering comments, which are designed to bring about changes of mood and expression, but also by a nearby hi-fi set, playing music carefully tailored to the model's personality and preferences. This musical accompaniment is important. Suzy Parker, Avedon's current favorite model, for example, gets a big lift from listening to Lena Horne and to "Witchcraft" as sung by Frank Sinatra. "She needs this sort of thing," Avedon explains. "One kind of music or another brings out the best in all of them."

AS a leading prophet of the mystique of the elegant and beautiful woman, Avedon has achieved considerable worldly success—to the extent of something like a quarter of a million dollars a year. Since, even today, *Harper's Bazaar* pays him only a few hundred dollars for a full-page picture, it is plain that most of his income is derived from other sources. These are the numerous arrangements he has with advertisers, under which he celebrates such disparate products as Revlon lipstick and Pabst beer. He seldom permits his name



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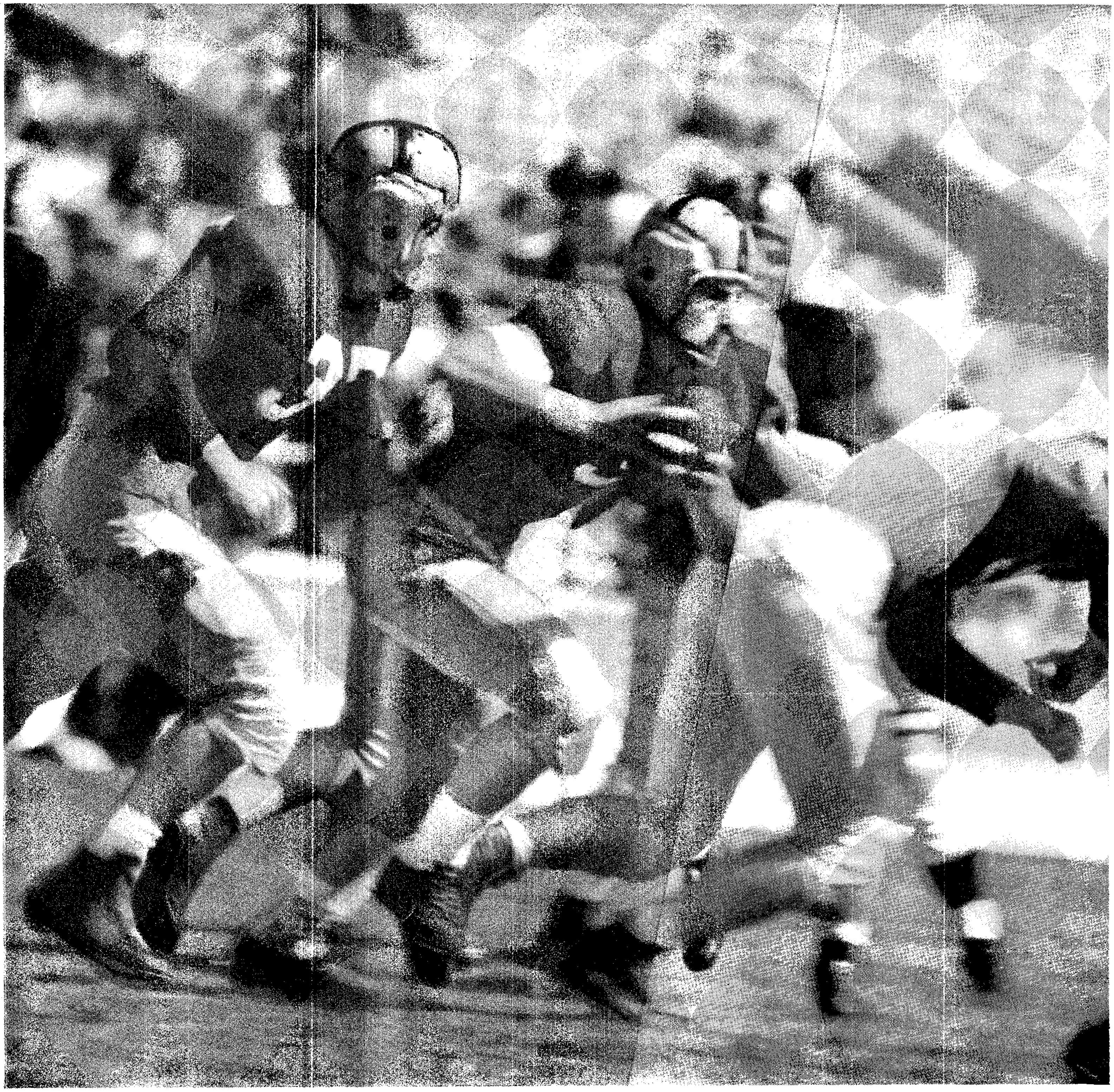

See Notre Dame-Iowa in color, November 22 at your dealer's.

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With RCA Victor's *Mark Series* Color TV, you'll enjoy the best in color shows plus sharp, clear black-and-white reception. You get a warranty of dependability, too. A free 1-year warranty* on every part, every tube, including the picture tube.

Color TV tuning is easier than ever. So simplified, some models even tune by push button at the set—or with across-the-room "Wireless Wizard" electronic remote control. RCA Victor Color TV prices from $495.

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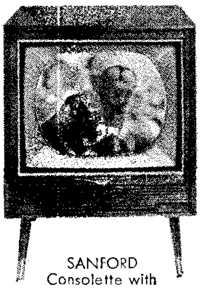
RCA Victor Factory Service Contract. Fine service for the finest in television! Only RCA Victor TV owners can buy an RCA Victor Factory Service Contract for expert service and installation by RCA's own technicians. Branches in most TV areas.
Manufacturer's nationally advertised VHF list prices shown, subject to change. Slightly higher far West, South. UHF optional, extra.

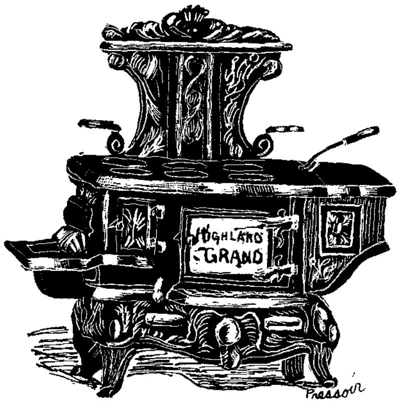


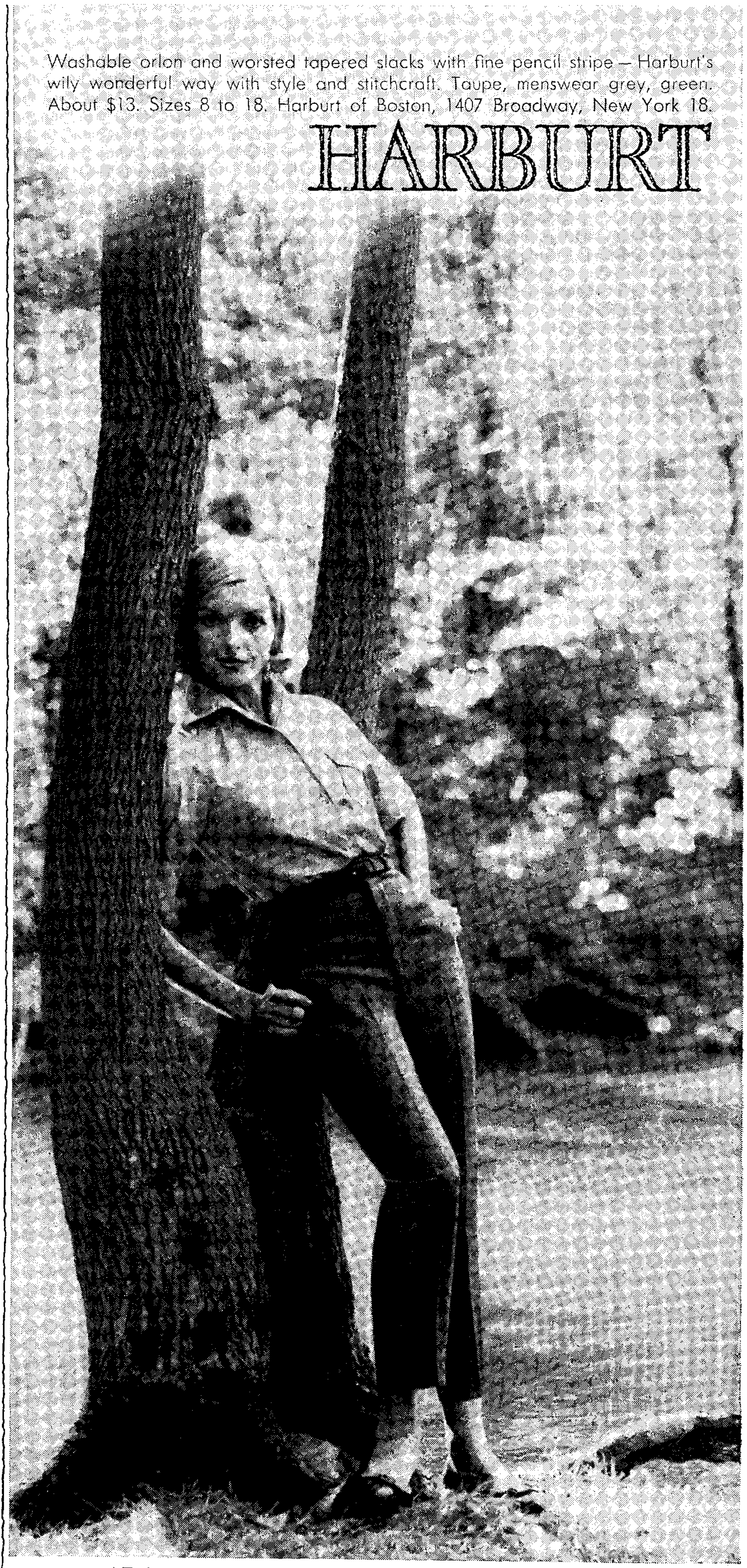
SANFORD
Consolette with
2-speaker FM sound

RCA VICTOR
Tmk(s)® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

RCA PIONEERED AND DEVELOPED COMPATIBLE COLOR TELEVISION to be used in connection with his advertising work, and he takes great care to distinguish between it and what he calls his "creative" work, which, since 1945, has appeared almost exclusively in *Harper's Bazaar*, and always with a credit line. Avedon's rise to eminence in his profession has been more in the nature of suddenly and effortlessly attaining a plateau than of painfully climbing to a peak of success, for he arrived pretty much where he is today when he was only twenty-two. He was born on May 15, 1923, in Manhattan, the descendant of a Jewish family that had migrated here from Russia two generations before. His father, who for many years was co-owner of a women's-wear department store called Avedon's Fifth Avenue, had a strong regard for the practical, and was determined to make his son appreciate the importance of being economically independent, a theme that he emphasized by repeated admonitions that if young Richard didn't look out, he would join the army of illiterates and end up as a taxi-driver. To impress him further with the value of money, he gave the boy a weekly allowance of five cents, in pennies, payable on presentation of a budget allocating every cent of it. When Richard was twelve, or thereabouts, his father illustrated a lecture on the perils of drink by giving him a bottle of wine, which the youngster immediately polished off and which induced, first, a spirited impersonation of Fred Astaire and, later, a monumental hangover. To the best of Avedon's recollection, he was seventeen when he left home, determined to make his way by himself and not wind up as a taxi-driver. Simultaneously, he quit De Witt Clinton High School, without graduating; except for some extension courses in literature at Columbia later on, that was the end of his formal education.

The plateau came in sight when Avedon got his first job—as an errand boy for a small photographic concern at




Washable orlon and worsted tapered slacks with fine pencil stripe — Harburt's wily wonderful way with style and stitchcraft. Taupe, menswear grey, green. About $13. Sizes 8 to 18. Harburt of Boston, 1407 Broadway, New York 18.

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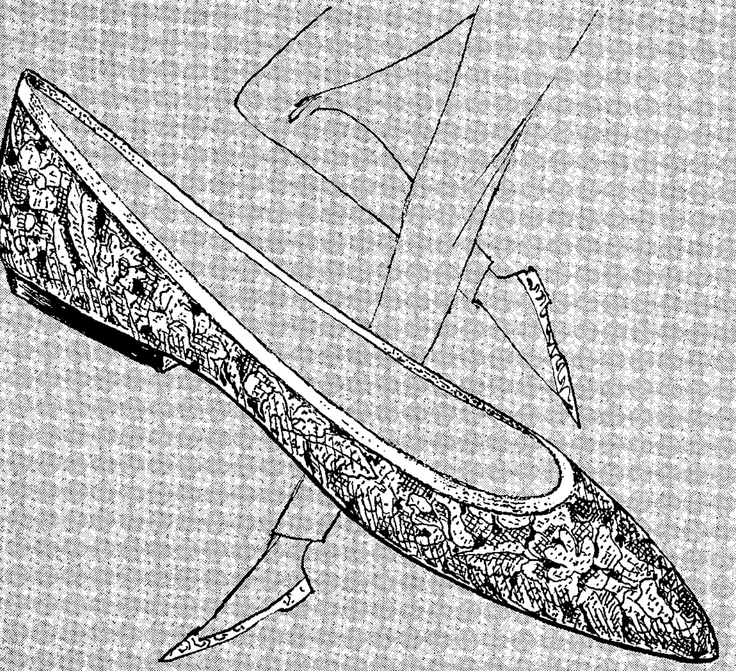
PASADENA • SANTA BARBARA • LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE



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Fifty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue—but he did not recognize it, for his ambition just then was to become a poet. He reverently studied the works of Sandburg, Yeats, Jeffers, MacLeish, and T. S. Eliot, and wrote a great many poems himself, some of which were published in the *Journal-American* and in H. I. Phillips' column in the New York *Sun*, bringing him both a modicum of fame and—at twenty-five cents a line—an addition to his income. His published works show a certain tendency toward repetition. Having made Phillips' column with the couplet

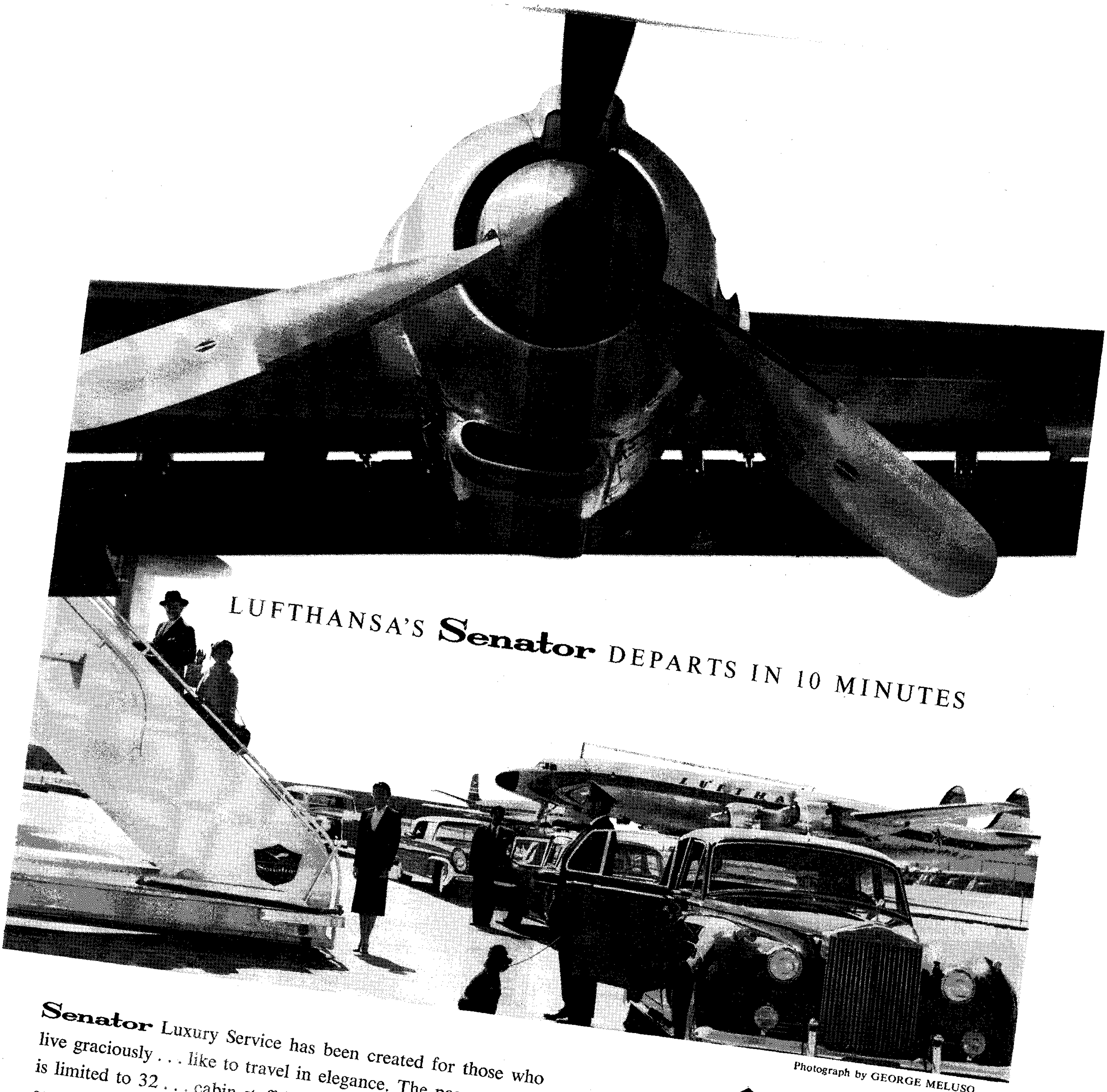
> City snow, like sodden cotton,
> Is obviously good for notton,

Avedon, not a man to waste a poetic image, a few months later used it again in this quatrain:

> Summer heat, like sodden cotton,
> Is obviously good for notton,
> And being quite candid,
> I just can't standid.

The cause of poetry was set back by the Second World War, because in 1942 Avedon enlisted in the Merchant Marine.

During the days when his father was interested in women's wear, Avedon had often found copies of fashion magazines lying about the house, and had even kept a scrapbook of photographs from them that he liked. At the time, he had not the slightest idea that he might someday become a photographer himself, but he was an admirer of good fashion and theatre photography, and of the pictures by Cecil Beaton, Edward Steichen, Martin Munkacsi, and Anton Bruehl that were then appearing in *Harper's Bazaar*, *Vogue*, and *Vanity Fair*. When he enlisted in the Merchant Marine, his father gave him a Rolleiflex camera as a going-away present, and, almost haphazardly, Avedon applied for a job in the service's photography branch, perhaps feeling that as long as he had a camera, he might as well go in for photography. He was assigned to a group that spent most of its time on land, at Sheepshead Bay, and though he went briefly to sea a couple of times to take pictures of wrecks, most of his work consisted in turning out identification photographs of Merchant Marine personnel. On the side, and in his spare moments, he amused himself by making pictures of a more ambitious sort, some of which contained the first traces of the Avedon blur. One of these was a portrait of two brothers; the brother in the foreground was in sharp detail, and the brother in the background was out of



LUFTHANSA'S **Senator** DEPARTS IN 10 MINUTES

Photograph by GEORGE MELUSO

Senator Luxury Service has been created for those who live graciously . . . like to travel in elegance. The passenger list is limited to 32 . . . cabin staff increased to 5. Memorable à la carte meals are prepared to your order by an inspired Lufthansa flying chef. And if you will accept the word in terms of an aircraft, the **Senator** has one of the most celebrated "cellars" aloft. For a flight unmatched in comfort and conviviality *ask your travel agent* to reserve your seat or berth aboard the **Senator** . . . non-stop New York to Germany every Friday and Sunday at 4 PM.

Senator

LUFTHANSA
GERMAN AIRLINES
Offices in principal cities of United States and Canada

focus, merely a suggestion of a looming presence. Avedon's extracurricular blurry photographs were, of course, of no interest to the Merchant Marine, but he saw something in them that excited him, and in 1944, as soon as he was demobilized, he presented himself at Bonwit Teller, still in uniform, and asked to be allowed to photograph some clothes free of charge. Fashion photography at the time was by no means a difficult field to break into. Apart from a few star performers like Louise Dahl-Wolfe, George Hoyningen-Huene, and Toni Frissell, it was peopled by some of the most commonplace hacks to be found in the photographic profession. Avedon was, and is, voluble and persuasive. He was given some clothes by the store, and, hiring Bijou Barrington (then the most expensive model in New York) with money he had saved from his Merchant Marine pay, he photographed them—unblurred. Bonwit liked the pictures, put them up in the store elevators, and gave him some other jobs. A year later, Avedon made up a portfolio of his best Bonwit work, added his Merchant Marine brothers for luck, and went around to *Harper's Bazaar*. At the time, the magazine's art director was Alexey Brodovitch, a dedicated romantic, a balletomane, and himself a dabbler in fanciful, poetically misty photography. He riffled through Avedon's fashion shots, discarded them, and picked up the two brothers. That one interested him; he liked the blur. Accordingly, Avedon was hired, despite certain initial misgivings that Brodovitch had about the young man's prowess as a technician, and assigned, in the beginning, to the section of the magazine known as *Junior Bazaar*. "His first photographs for us were technically very bad," Brodovitch recalls. "But they were not snapshots. It has always been the shock-surprise element in his work that makes it something special. He has an amazing capacity for spotting the unusual and exciting qualities in each subject he photographs. Those first pictures of his had freshness and individuality, and they showed enthusiasm and a willingness to take chances." Before long, the chances that Avedon took as an upstart photographer—and the graver chances that Brodovitch took in publishing his pictures—started paying off. In the thirteen years that Avedon has been at *Harper's Bazaar*, working most of the time under Brodovitch's benign and exquisitely perceptive eye, he has been permitted the full exercise of his imaginative talent, even—or perhaps especially—when that talent has led

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Put the man of affairs at ease in soothing Viyella—the luxurious imported blend of fine wool and long-staple cotton that tailors beautifully and washes easily. From our collection of Viyella exclusives: paisley robe, predominately blue, red or grey, 35.00. Solid pajamas: beige, grey, navy, light blue, red or maize, 25.00. Sizes S, M, L, XL. Street Floor. Mail and phone orders filled.

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Portrait of a First Family In Scotch

Ballantine's

LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

This illustrious and outstanding family of Scotch has made myriads of friends throughout the world. They have always regarded Ballantine's as "first" because of its magnificent blend of premium Scotch Whiskies. Now Ballantine's is the first Scotch to become available as a family of six sizes, and can be obtained in those areas where the sale of such sizes is legal.

Sizes left to right—Tenth, Half-Gallon, Fifth, Gallon, Half-Pint, Miniature.

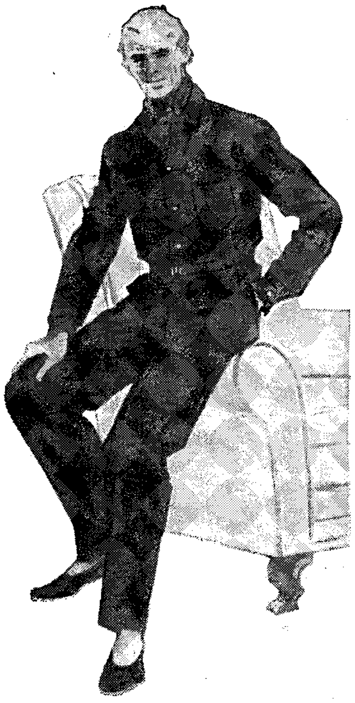
The more you know about Scotch *the more you like Ballantine's.*

86 PROOF **"21" Brands, Inc.** NEW YORK CITY

him far from the conventions of fashion-magazine photography. He has found *Harper's Bazaar* a gallery in which to exhibit his most distinctive, not to say his most eccentric, gifts, and, notwithstanding the relatively trifling effect nowadays of its payments on his bank account, he still looks upon it as an unequalled showcase for an aspirant to artistic prestige.

A sense of this high-fashion prestige also affects that peculiar world inhabited by photographers' models. The legion of photogenic beauties who make a living for the most part by ornamenting ads for soap and refrigerators regard an appearance in the pages of *Harper's Bazaar* or *Vogue* much as a singer regards an appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House. These magazines do not pay the models they hire anything like what can be earned in the advertising business. But they bestow on them a standing that is dearer than gold and that has the practical advantage of enhancing their market value no end in the profane environs of Madison Avenue, where, like Avedon, they make their financial killings. To become a *Harper's Bazaar* or *Vogue* fashion model is to reach the peak of a crowded and highly competitive profession, a peak from which various promised lands—the theatre, the movies, marriage to a polo player—may be more or less confidently contemplated. The situation is one that has made Avedon a great power in the modelling business.

In justice to Avedon, it should be said that he exercises his power with becoming humility and concern for the standards of his profession. Although he can make a model the toast of the advertising business almost overnight—and has, in fact, repeatedly done so—his motives on such occasions have been predominantly aesthetic and have always reflected the exigencies of his approach to photography. He chooses his models not only for their beauty but for certain



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Made of "Thalspun", knitted Orlon (80%) and wool (20%). It is entirely washable and requires no other care*

Navy blue
Sizes: small, medium, large, extra large

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Slippers of lightweight, snug-fitting black suede leather, $6.50

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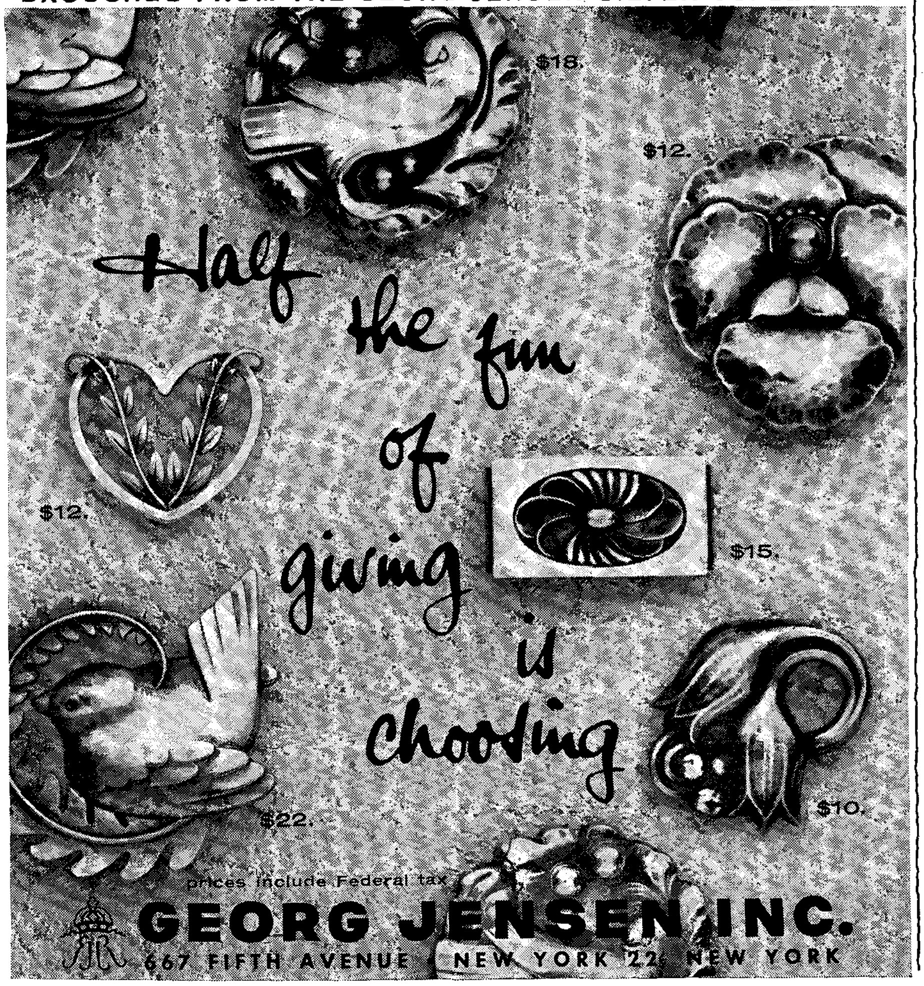

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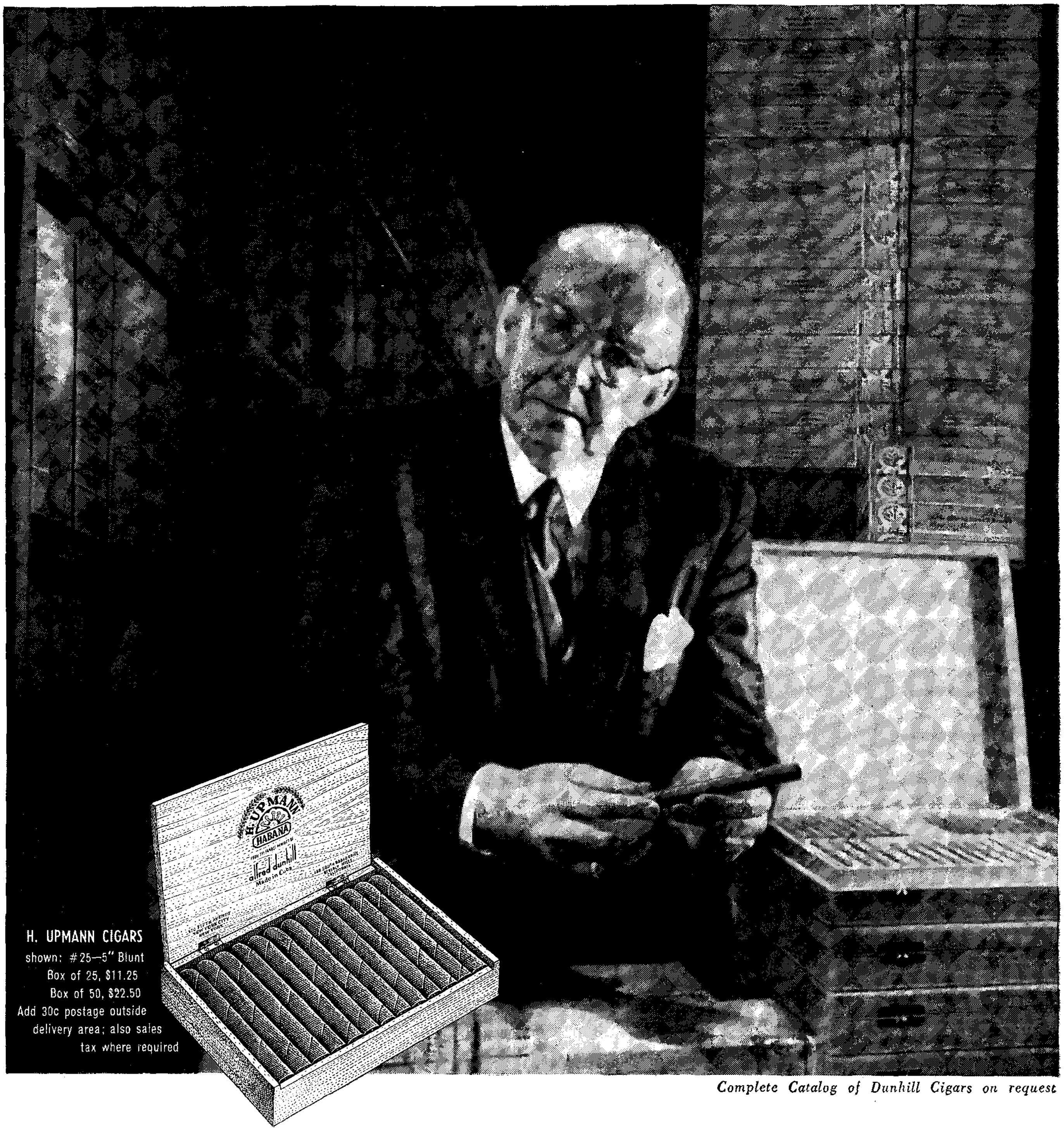

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Why Mr. Ballinger snips…where others pierce

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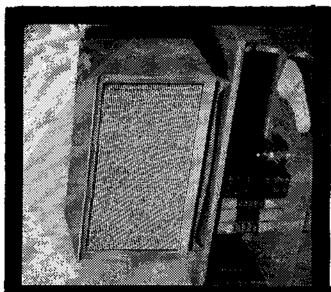

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If space is a problem, but only true hi-fi sound is for you . . . if you want to delight the eye (as well as the ear) . . . if you thrill to the full, clean, smooth separated sounds of the orchestra in all their wonderful detail . . . then Jensen's new TR-10 TRi-ette* 3-way speaker system is for you! Use one for your compact hi-fi system, a pair for space-saving high quality stereo. New 12" Flexair* woofer complimented by matched special 8" midrange and compression-horn tweeter, for 25-15,000 cycles response. Drives with good 10-watt or larger amplifier. Choice of Walnut, Tawny Ash or Mahogany. Net price $114.50. Table Base (illustrated) extra $5.45 Floor Stand $12.95

*T.M. *Write for Bulletin JH-1*

Jensen's New Flexair Woofer.
Brings the air suspension principle to a new peak of performance, extends bass down to 25 cycles with a new low in distortion...a new high in low note fidelity.

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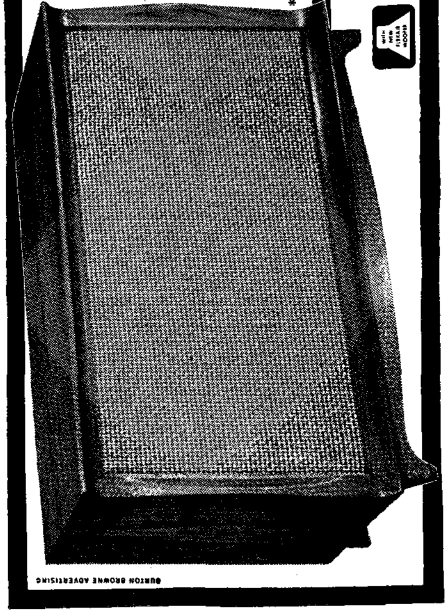
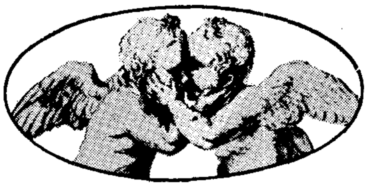


BURTON BROWNE ADVERTISING

dramatic qualities of personality that he recognizes as suited to his particular theatrical needs. Now and then, he has detected just the right combination after only the briefest encounter with a stranger in some public place; he made one such discovery among the passengers in an elevator at De Pinna, and another while getting out of a cab in the East Fifties. But this doesn't happen often. As a rule, Avedon selects his leading ladies from the ranks of established professionals. Once he has become interested in a girl, he sticks to her with the fidelity of a reigning diva's impresario—applauding her triumphs, developing her most striking characteristics, and observing by the hour her personality quirks and her mannerisms, both when she is moving about and when she is in repose. Avedon, of course, has no lien on the services of a particular model; she can be hired by any photographer willing to pay her fee. Furthermore, in any given period of time he is likely to work with several models. But there is always one who, in his mind, is "his" model—the one on whom his creative thinking is centered, and on whom he can depend for complete projection of his ideas. Naturally, these girls change—in fashion, constancy is death—but Avedon tends to remain faithful to each one for a long time; when he finally feels obliged to let her go, he suffers intense pangs of regret. Several years ago, he felt so unhappy after dismissing a model that he continued to photograph her, trying to catch the sad, wistful essence of a woman forsaken in love. The mood was quite real, since there was little possibility that the model would ever again achieve the renown she had enjoyed while working for Avedon. But the photographs were not all he had hoped they might be, and in the end, with a sigh, he gave up.

NOT surprisingly, the loyalty and admiration that Avedon extends to whoever is "his" model at any given time has led some of his associates to speculate on the nature of the relationship. The situation is complicated by the fact that early in his career on *Harper's Bazaar* he was married to a model—Dorcas Nowell, a beautiful young thing known professionally as Doe Avedon. Nothing pleased him more than to dress her up to the nines and show her off in public. The couple were divorced after five years, however. In retrospect, some of Avedon's friends are inclined to believe that he thought of her mainly as a lovely creation



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[illegible] Christoff

"[illegible] today's operatic stage."

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"Sir William's reading of his own score can hardly be niggled at" (*High Fidelity*). Here is Walton's mordant wit and elegant individuality in delicious high-spirited performances by the Philharmonia Orchestra. Includes the marches commissioned for the coronation of King George VI (*Crown Imperial*) and his daughter Elizabeth II (*Orb Sceptre*). **Angel 35639**

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(*book of the ballet, illustrated with photographs of the Royal Ballet production*) 2 records **Angel Album 3579 B**

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of his camera eye. Later, after consulting a psychiatrist, Avedon was quoted as saying, "I have to be a little bit in love with my models"—doubtless a true statement if "love" is taken to mean, in large measure, an emotion induced by professional delight at successfully recording the personality and charm of the woman in question on film. Pressed, not long ago, for an explanation of where he stands in this matter, Avedon thought sombrely for a while and then replied, "It's like the feeling you have for kittens or puppies." In any case, the issue is believed never to have ruffled the placidity of Avedon's life with his second wife, Evvie, a highly intelligent woman, totally dissociated from the fashion world, whom he married in 1951. Avedon himself has described models in general as "a group of underdeveloped, frightened, insecure women, most of whom have been thought ugly as children—too tall and too skinny. They are all subject to trauma where their looks are concerned. You have to make them *feel* beautiful." After the breakup of his first marriage, Avedon went through a long course of psychoanalysis, following which both his art and his relation to women seemed to change. Before, as a friend has remarked, he had a tendency to confuse women in general with elegant, idealized images of the species—a confusion that was evident in his early fashion photographs. Afterward, a preoccupation with the human being underneath the dress and makeup began to manifest itself immediately. Miss Parker recently expressed her admiration for him as an individual by stating simply, "He's the most wonderful man in the business, because he realizes that models are not just coat hangers."

Avedon's first widely celebrated model was Dorian Leigh, a woman of somewhat subtle beauty, who became the most famous model of her time. Of all the pictures Avedon took of her, the best known was undoubtedly the one used by the Revlon nail-polish people for their Fire and Ice ad, in which she was shown standing majestically in a jewelled gown and a red cape with the fingers of one hand splayed before her face. Miss Leigh was Avedon's reigning model from 1948 to 1951, and he wistfully remembers her as the loveliest and most versatile subject he has ever had before his camera. In the end, however, she fell in love with a wealthy, car-racing Spanish nobleman, gave up modelling, and later went into business for herself, as head of a model agency

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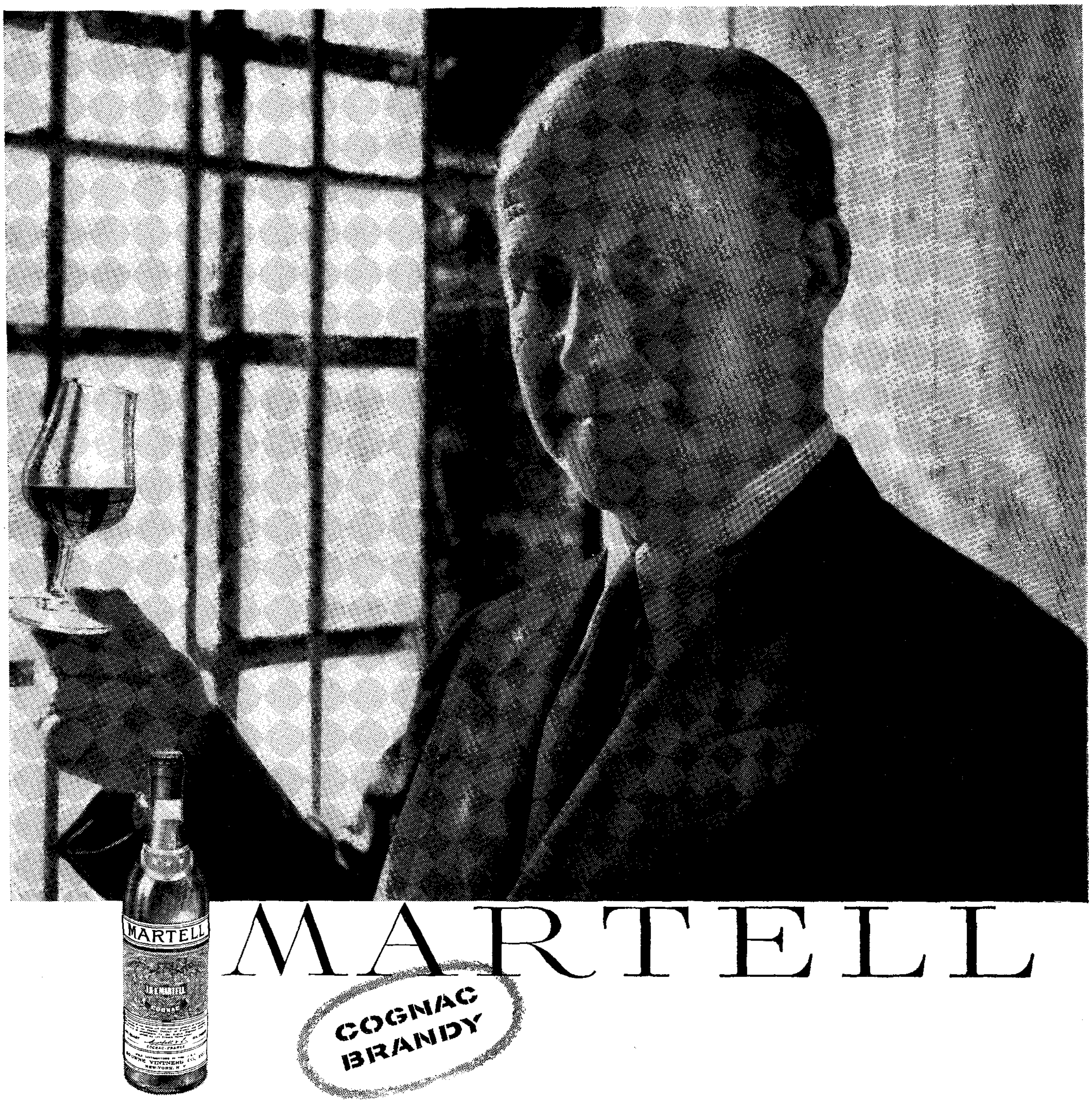

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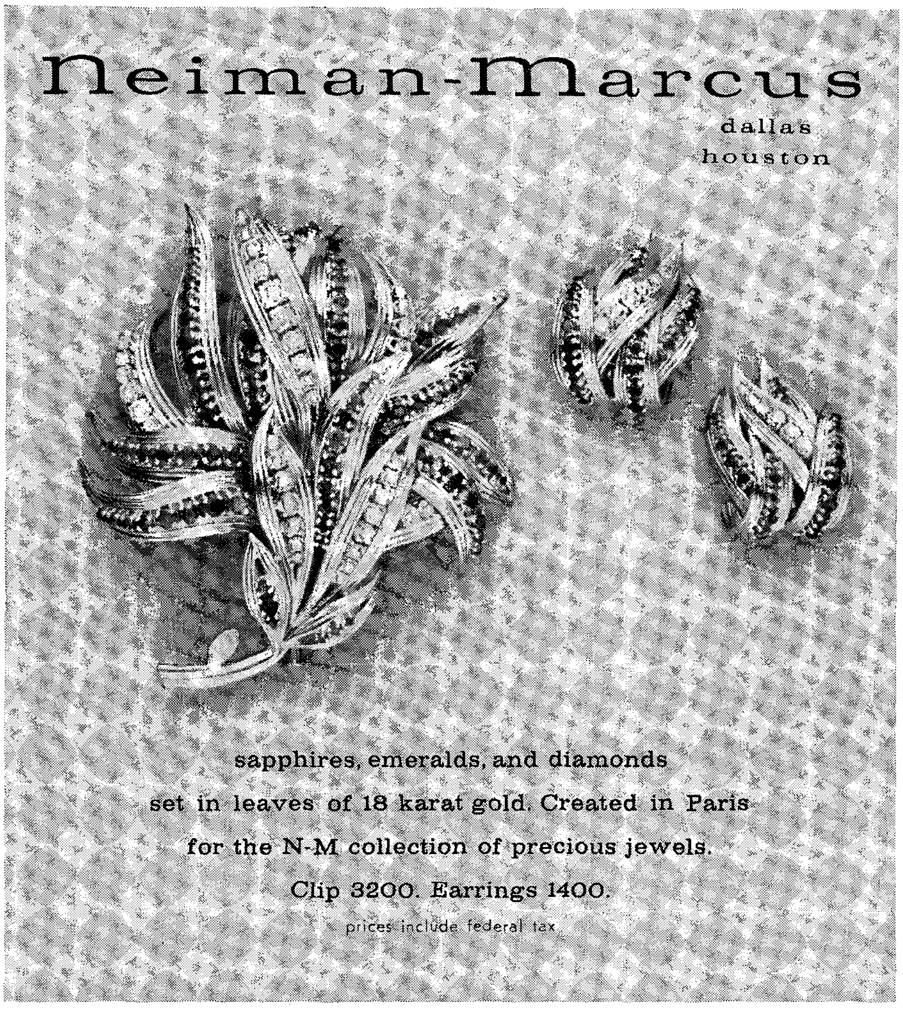

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in Paris. Miss Leigh was followed by a dark-haired, formidably exotic-looking Irish-American girl named Dorothy Horan, who assumed for professional purposes the name Dovima—"Do" for "Dorothy," "vi" for "victory," and "ma" for her ma, to whom she was attached. Dovima, who worked for Avedon from 1951 to 1955, was a devout Catholic and—in rather startling contrast to her aspect in the pages of *Harper's Bazaar*, which strongly hinted that she was in the same league with Cleopatra and Salammbô—a homebody. On her trips with Avedon to make photographs on location, she was generally accompanied by a husband and invariably by an armful of comic books. Under Avedon's supervision, she became a face and figure known throughout the world of fashion and advertising, and an image capable of disturbing masculine dreams as well as selling clothes and lipstick. She was, like all Avedon models, an instinctive actress, and entered into the business of building up a fictitious public personality as a *femme fatale* with a fervor that was both disarming and wholly at odds with her extremely conventional notions of conduct. To dramatize Dovima, Avedon photographed her posing in the midst of a herd of wild-eyed elephants; he took her—and her husband and a trunkload of comic books—to Paris, where she impersonated the ultimate in sophisticated elegance for his camera; noting that she bore a resemblance to the famous bust of the Egyptian Queen Nefertiti, he carted her to Egypt, where she posed for him in front of the Sphinx. Dovima was so overcome by the grandeur of her Egyptian role that she underwent a mystical experience.

"He is speaking to me," she said softly, pointing to the Sphinx. "He is saying, 'Dovima . . .' "

"How interesting that he should know your name," remarked Avedon, trying, as always, to sound vitally attentive and inspiriting.

"He is saying, 'Dovima, you belong here,' " concluded Dovima, with an air of slight annoyance at the interruption.

When she returned to the United States, a friend inquired how she had liked Africa.

"I didn't get to Africa," she said. "But I was in Egypt."

"But Egypt *is* in Africa," the friend pointed out.

"It is?" Dovima said. "Good Lord, if I'd known I was going to *Africa*, I'd have charged double."

Dovima was succeeded by Sunny Harnett, a rather racy-looking blonde

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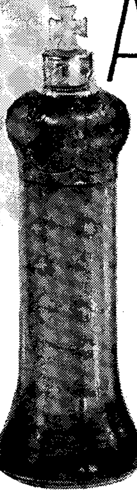

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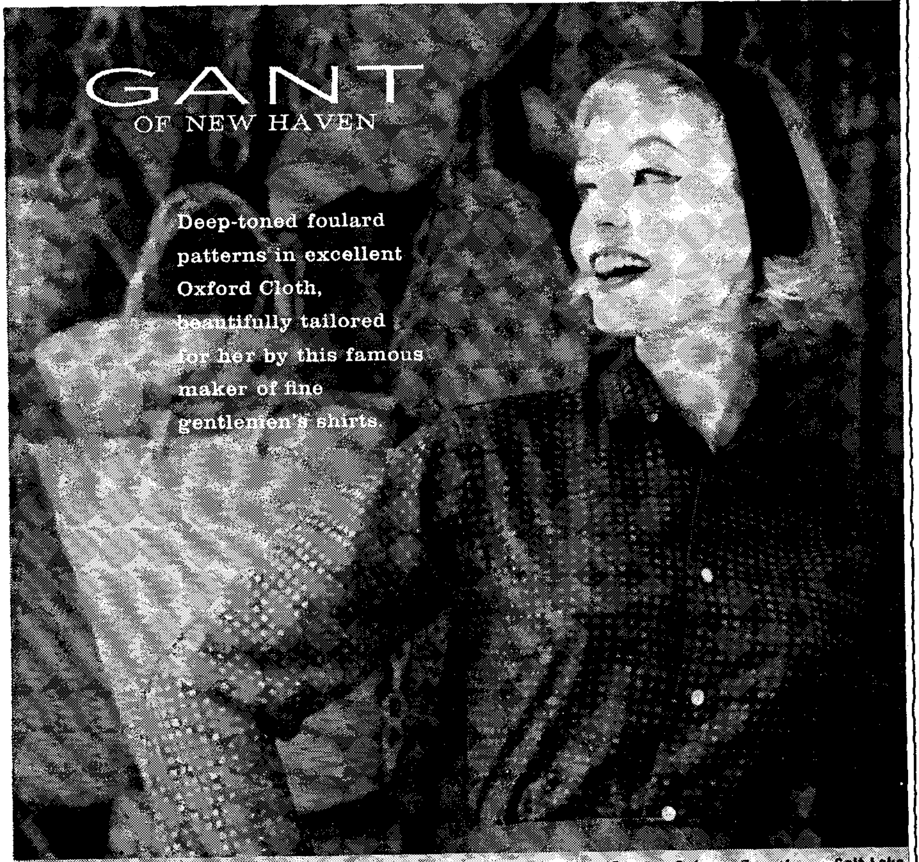

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who "resembled the ideal of the luxury-drenched woman of the world, with money to throw away," as Mrs. Vreeland has described her, adding, "She wore chinchilla and diamonds as carelessly as if they really belonged to her, and Dick had a way of making her believe that they did." Avedon saw Miss Harnett as the epitome of sophistication; among the many dramas in which she played the leading lady, perhaps the most triumphant was set in the Casino at Le Touquet, where Avedon photographed her draped with reckless dignity over the gaming tables, looking stunningly world-weary and dangerous. After a year, Miss Harnett was, in turn, succeeded by Dorian Leigh's younger sister, Suzy Parker, a lanky, high-spirited model whose spectacular looks and sparkling manner, besides earning her the opportunity to adorn fashion pictures and ads for Pabst beer, have recently made her a Hollywood movie star. "There is nothing to modelling," Miss Parker has been quoted as saying. "All you do is shut off your mind and go to work." Actually, Miss Parker does nothing of the sort. An intelligent girl and an amateur photographer herself, she is quick to visualize the dramatic ideas that Avedon works out for her, and often makes valuable suggestions of her own. Certainly no one has ever held a glass of beer aloft with more instinctive grace or with an expression of more intellectual appreciation than Miss Parker, who continually awes and delights Avedon by the endless variety of moods and movements, most of them ranging from the playful to the hilarious, that her face and body present to his camera. She recalls one instance when Avedon took a rather peremptory attitude toward her (she had protested that she looked awful that day, and he said, "It doesn't matter how you look—it is *I* who make you beautiful") but

on the whole their relationship seems to be as cozy as that of a devoted brother and sister. It is conceivable that Miss Parker will shortly give up modelling to concentrate on her movie career. But so far, in spite of her Hollywood commitments, she has managed to keep working at the profession that gave her her start and in which, as the unequalled diva of the moment, she earns a hundred and twenty dollars an hour (and double that after five o'clock).

AVEDON has lately had more than his accustomed share of public attention, owing to a movie called "Funny Face," which was supposedly based on his life as a fashion photographer, and to a Bachrach advertisement that shows a camera portrait of him, wearing an immaculate business suit and looking every inch the executive, together with the message "When Richard Avedon, great fashion photographer, wants portraits for his personal use he comes to Bachrach." Both these tributes are to some extent misleading. "Funny Face," a musical starring Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn, deals with a love affair between a fashion photographer and his model, and contains many photographic devices and techniques drawn from Avedon's work—blurs, blank white backgrounds, and so on, including Dovima, Miss Harnett, and Miss Parker—but it is far afield when it comes to questions of fact. The film was made in Hollywood and Paris, and Avedon himself went both places, at a fee of ten thousand dollars, to serve as "visual consultant." The Bachrach ad is misleading simply because, in real life, Avedon has hardly ever been seen in anything more formal than shirtsleeves, and has certainly never been taken for any sort of tycoon.

Formality is, in fact, just about the last quality that comes to mind in connection with Avedon. He may be, as many people suspect, fundamentally shrewd and calculating in his professional life, but, whether he is working or not, his manner is that of an eager youth, intensely preoccupied with those offhand, intimate forms of human communication that have been of such value to him in lulling his models into a mood of relaxed spontaneity. "I am always stimulated by people," he says. "Almost never by ideas." His candor about himself is so great, and so unabashedly exhibitionistic, that once, after being interviewed by a young lady from a newspaper, he sent her around to talk with his psychiatrist, to make sure that she had the whole story. He leads

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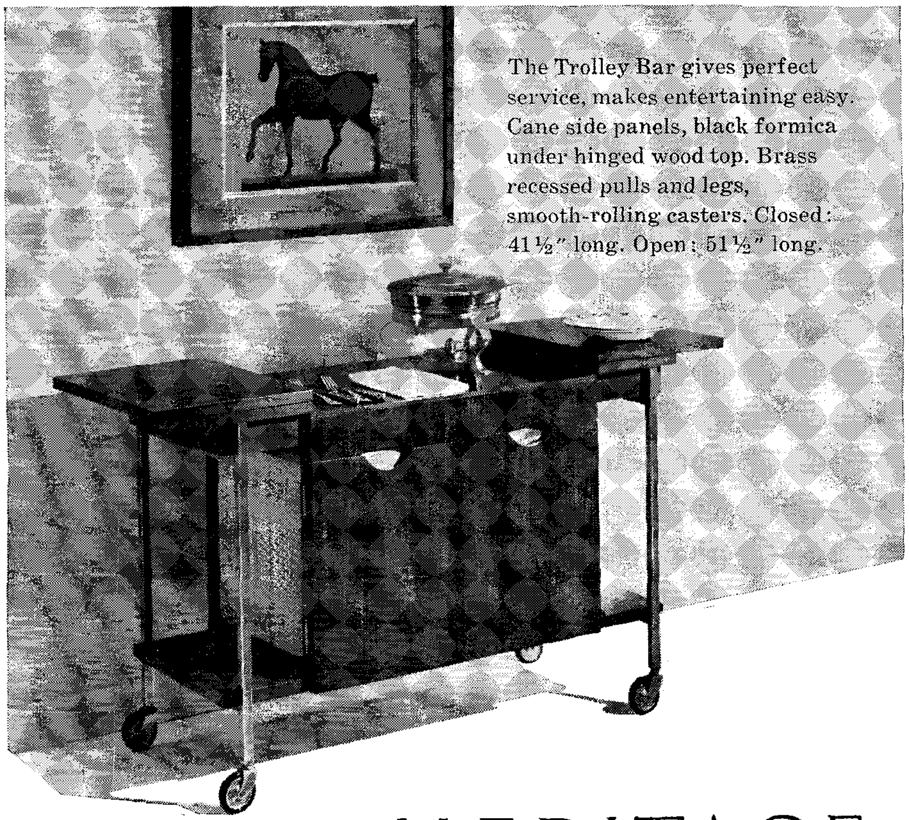

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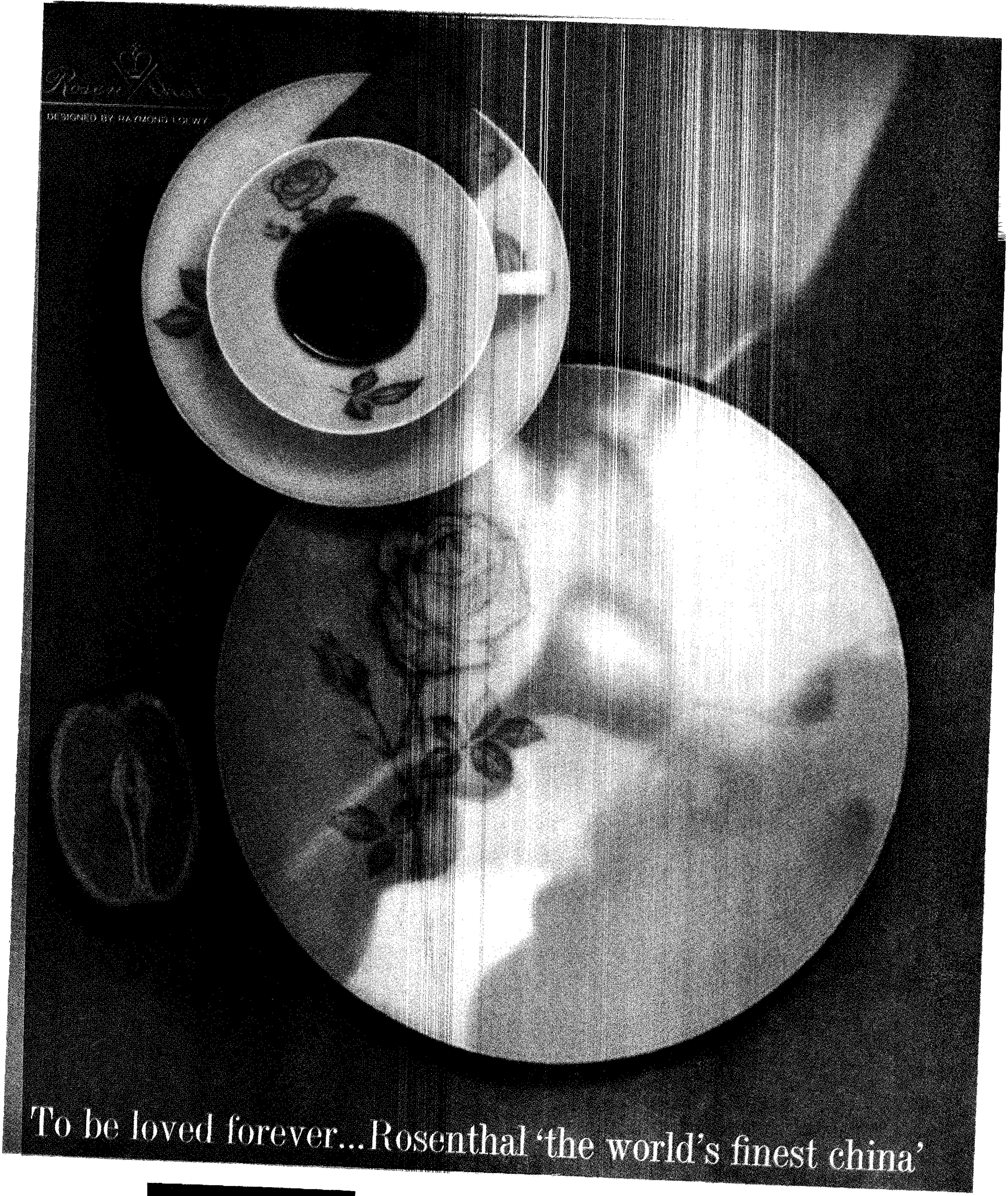
what might be called a functional existence, in that he chooses the way of maximum ease, casting aside the useless baggage of display by which many men seek to impress others. Until the recent growth of his studio into what shows promise of becoming a major industrial enterprise, Avedon, unlike most successful magazine photographers, always insisted on doing his own developing and printing, since some of the effects he has made his name on involve the laboratory as crucially as the lens. He has now turned the laboratory work over to a technician named Frank Finocchio, who has worked with him so long and so closely that, once he has been shown what is desired, his eye can be trusted to react like a replica of Avedon's own.

In Paris, where Avedon and Louise Dahl-Wolfe take turns at the frantic job of photographing the semiannual collections of the big dressmaking houses for *Harper's Bazaar*, he relies on a minimum, or a maximum, of equipment—at times using a Rolleiflex for an entire collection, and at other times renting generator trucks to illuminate Paris for blocks, and police to hold back the crowds. He is noted for his tireless industry on these expeditions, rising long before dawn and keeping at it until late at night, either laboring over actual pictures or experimenting with new schemes to give a novel twist to what, owing to the coverage by the daily press, will be a familiar story by the time his photographs appear. Over the years, there have been many tales about his troubles with capricious models in Paris (they made up a good deal of the plot of "Funny Face"), and most of them are true. Models *do* get lost and have to be tracked down through the mazes of boulevard night life; they *do* occasionally fall into the Seine; they *do* sometimes elope with wealthy playboys; and Dovima *did* nearly topple from the Eiffel Tower in an access of dramatic fervor. But for Avedon, crises of this kind are a desirable part of the theatrical background that he considers vital to his work. His leading lady must always be involved in a drama of some sort, and if fate fails to provide a real one, Avedon thinks one up. He often creates in his mind an entire scenario suggested by a model's appearance. She may be a waif lost in a big and sinful city, or a titled lady pursued in Hispano-Suizas by gentlemen flourishing emeralds, or an inconsolably bored woman of the world whose heart can no longer be touched—and so on. Avedon models play scene after scene from these scripts, and sometimes help out by



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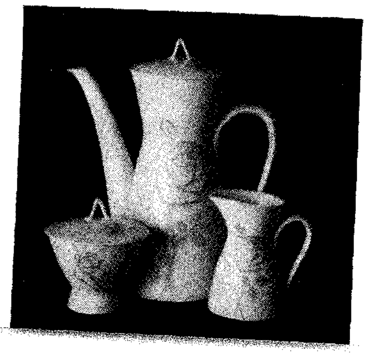

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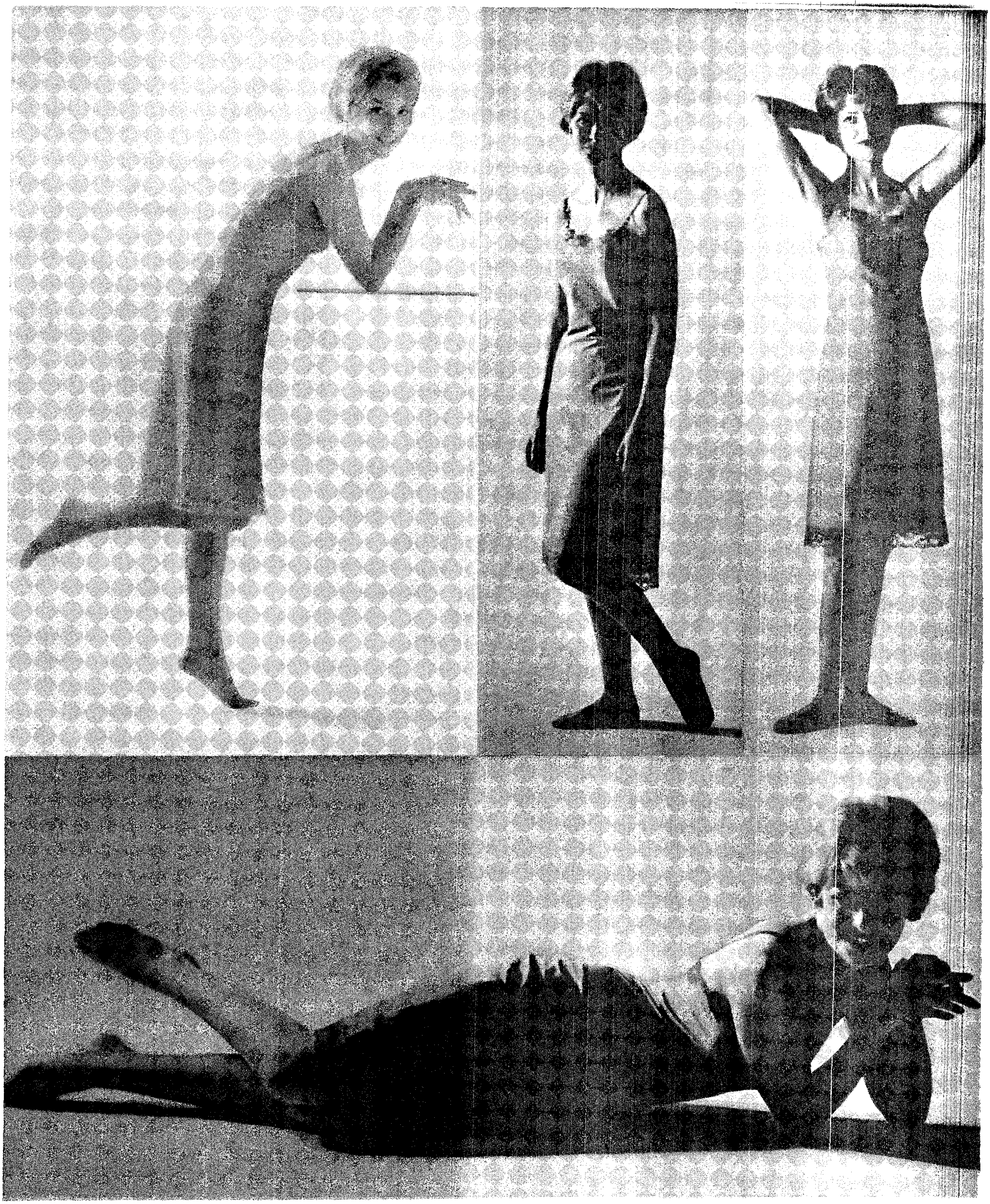

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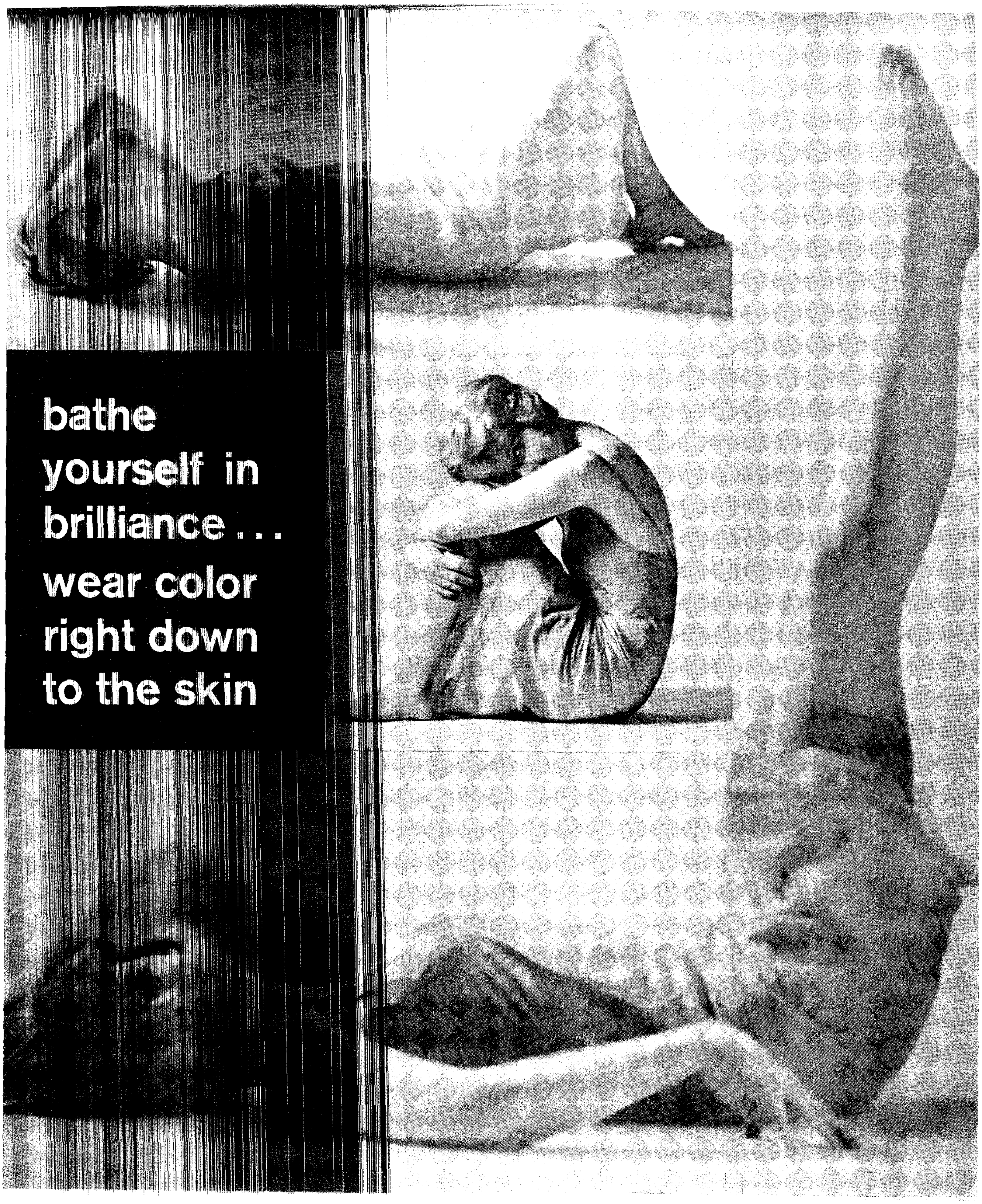

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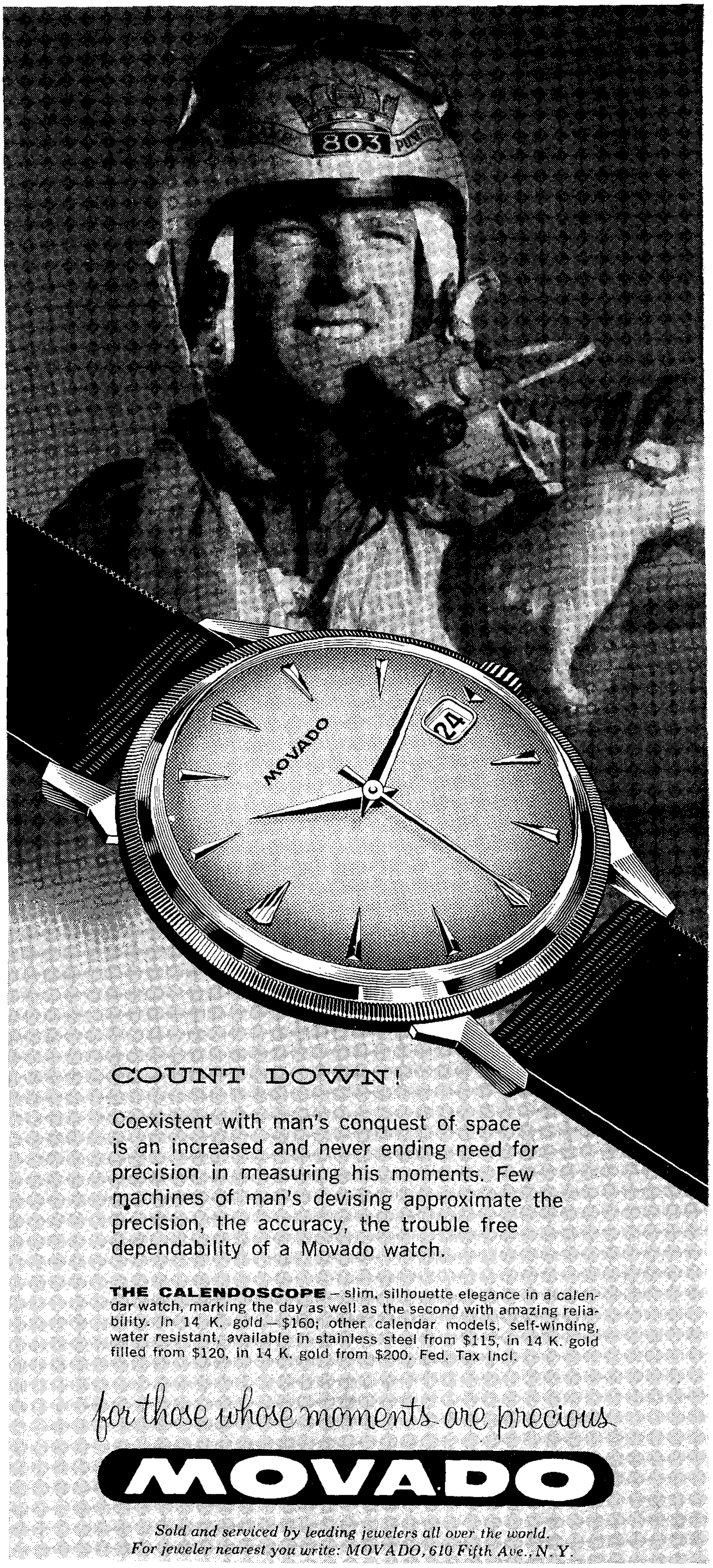
HAIG & HAIG

actually living an extra scene or two. The result is extraordinary for its realism—not the kind of realism found in most photography but the kind found in the theatre.

IT might be imagined that Avedon's surroundings, which shift from the *haut monde* of Paris to the no less *haut* world of the well-dressed American woman, would have made him into a wide-ranging man-about-town. But this is not the case. While he knows his way around the cocktail-party circuit, he has little use for the milieu except professionally, and the scenes of life there as revealed in his photographs are, to a large extent, the product of his imagination. He abhors night clubs, and attends large social functions seldom and reluctantly. In addition to his pictorial reporting on fashions for *Harper's Bazaar*, he supplies the magazine with a steady stream of portraits of well-known people. On one side of his work, he is always meeting people whose names keep popping up in the gossip columns; on the other side, people whose names appear in the news and society columns. But his intimate friends are comparatively few, consisting generally of old cronies whose friendship he values even though no newspaper desk has ever heard of them. A man who rarely drinks and never smokes, Avedon lives quietly with his wife and their five-year-old son, Johnny, in a six-room apartment on Park Avenue, less than a five-minute taxi ride from his studio—quietly, that is, when Johnny, who attends the Dalton School, is not romping with a large, floppy dog named Bunky. There is nothing self-consciously aesthetic, or even especially distinctive, about the décor of the apartment, a comfortably furnished one decorated by Mrs. Avedon in conventional competition with the usual hi-fi and television sets. Mrs. Avedon, a native of Springfield, Massachusetts, is an attractive blonde, though by no means a spectacular glamour girl in the Avedon photographic tradition. (She has never permitted her husband to take a picture of her.) While even the authorities at *Harper's Bazaar* have praised her instinctive taste in dress on formal occasions, she cares nothing about fashion, and loves to wander about the house without shoes or stockings and to dispense, rather pointedly, with the artificial glamour that plays such a conspicuous role in Avedon's professional life. Like her husband, she is difficult to pry away from domestic privacy for big social functions; she enjoys talking



COUNT DOWN!

Coexistent with man's conquest of space is an increased and never ending need for precision in measuring his moments. Few machines of man's devising approximate the precision, the accuracy, the trouble free dependability of a Movado watch.

THE CALENDOSCOPE – slim, silhouette elegance in a calendar watch, marking the day as well as the second with amazing reliability. In 14 K. gold – $160; other calendar models, self-winding, water resistant, available in stainless steel from $115, in 14 K. gold filled from $120, in 14 K. gold from $200. Fed. Tax Incl.

for those whose moments are precious

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Sold and serviced by leading jewelers all over the world.
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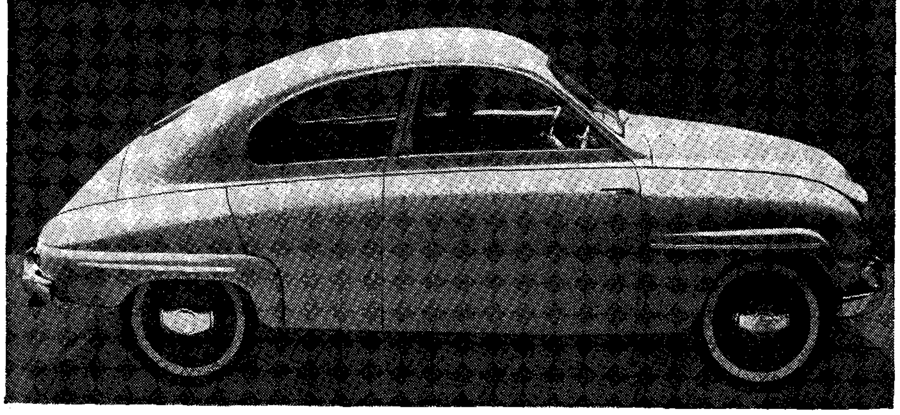


*Important new features**
at no extra cost
in the 1959

SAAB *from Sweden*
the economy car

* LARGER, DEEPER FRONT SEATS WITH NEW ADJUSTABLE 7-POSITION BACKS. NEW EXTRA LARGE BRAKES. BIG CAPACITY COOLING SYSTEM. NEW AIR CLEANER FOR LONG MOTOR LIFE. WINDSHIELD WASHERS. STILL $1895, P.O.E.

For directory of dealers and full information write Saab Motors, Inc. Executive Offices, 405 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. • PLaza 1-7115

News from our Furniture 5th

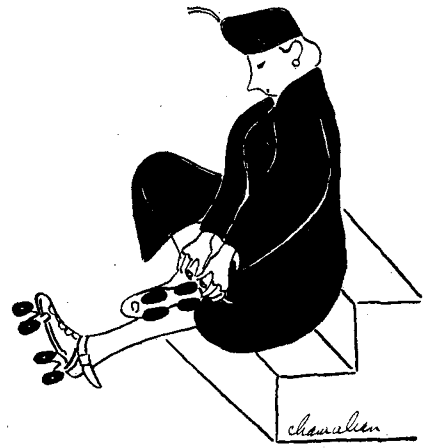
Import story, teak based on oak

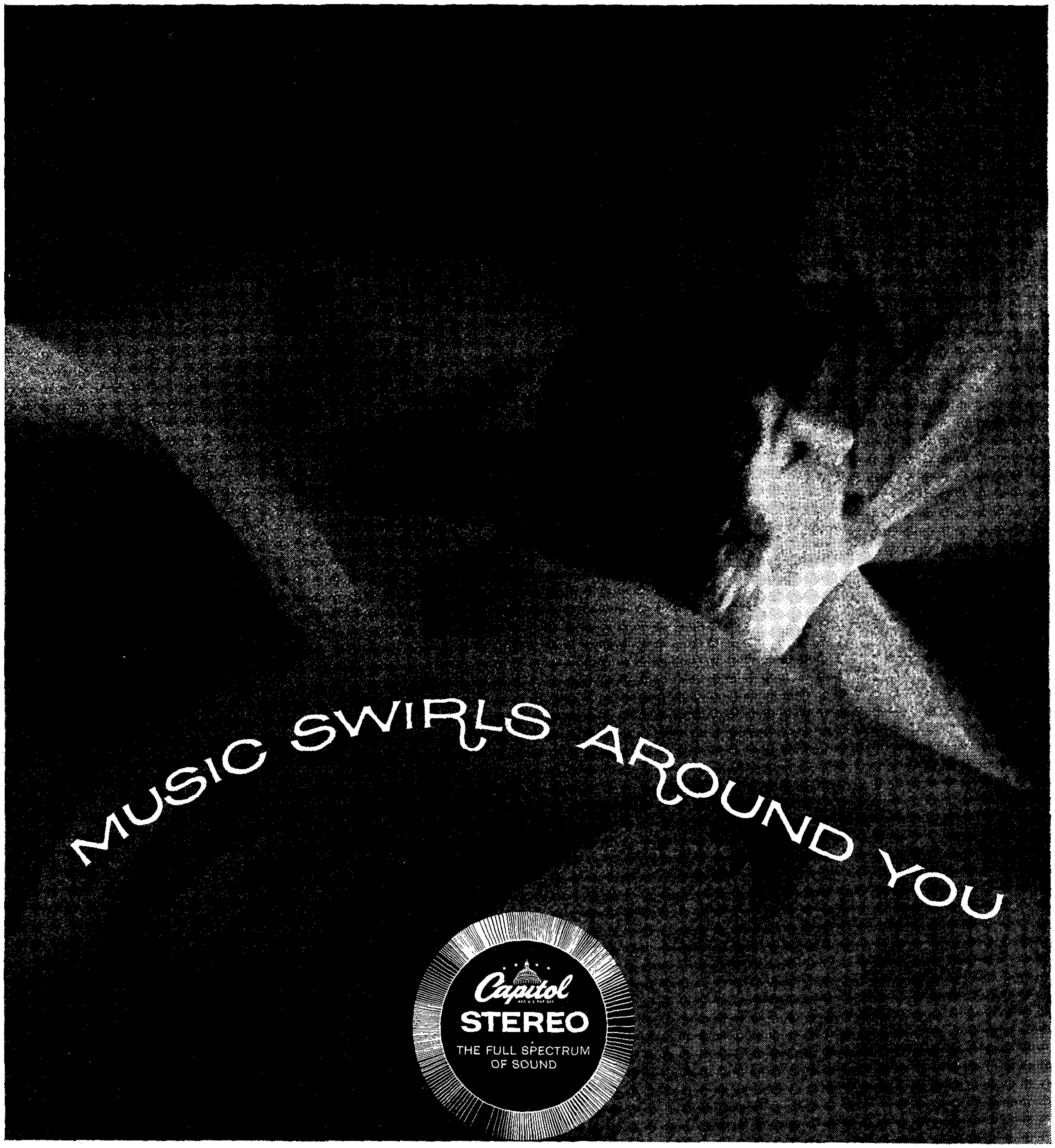
Danish vigor combines with Old World craftsmanship to create a secretary-bookcase, part of our Scandinavian collection. Import shown, **$265**
Also for your selection, many accent pieces: desks, settles, benches, hi-fi units.
Furniture, 5th Floor *New York store only*

Bloomingdale's • Lexington at 59th, New York 22, N. Y. • EL 5-5900

seriously with persons who interest her—but preferably a few at a time—and she is quite content to spend entire evenings at home alone or with her husband. "My wife dislikes all our friends equally," Avedon once remarked, softening the exaggeration with a smile.

Mrs. Avedon is very canny at sizing up people, and has good taste in books, music, and photography, including her husband's, which she is perfectly ready to comment on, favorably or not, to him or to others. She is very proud of his standing in his field, goes along unobtrusively on all his Paris expeditions, and talks over each new project with him before he sets to work on it. Friends of the couple also credit her with having given the Avedon ménage much of its stability by providing a tranquil refuge for her husband, one of those dedicated men whose work is the principal—almost the exclusive—end of existence. Often working late into the night or getting up before dawn to hop in a taxi and hurry to his studio, Avedon spends nearly all his waking hours planning photographs or taking photographs or worrying about photographs. He is a distinctly urban type, to whom the thought of living in the country is appalling—as it is to his wife. Asked not long ago if he had ever considered buying a country place, he looked startled and said, "What on earth would I do with one? It would take me hours to get to my studio, and I would probably never see my wife." The Avedons don't own a car, because it would be a nuisance in the city and they have no desire to drive anywhere else. To both of them, the countryside—meaning the rural areas of the Temperate Zone northeast—is a bore, and they prefer to look at it, if at all, from the veranda of a hotel. They are not so critical, however, about the landscape in Jamaica, where they go every winter for a vacation; apparently, they





the full spectrum of sound...exclusively on

CAPITOL **STEREO** RECORDS

Popular Releases on Capitol Stereo Records

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SPACE ESCAPADE	*Les Baxter*	ST-968
SOUNDS OF THE GREAT BANDS	*Glen Gray*	SW-1022
THE MILITARY BAND	*Martial music conducted by Felix Slatkin*	SW-1056
DANCE TO SOUTH PACIFIC	*Les Brown*	ST-1060

Christmas Music on Capitol Stereo Records

JOY TO THE WORLD!	*Traditional carols by the Roger Wagner Chorale*	SP-8353
THE MUSIC OF CHRISTMAS	*Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, Carmen Dragon cond.*	SP-8393

Classical Releases on Capitol Stereo Records

GYPSY!	*Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, Carmen Dragon cond.*	SP-8342
HOUSE OF THE LORD	*Roger Wagner Chorale*	SP-8365
Holst: THE PLANETS	*Los Angeles Philharmonic, Leopold Stokowski cond.*	SP-8389
Grofé: GRAND CANYON and MISSISSIPPI SUITES	*Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, Felix Slatkin cond.*	SP-8347
Debussy: LA MER **Ravel: DAPHNIS ET CHLOE (suite 2)**	*Los Angeles Philharmonic, Erich Leinsdorf cond.*	SP-8395

• *The cost of a Capitol Stereo Record is only slightly higher than the cost of a standard long play album.*

Get yourself elevated!

(WITH A LIFT FROM THE DUTCH)

People fed up to here with the Caribbean Subway Circuit ought to investigate Curaçao.

It's the island with a difference.

Curaçao curios include a Napoleonic fort, Peter Stuyvesant's left leg, and free-wheeling trade. You can pick things up for a song.

The Curaçao Intercontinental Hotel is as interesting and different as the island itself. The local boys built it on top of the fort! With, of course, all modern conveniences—including waterfront shops, an unusual swimming pool and broad verandas where you watch the ships go by.

It's a Dutch treat. So be our guest (at very modest rates).

You can reach Curaçao in 7 air hours from New York—a few sea days by ship.

Your travel agent will handle the details. If you're itching to take off fast, he'll confirm your room in 4 seconds flat via our electronic reservation service. (If you wish, write Intercontinental Hotels, Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. 17, or phone STillwell 6-5858.)

INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS

The World's Largest Group of International Hotels

find the tropical vistas, while not precisely urban, a little easier to take.

Though Avedon is far from desultory in bargaining with his advertising clients, he claims that his interest in money is not worldly but based solely on his concept of it as a tribute to his prestige. He appears to view his fairly princely income with some surprise. "Why, you know, I sometimes get almost as much as Picasso for a picture," he mused recently—and this comparison of his financial success with that of an artist, rather than, say, that of a banker or an industrialist, is highly typical of his way of thinking. Like most men with a generous surplus of cash, Avedon invests in various stocks and bonds, and for advice about them he often calls on his friend Cleveland Amory, who is not only a writer but a methodical student of the market. Amory, however, is likely to be dismayed by the use that Avedon makes of his advice. Not long ago, he advised Avedon to take a cautious flyer in a certain oil stock. Avedon bought the stock, all right, and it went up even beyond Amory's expectations, but when they next met, Avedon had forgotten all about Amory's advice. "I just *knew* it would go up," he said. "I wouldn't have thought of buying any until I consulted an astrologer, and he said that my horoscope predicted good luck in oil."

SHORTLY after Avedon went to work for *Harper's Bazaar*, the editors of *Life* asked him to do a series of pictures of New York. Avedon accepted the assignment eagerly, since it seemed to promise another sudden rise in prestige, but he soon discovered that the project involved work of a kind he was not instinctively fitted for, and he never completed it. "The trouble was that when I got out into the street, I just couldn't do it," he says. "I didn't like invading the privacy of perfect strangers. It seemed such an aggressive thing to do. Also, I have to control what I shoot, and I found that I couldn't control Times Square." The place where he could control what he wanted to shoot was, of course, his studio. "I began trying to create an out-of-focus world—a heightened reality, better than real, that suggests, rather than tells you," he has explained. "Maybe the fact that I'm myopic had something to do with it. When I take off my glasses, especially on rainy nights, I get a far more beautiful view of the world than twenty-twenty people get. I wanted to reproduce this more poetic image that I was

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ARUBA
With cooling breezes, bargain shopping . . . and soon, the luxurious Aruba Caribbean Hotel on sparkling Palm Beach.

CURACAO
"Eye-spot-Buy-spot" of the Caribbean . . . a touch of Holland in the tropics with the new Intercontinental and other fine hotels.

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Island of the flamingoes. A fisherman's paradise with a wonderfully restful atmosphere. Attractive, moderately priced accommodations.

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Lovely, unspoiled island. Half Dutch, half French free port. Modern, quiet hotels on delightful beaches. Excellent air connections.

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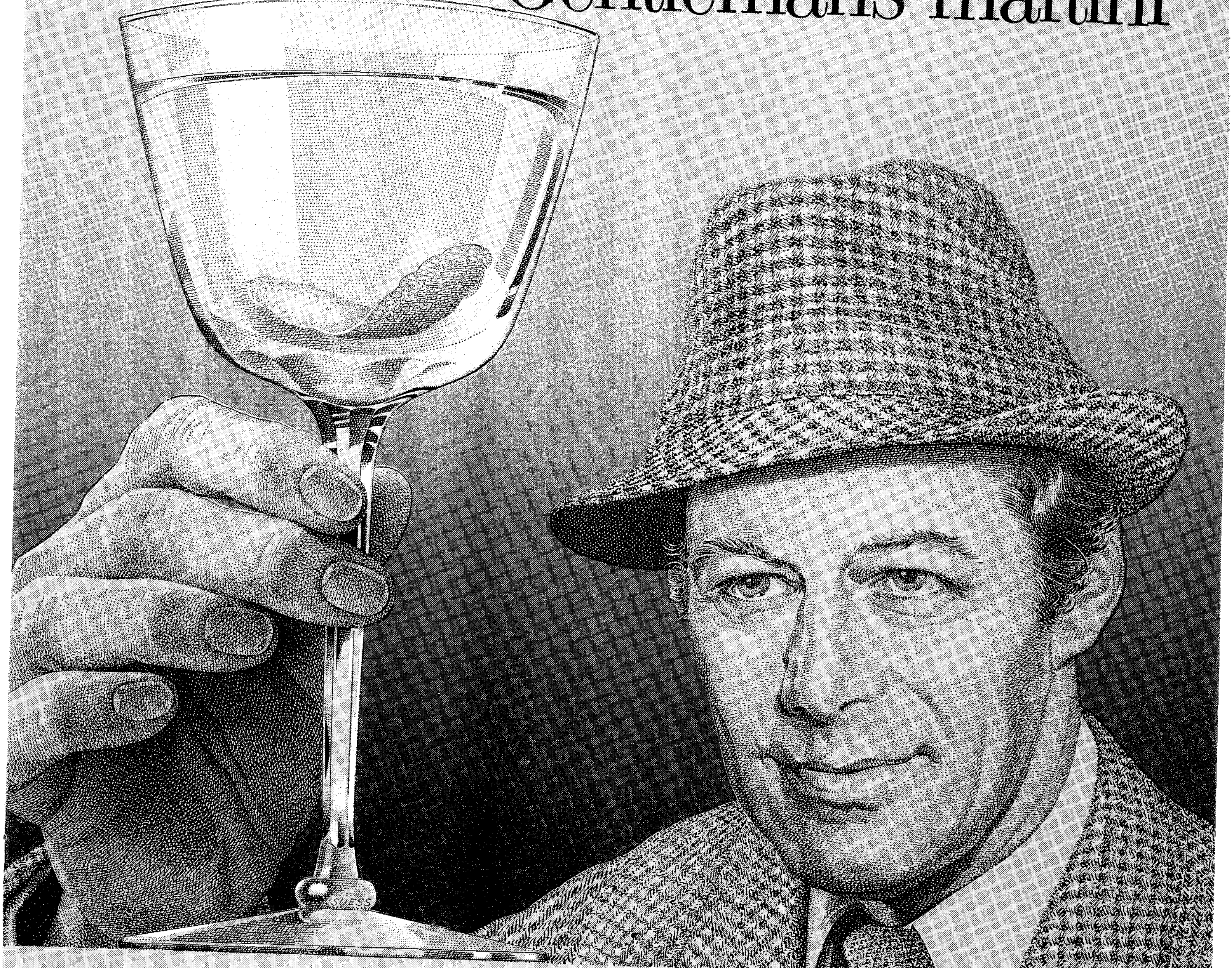
Rex Harrison reports from London on the *Gentleman's martini



A PERFECTIONIST in the brilliant roles he has played on stage and screen, Rex Harrison naturally demands perfection in every phase of life—including a Martini.

Reporting from London on this subject, Mr. Harrison says: "A Martini is like a play. It can be terribly good or terribly poor. In London, as in other sophisticated centers, the preference today is for the gentleman's Martini, meaning a Martini that establishes a harmonious rapport with the audience.

"While the proportions of gin and vermouth for a gentleman's Martini may vary according to individual taste, experts are in general accord that the gin must be Booth's House of Lords. And Booth's House of Lords straight, on the rocks, is also a gentleman's drink. I suspect the Booth's people are as fantastically meticulous about making their gin as I am in developing a role—which is as it should be.

"Booth's House of Lords gin is sold in every civilized country, and in some countries not so civilized—which means you can enjoy the gentleman's Martini wherever you go."

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON
W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY NEW YORK, N.Y.

Necessarily made with

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS GIN

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TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
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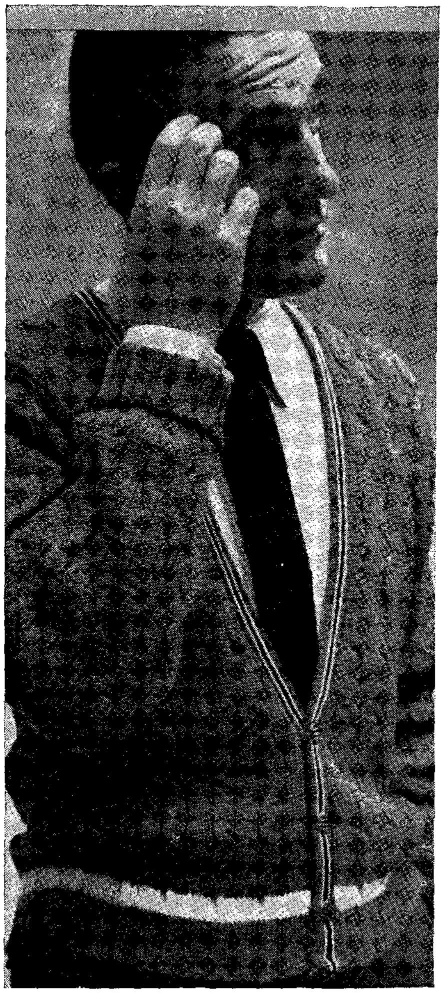
THE STORE FOR MEN

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY



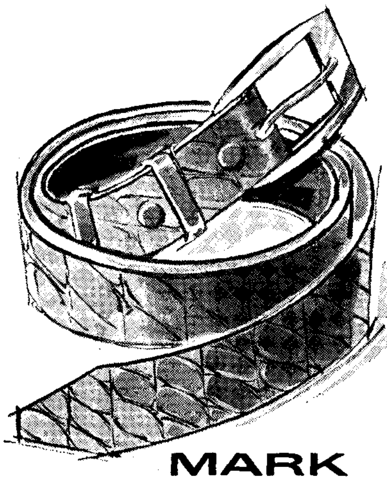
the cabled cardigan sweater features the comfortable bulky look, new this year. Bell sleeved cardigan and sweater vest by Lord Jeff are wool knits. Low-set pockets, knit waistbands and deep V-wedge fronts with three metal buttons. Sizes small, medium, large and extra large in flame, tan, cambridge gray, black and white. Cardigan, $14.95; vest, $11.95. Sportswear—Fourth Floor. Mail orders to Marshall Field & Company, Store for Men, Chicago, Illinois.

privately enjoying." During Avedon's first five years as a commercial photographer, many potential advertising clients shied away from him, because they were afraid he would portray their products bathed in an impenetrable mass of fog. But *Harper's Bazaar* had steadfast faith in him. "They even ran a picture I took of the Hope Diamond in which you couldn't see the facets," he recalls. "What you got was the *illusion* of the diamond—the feeling a woman would have while wearing it." Some Avedon admirers date the turning point in his style from a celebrated photograph he made for *Harper's Bazaar* in 1950, in which Dorian Leigh was shown bursting into laughter while throwing her arms around the winner of a French bicycle race. The picture created a sensation in the profession, since embracing sports heroes and laughing had not previously been thought suitable activities for fashion models, and the extent of its influence soon became clear as models began to appear everywhere embracing bicycle riders, matadors, coachmen, and Lord knows what else, in a state of hilarity. Next, Avedon, again a good jump ahead of the pack, started photographing models with handsome young men posing as their husbands, and then—most revolutionary of all—models wheeling children in perambulators or, to make the family scene complete, dangling them in baskets gaily held by the father, too. The theme of domesticity also caught on, and has since been furthered in the philosophy of "togetherness" so relentlessly propagated by the editors of *McCall's*. Avedon, though, restless as ever, already regards this accent on love and the home as an outworn fad, and is casting about for something to supersede it. "Everyone in the ads is loving everyone else," he says dourly. "Perhaps it's time for a shift to privacy."

As far as Avedon's work is concerned, there will undoubtedly be a shift of some sort, and then another and another, for he has a horror of formulas. "He never brings the same mental attitude to the same problem twice, and in fashion photography, where a certain amount of repetition is taken for granted, this is a trait that amounts to genius," a *Harper's Bazaar* editor observed a while ago. It is also a trait that Avedon deliberately cultivates. Even when his gift of improvisation fails him, he refuses to fall back on routine procedures; at least once, he has given up photography altogether for as long as six months, simply because he felt that his pictures were becoming monotonous. Notwith-

MORE THAN JUST

to hold up your trousers. This unique one-piece lustrous crocodile belt with soft calfskin backing adds a touch of elegance as rare as it is right! Italian harness buckle, exclusively Mark Cross. Sizes 30 to 44. Brown or black crocodile. 15.00
Mail, phone SU *7-4000*
Please add 25c for shipping



MARK CROSS
5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22
and at the Waldorf-Astoria
Write for our new 64 page Christmas Catalog

The Dutch
CURAÇAO

"Your most absorbing activity here will be shopping. In a few narrow streets of Willemstad, in what natives call Punda, you will find an array of merchandise from the four corners of the world.

"Leading the parade is Spritzer & Fuhrmann the truly magnificent store of one of the world's leading retailers in jewelry and watches. Three spacious floors filled with treasures from all over the world. Nowhere, not even in Switzerland, could you possibly find under one roof a more fascinating collection of the world's finest timepieces. There is silver, crystal, china, French beaded and Viennese needle point bags, clocks, beautiful Delft China and precious stones, everything from 50 cent souvenirs to $20,000 pieces of jewelry. Rates are far below stateside prices."

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SPRITZER & FUHRMANN
JEWELERS
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Netherlands West Indies

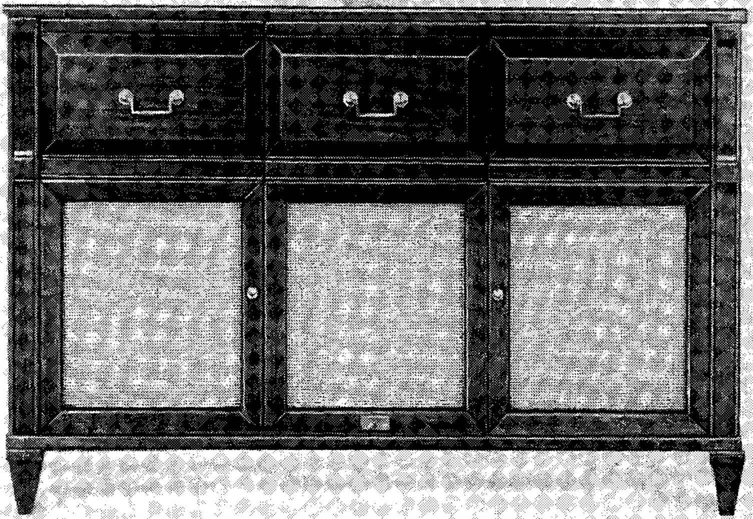
standing the elaborate dramatic scenarios he invents for his models, he seldom knows just what scene in them he is going to photograph until he arrives at his studio. If nothing unexpected strikes him and he feels that he can't lay hands on a completely original idea, he is more than likely to abandon the project. One of his few theories about photography is that if it does not provide a lot of fun for both him and his model, it is not worth bothering with, because his work will become static, methodical, and dull.

Perhaps the *Harper's Bazaar* portraits that Avedon takes of celebrated people constitute his most valid claim to consideration as a serious artist. They, too, have an improvised look, and no two of them are alike in pose or treatment. Here, Avedon is under no obligation to make his subjects look elegant, and some of the portraits are almost caricatures—photographic impressions that probe for every psychological weakness and theatrical affectation in the sitter's character. Curiously, Avedon has never had much success in attempting to photograph specimens of heroic masculinity, such as Montgomery Clift or Marlon Brando. "I suppose it is because of unconscious hostility on my part, or possibly a sense of rivalry," he says, with his customary frankness in passing along the findings of his psychiatrist. On the other hand, the ravaged face of the late Humphrey Bogart stirred him to such pity that he achieved a truly memorable portrait, one that conveys an almost pathological sense of fear. In his portrait work, Avedon appears to be inspired mainly by subjects in whom he can find qualities that excite his compassion—advanced age, physical debility, ugliness, or the pathos often underlying the surface insouciance of professional comedians or inveterate poseurs. Avedon portraits in *Harper's Bazaar* have shown Frank Lloyd Wright carelessly and arrogantly wearing a day's growth of beard, Truman Capote apparently impersonating St. Anthony, Elsa Maxwell in bed with a telephone and a pet skunk, and a head of Charles Laughton so enlarged that it looks like something seen through a microscope. None of Avedon's subjects seem to resent this kind of treatment; most of them move in circles, both here and in Europe, where being selected to sit for one of his *Harper's Bazaar* portraits ranks as an accolade.

From time to time, people watching Avedon's smooth day-to-day performance on his secure and tranquil plateau are inclined to wonder where he can

enjoy the rare combination of component quality and console convenience

Stereo Fidelity
by
Pilot



The engineer recommends components; the decorator favors consoles. One is concerned with performance; the other with decor.

Knowledgeable listeners and home planners choose Pilot because Pilot stereo consoles combine both—the quality of components with the beauty and convenience of fine cabinetry.

The new Pilot 1100 is a complete stereophonic system of authentic, identifiable stereo components, designed for stereo records and FM-AM stereo broadcasts—the very same components demanded for the finest custom stereo installations.

We earnestly recommend you see and audition the new 1100 at your Pilot dealer. You will hear a new kind of sound—the thrilling quality of living music in its full expansive dimensions. Even your regular records and broadcasts will sound better, noticeably enhanced by a new depth and dimension.

Pilot 1100 in handsome mahogany Regency credenza with built-in dual speaker systems, $975. Other models from $219.50 to $1050.

Prices slightly higher in West.

Pilot RADIO CORPORATION, 37-20 36th Street, Long Island City 1, New York
Electronics manufacturer for over 39 years.

John
Frederics
Friendship
Hats

"Wouldn't you know she'd wear *that* hat today," muses **Ted Straeter,** admiring **Maggi McNellis** in a hat just like his. Of high-pile velour, $16.50 each.

Ed Fitzgerald thinks his wife **Pegeen** looks cute as a bunny in a hat of the same style he's wearing. Their hats are rabbit tweed, $12.50 each.

Mr. and Mrs. William Condon (she's **Marguerite Piazza**) feature in this striking duet. The hats? Shaggy beaver, $19.50 each.

The three styles shown above are also available in felt at $12.50 each.
All styles come in ladies' and men's sizes—in black, white, vicuna, green, beige, charcoal.

John Frederics Inc., 6 W 57 NYC
Please send me ______ *Friendship hats.*
Style Nos. ____ *(1)* ____ *(2)* ____ *(3)*
Head Sizes ______
Colors ______
Enclosed is $ ______
☐ *check* ☐ *money order* ☐ *gift wrap*
Name ______
Address ______

go from here. He is still a young man, and one whose restless imagination and inventiveness might be expected to urge him on to the exploration of other branches of photography. His wife, for instance, believes that he ought to devote more attention to realistic reporting, in the manner of Henri Cartier-Bresson. He has already, in the case of "Funny Face," flirted with the movies, and a year or so ago he directed a television show starring Judy Garland. During the first four minutes of this production, Miss Garland carried on in stark splendor against a standard Avedon blank white background—a scene that *Variety* praised as an entirely new development in television—but in general the show was less enthusiastically received, and Avedon soon returned to his own snug studio, happy to be back where he could work as an individual and control the elements of his art. The answer to the question of where he goes from here may be "Nowhere." He may already *be* there—if by "there" is meant a state of exuberant, tumbling transition between one photographic inspiration and the next.

—Winthrop Sargeant

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the Western Stamp Collector*]

When we reported the subjects chosen for the Lincoln Sesquicentennial stamps our postal service is issuing in 1959 the likeness of the Great Emancipator in the Lincoln Memorial was identified as the work of Augustus St. Gaudens. A good many readers have reminded us that the famous statue in the Lincoln Memorial was the work of Daniel Chester French.

We'll admit the mistake but disclaim responsibility. The Post Office Department's news release identified the Lincoln Memorial statue as the work of Borglum and we didn't take time to check standard reference works. The Post Office Department discovered the mistake and sent out a correction, but by the time it reached this office our Sept. 16 issue was on its way to readers.

•

At our house, when one of our children would say, "Her and I are going to a show," I'd call out, "What did you say?"

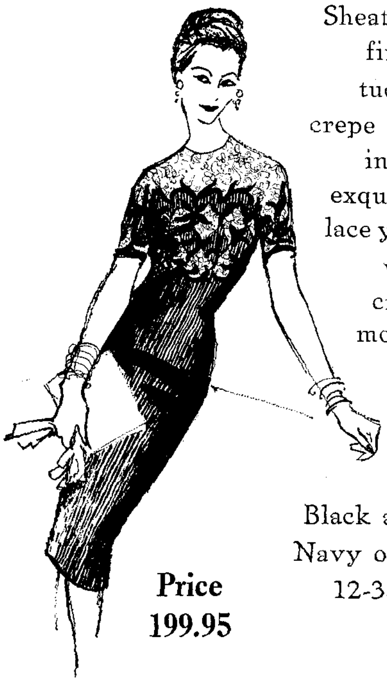
And the Crane youngster would immediately realize he had made an error in using words. Maybe he would detect the flaw at once and say, "She and I are going to a show."

America needs a refresher course on simple English grammar. Even our college students in private schools often fail to make both prepositions agree when used as a subject or an object, as shown above.

So you parents should deliberately study English grammar . . .—*Dr. George W. Crane in the Dayton (Ohio) News.*

Hell, we can just read the papers.

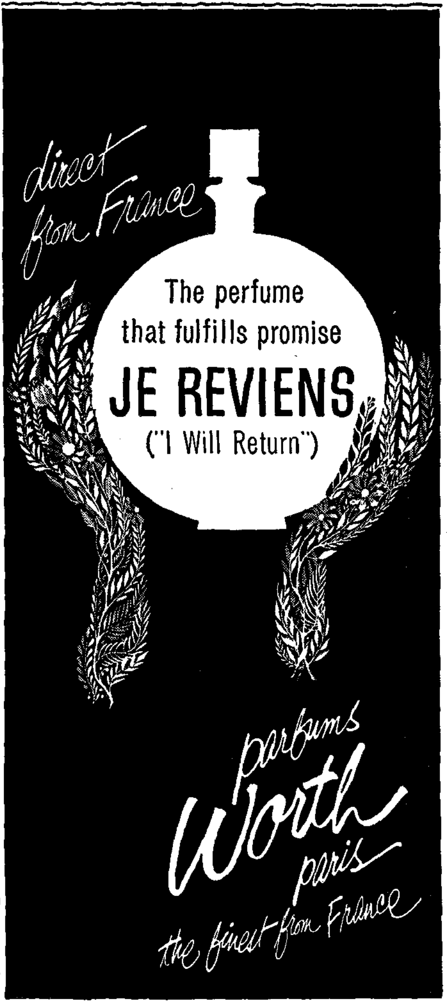
"FASHIONED SO SLENDERLY
YOUNG AND SO FAIR!"

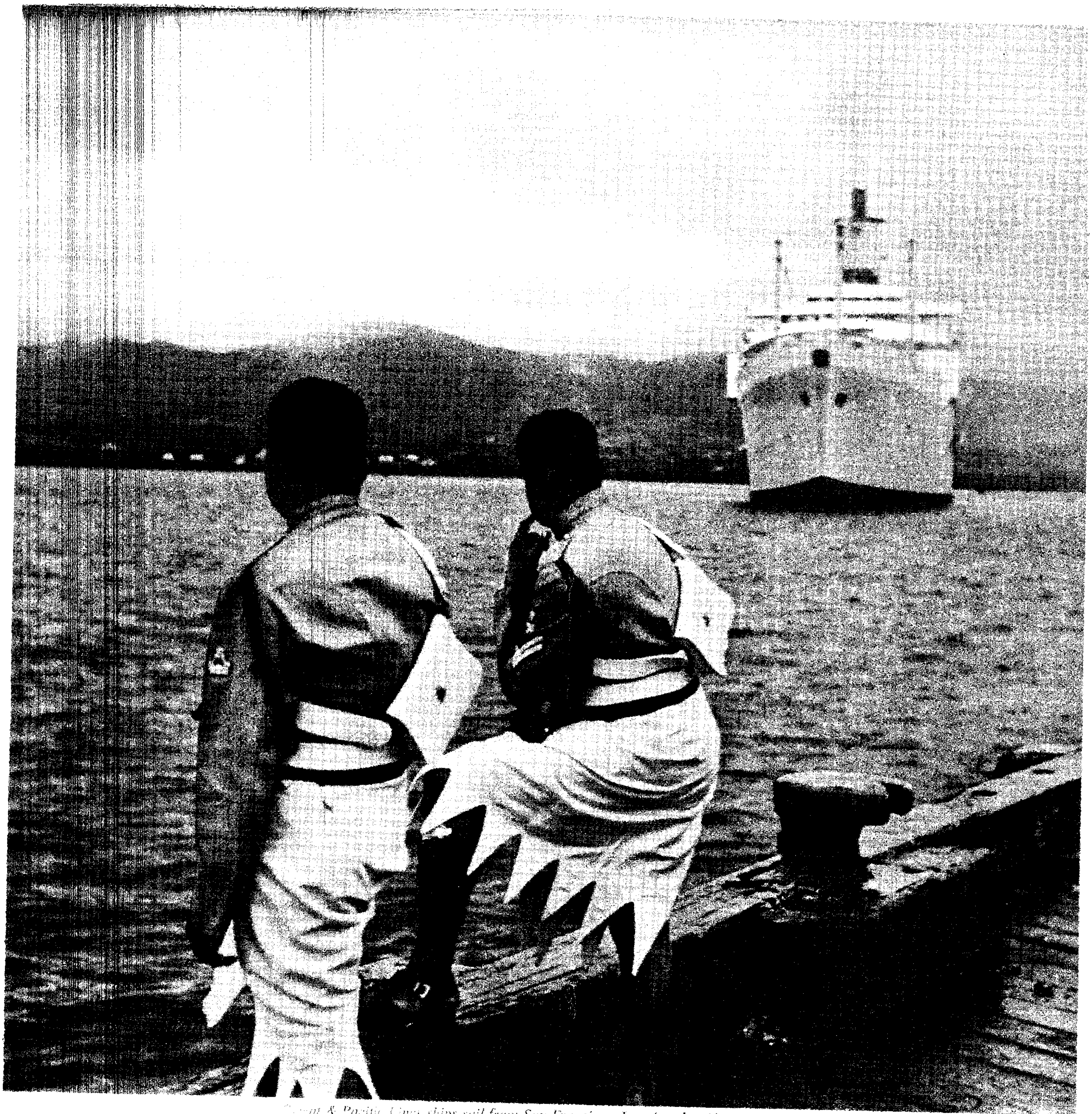

Sheath in finely tucked crepe ending in exquisite lace yoke with crepe motifs.

Black and Navy only.
12-38

Price
199.95

Kathleen Inc.
118 East 60th St., New York 22, N. Y.
88 Main St., New Canaan, Conn.





Orient & Pacific Lines ships sail from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Vancouver. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

Where will you be when you land—Australia? Fiji? Hawaii?

YOUR Orient & Pacific liner is at Suva in the Fiji Islands. Six sunlit days ago you were in Hawaii. In another six you'll be in Australia.

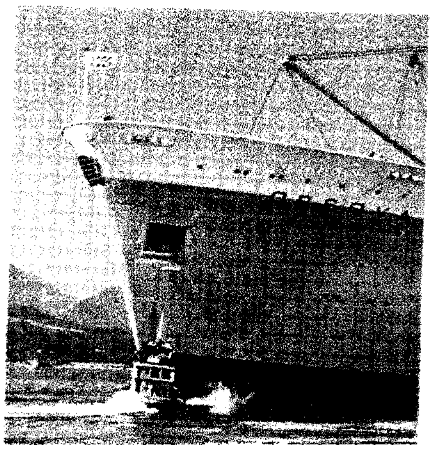
The men on the pier belong to the Fiji Military Forces Band, which greets you with a stirring concert. (Captain Cook got a different reception. He called these the Cannibal Islands.)

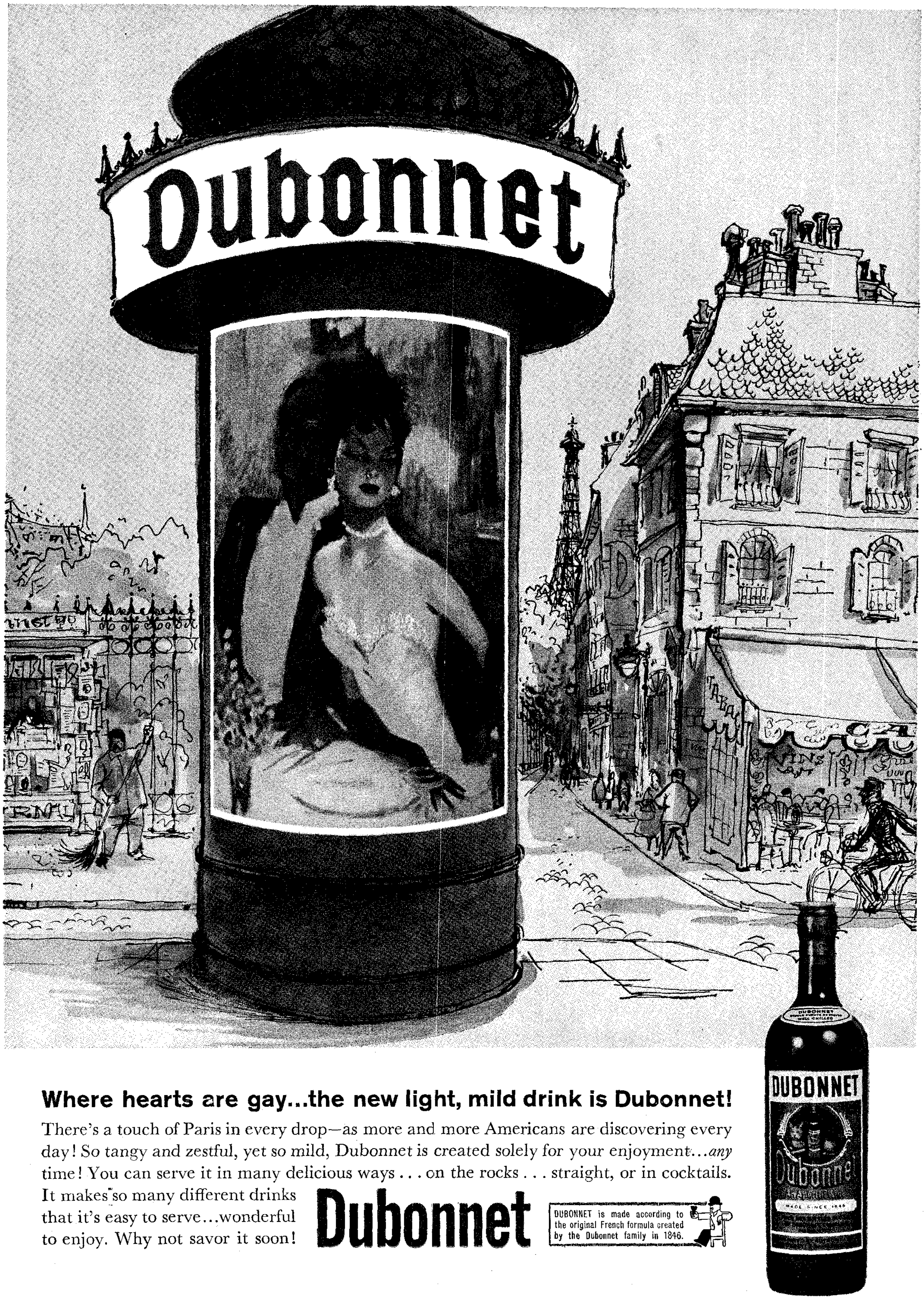
Fiji is a fascinating place to explore. You can shop for primitive art and rare sea shells. Have a suit made to measure by an Indian tailor in six hours. Or turn back the clock at a native feast and listen to old Polynesian songs.

Your trip is just as exciting between ports. Each Orient & Pacific liner has two swimming pools and thousands of feet of open deck for sun and games. At night there are brilliant parties and dances. Your meals are prepared by chefs trained on the Continent.

What does a vacation like this cost? As little as $24 a day! Round trips to Australia start at $604—to the Far East at $640.

Orient & Pacific Lines: Suite G, 210 Post St., San Francisco. Cunard Line: General Passenger Agents in United States and Canada.





Where hearts are gay...the new light, mild drink is Dubonnet!

There's a touch of Paris in every drop—as more and more Americans are discovering every day! So tangy and zestful, yet so mild, Dubonnet is created solely for your enjoyment...*any* time! You can serve it in many delicious ways . . . on the rocks . . . straight, or in cocktails. It makes so many different drinks that it's easy to serve...wonderful to enjoy. Why not savor it soon!

Dubonnet

DUBONNET is made according to the original French formula created by the Dubonnet family in 1846.

There's nothing in the world like Dubonnet!

SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., NEW YORK

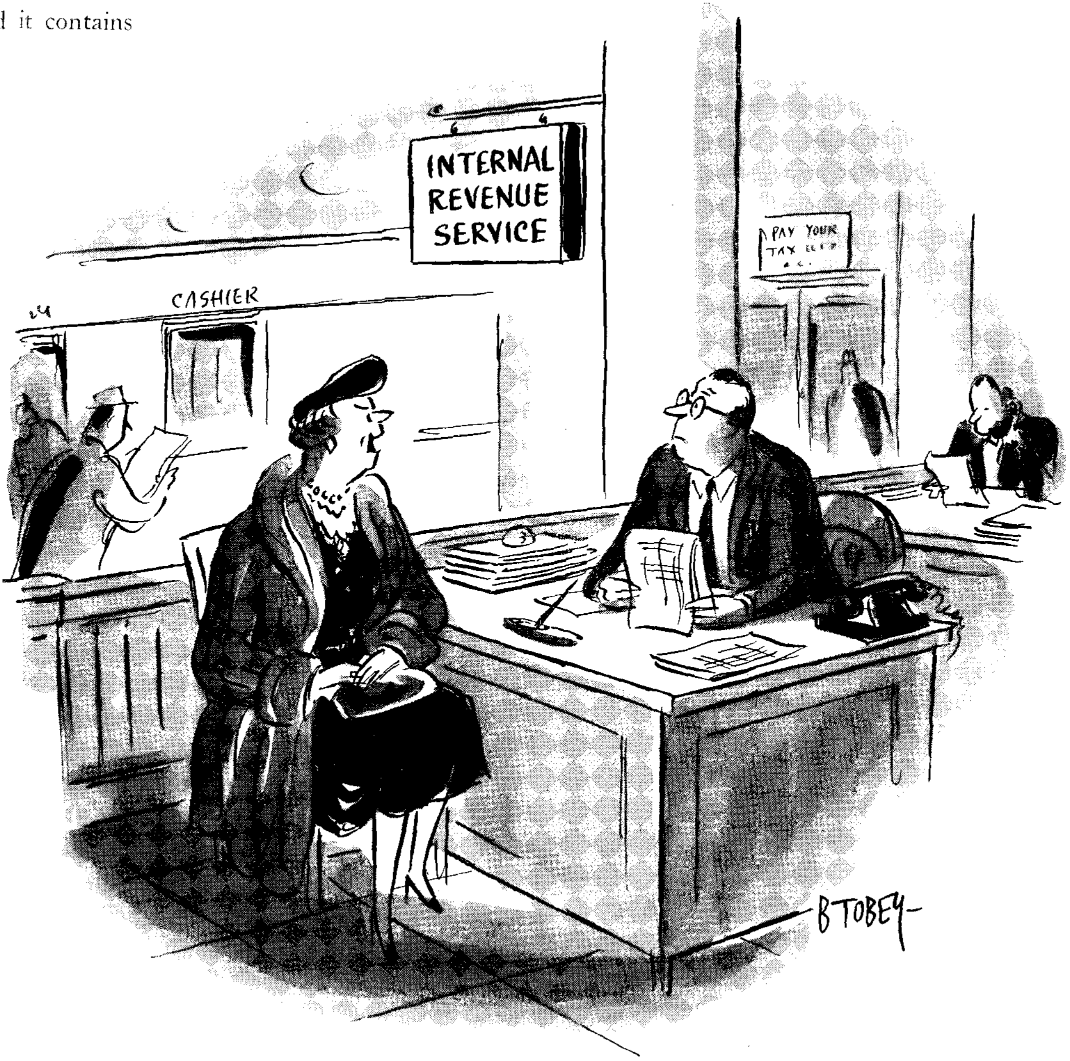
THE THEATRE

THE PERILS OF MARRIED LIFE

STANDARDS of wholesomeness change with the times—by which I mean to say that there is no more reliable plot in popular fiction and drama just now than the one that presents, in the order named, a well-adjusted marriage, a single, sudden, boyish adultery by the husband, eventual forgiveness by the wife, and, on that basis, a happy, or anyway a hopeful, ending. The idea has a tidy story line and a sunny message. It's one that Louisa May Alcott might well be using if she were alive today. It forms the gist of "The Marriage-Go-Round," a comedy, by Leslie Stevens, that arrived at the Plymouth last Wednesday. Mr. Stevens' play, a treatise on the ordeal of monogamy, is unorthodox and slightly stylized in its construction, but its tone is palpably wholesome, and it contains a lot of the kind of bright, conventional language that you will find in women's-magazine stories on the same subject. I didn't care much, in general, for its tone, its language, or the terms of its stylization. I did admire the performances of Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert as a husband and wife whose well-adjusted marriage becomes exposed to the test of a boyish adultery. I enjoyed certain comic aspects of the test. And I thought that Julie Newmar, who administers the test, showed herself to be an engaging comedienne, as well as a heroic figure of a woman. They tell me that Miss Newmar recently played the part of a girl named Stupefyin' Jones in the musical comedy "Li'l Abner." In "The Marriage-Go-Round," you are apt to think of her as stupefyin' Sveg—Sveg being her last name in the present context, and an overpowering size and beauty and an overpowering interest in the physical sciences being her chief characteristics.

Mr. Boyer and Miss Colbert, professor of cultural anthropology and dean of women, respectively, at an upstate New York college, have been married twenty-five years when Miss Newmar comes to visit them. She is the daughter of a Swedish savant, a friend of theirs. It is clear, though Mr. Stevens fails to make the point, that if she had chosen to enter the prize ring, a fellow named Ingemar Johansson would not be heavyweight champion of Europe today. As it is, Miss Newmar has dedicated her regal body and her 184 I.Q. to biological experimentation. On her visit, her specific project is to seduce Mr. Boyer—for eugenic purposes, or so she says. Her equipment includes an aphrodisiac nude statuette of herself, which she displays not only to her intended victim but, in a purely social spirit, to his wife. (She will pack it along, it turns out later, on her next experiment.) She has no wish to break up homes, and her attitude toward Miss Colbert is not unfriendly, merely objective. "I am bigger, stronger, prettier, and more intelligent than you," Miss Newmar tells the dean of women, and goes on with her work of tempting the professor, in scientific stages—visual, olfactory, and tactile. (Among her visual weapons are chest-high lounging pajamas, something that looks like a knee-length, form-fitting sweat suit, and a bath towel.) Ultimately, she achieves a date with Mr. Boyer on the shore of what she describes, on principle, as a romantic lake—the municipal reservoir. Then she takes her researches elsewhere, leaving the married pedagogues to readjust themselves.

Miss Newmar, with her spacious Swedish wiles, represents the freshest



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and funniest phase of the play, to my mind. I'm pretty sure that Mr. Stevens meant to say wiser, newer things than he has said about the characters played by Mr. Boyer and Miss Colbert, and about their marriage and their reactions to it. I gather that he visualized the professor and the dean as—the expression is not the author's—Mr. and Mrs. America, with special trimmings of scholarly wit. But I don't think he has added anything to the standard treatment of this idea. As householders, Mr. Boyer and Miss Colbert are familiarly, almost coyly companionable and loving. They speak the lines that other plays have prepared you to hear: "What's for dinner?," "Didn't she use to wear pigtails?," "He's raiding the fridge." As scholars, they are not much more startling. From time to time, Mr. Stevens rushes them over to lecterns near the wings of the stage to address phantom classes in anthropology and social science. In these intervals, Mr. Boyer quotes roguishly from Kinsey's report on male sexual behavior and Miss Colbert delivers arch summations like "Speaking for all the women in the world, we're crazy about you [men]" and "For all their faults, they [men] are all there is."

In the circumstances, the work of the two stars is a tribute to their skill and their professionalism. They have not been given the sort of strong, persuasive material in which they might have been able to submerge themselves and their famous personalities entirely. They can only prove what was already known—that they are uncommonly polished and graceful actors. When trouble, in the shape of Miss Newmar, threatens the home, Mr. Boyer giggles and skitters, but he does so suavely and reasonably. When Miss Colbert goes around sniffing changes in the domestic atmosphere, she somehow manages to keep the procedure free of cuteness. There is a good performance in a minor role by Edmon Ryan, as a professor of languages who would like to seduce Miss Colbert. Mr. Ryan has been asked to state, on behalf of the author, the theory that while men are *instinctively polygamous, women are instinctively chaste.* The thought, if not strictly Kinseyan, is wholesome, like the rest of "The Marriage-Go-Round."

"THE MAN IN THE DOG SUIT," which opened at the Coronet last Thursday, is a play in which a sprightly but brittle notion breaks like an egg against the surface of a time-hardened formula and is wasted. Its hero, a bank

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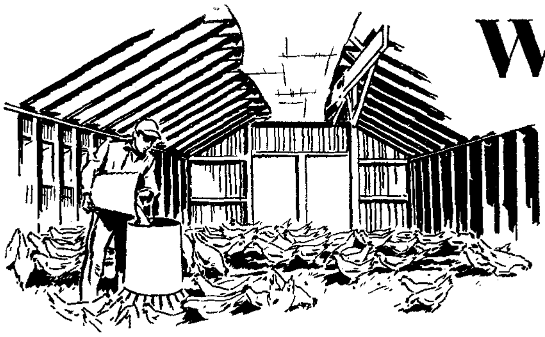

We eat 44 more eggs–

This headline, dear reader, carries no implication of excess, or egghead. The "we" is not personal but statistical. The eggs are merely an index, but significant.

According to the US Department of Agriculture, Americans in 1958 are eating 44 more eggs per capita than the 1935-39 av.; also 23 lbs more of meat, 18 lbs more of poultry; plus more cheese, ice cream, canned and frozen fruits and vegetables.

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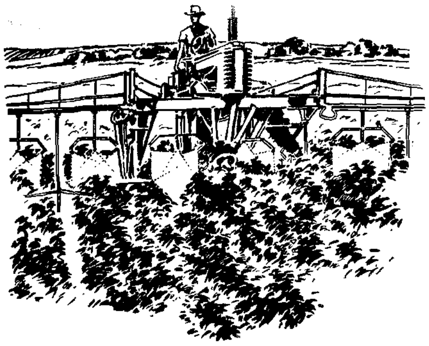

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teller, feels at his best and bravest when he is dressed up to resemble a German shepherd dog. The required disguise is regularly available to him because in preparing for a country-club party he accidentally bought a dog suit instead of a Pierrot costume. Combined with a certain number of drinks, the wearing of a dog's head, pelt, and tail has the effect of invigorating his soul and of confounding his rich in-laws, who control a share of the bank he works in, and who, in normal circumstances, oppress and humiliate him. In the end, the dog suit becomes his salvation; its influence enables him to defy his wife's relatives successfully without losing his affectionate, though puzzled, wife. As you can see, Albert Beich and William H. Wright, the authors of the play (which has its sources in a novel by Edwin Corle), have written a variation on the ageless tale of the turning worm. Unfortunately, their plotting is so mechanical and their viewpoint so commonplace as to defeat whatever possibilities for fantasy there were in the fact that the worm is half man and half police dog. Only Hume Cronyn, who plays the part of the modified lycanthrope, is able to achieve a degree of the fantastic, and he does this only by the use of athletic gifts of his own. When wearing the dog suit, he moves with wild, animal grace—but he talks like a human being in a bad play. Mr. Beich and Mr. Wright, in short, cannot match the quality of moonstruck poetry that Mr. Cronyn brings to his role in moments of silent romping. In their hands, his masquerade is never a work of the imagination; he is, consistently, just a drunken bank teller in fancy dress. This raises the point that liquor alone could easily make him do the things—such as telling unseasonable truths and behaving ruttishly toward respectable ladies—

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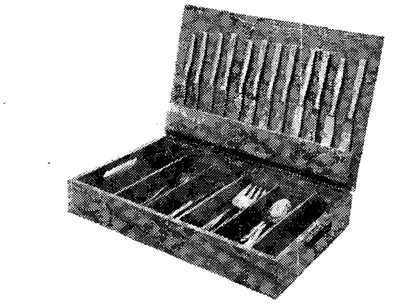

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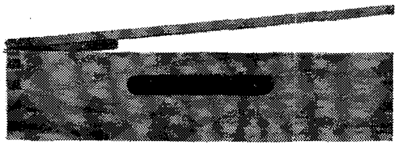

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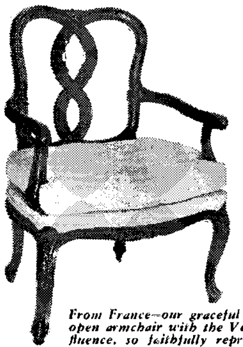

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that his costume is said to make him do.

Man and dog, drunk and sober, Mr. Cronyn does a fine and thoughtful job of acting. So does Jessica Tandy, as his wife. As a relative, Carmen Mathews is excellent, also, in a scene in which she furtively gets cockeyed through manipulation of a coffeepot, a cup, and a bottle of whiskey.

SOMETHING about Marcel Achard's comedy "Patate," in its original form, has been pleasing Paris audiences for a long time. Maybe it is the nonchalance of M. Achard's writing. Maybe it is the frugal ingenuity with which he has used the leading characters in the small cast, involving each of them in a separate relationship, past or present, with each of the others, and piling up combinations of love, friendship, and jealousy at a considerable saving of materials and, possibly, of energy. There was some evidence of these factors in the adaptation of "Patate," by Irwin Shaw, that opened at Henry Miller's Theatre Tuesday and closed Saturday. But in the adaptation the nonchalance bordered on flatness and the economy of M. Achard's sexual mathematics seemed pointless. I'm in no position to say that M. Achard has been wasting Paris's time, though I suspect that that may be the case. As it turned out, Mr. Shaw did not waste much of New York's. There were good-natured performances in the local version by Tom Ewell, Lee Bowman, Haila Stoddard, Murial Williams, and Susan Oliver. —JOHN LARDNER

OFF BROADWAY

Ignoblest Romans

THE lesson offered by Maxwell Anderson's new play, "The Golden Six," is that tyranny corrupts both the tyrant and his subjects, and that freedom, once lost, is almost impossible to regain. But—such are the hazards of pedagogy—the pupil is apt to find himself thinking, instead, of Cecil B. deMille and the things that gentleman could learn from Mr. Anderson. The playwright has lightly performed a task that whole crowds of Hollywood producers and writers have strenuously attempted and failed to do. He has constructed a sturdy, predictable, mechanical melodrama around the decadence of imperial Rome. This accomplishment appears the more remarkable in that Mr. Anderson had no room, on the modest stage of the York Playhouse, for those gigantic revels by which the movies seek to persuade us that shrill

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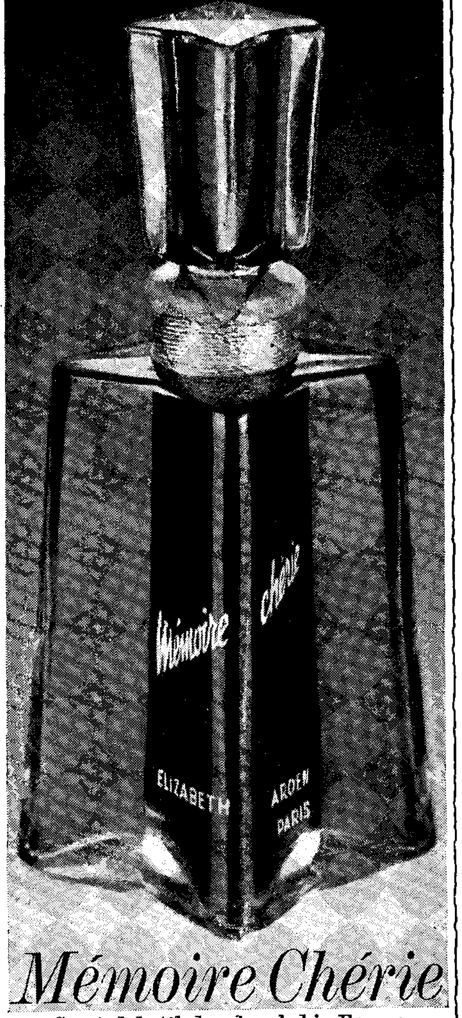

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music, violent dancing, and a roast suckling pig are the last word in moral laxity. But Mr. Anderson has grasped the essential truth that one's attention is arrested sooner by a single bare buttock than by an acre of dimpled knees. His emperors come right out and declare their decadence with a frankness that is often astonishing. Even while destroying the republic, Augustus has the candor to observe, "In my secret heart I feel a rot beginning." His successor, Tiberius, is still more outspoken about the corruptive effect of absolute power: "I became cruel, vicious, immoral with women. . . . I hated myself." And Caligula, the author's final illustration of Lord Acton's principle, openly and wantonly compares the relative voluptuosity of cohabitation with strangers, sisters, and members of the same sex. He is very naughty.

The Golden Six are the grandchildren and stepgrandchildren of Augustus, who wishes to choose a successor from among them. But all these young men are fervent republicans, and therefore the Emperor's wife, Livia, finds it necessary to murder them, sparing only Claudius, who has the wit to feign stupidity. It is Livia who actually determines the course of empire, chiefly by means of poison. It is she who poisons Augustus when he begins to notice a growing scarcity of grandchildren, and she who arranges that Tiberius should succeed him. It is she who contrives the accession of Caligula, and she who dies, triumphant still, when the imperial crown is thrust upon the unwilling Claudius, thereby frustrating the only republican left to Rome.

It will be seen from this that Livia's part is a fine, fat part, and Viveca Lindfors revels in its adiposity. Whether she is selecting a virgin for her husband's delectation, or feeding him poisoned oranges, or merely stalking about the stage with an indescribably regal thrust of leg, she looks so much the empress one would think she had spent her formative years in that rewarding line of work. The role of Claudius, while less spectacular, is more difficult, since he must be depicted as a stammering, timid youth, as a more resolute but still cautious young man, and as the shrewd, mature memoirist who introduces the play and comments periodically on its action. The distinctions between these states are sometimes acute, but Alvin Epstein renders the Claudian career with such subtlety that one is never jarred by a sense of discontinuity. Roger Evan Boxill is quite the most lickerish Caligula it has ever been my pleasure

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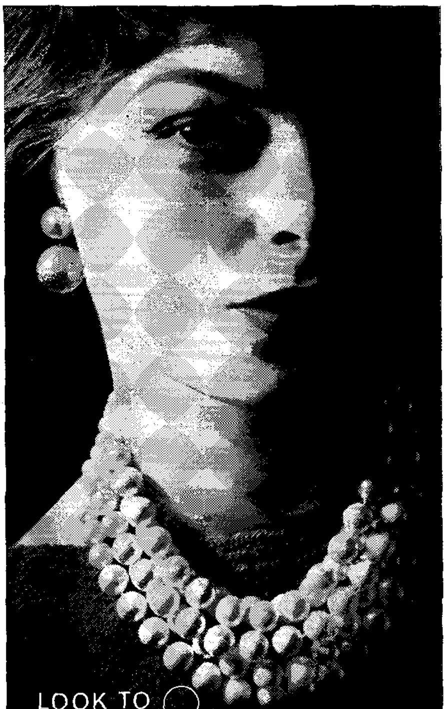

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to see—abetted, it is true, by our old friend and companion in lechery the roast pig. The remainder of the cast is splendid in proportion, including the young man who manages to utter and survive a line that begins on a note of high Roman dignity and suddenly plunges into vernacular absurdity: "To each of us came the word of Augustus, '*Home*, boy!' " I hope the actors will forgive my not going into their manifold excellences in detail, since I must save room in this chronicle for Ernest Winzer, to whom the program gives credit for "Dry Cleaning." Mr. Winzer, those clothes looked clean.

THE insufferably provincial outlook of the native New Yorker will probably never be expressed more forcibly than by Frank Merlin's "Foenix in Choir," which opened and closed last week at the Rita Allen Theatre. The story ostensibly took place in this city, after it had been reduced to a fine gray ash by one of the more emphatic contemporary bombs. Among the ten survivors, there were (prepare for surprises) a bum, an unsuccessful politician, an innocent young girl (brace yourself), two prostitutes, an Indian, and (better sit down, lest you faint away) a Negro. There was also a Dixiecrat, who would rather see the human race become extinct than countenance the coupling of the Negro and the girl—the only ones, apparently, who had retained their fecundity. Now, observe the provincialism. Under the circumstances, these people had no possible way of knowing whether or not there were survivors elsewhere. But what did it matter that Rome, or Tokyo, or even Albany might have been teeming with life? We are talking about the survival of the human race, aren't we? That means New Yorkers, doesn't it? It does to Mr. Merlin. I imagine the actors connected with this enterprise

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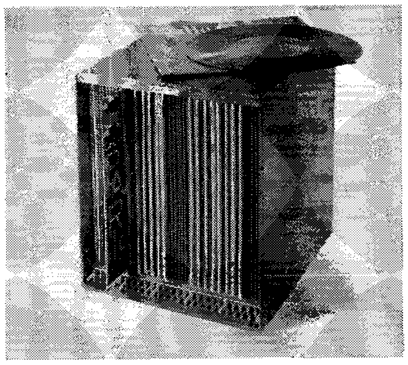

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would prefer a discreet silence regarding their names to any compliments I might pay them.—DONALD MALCOLM

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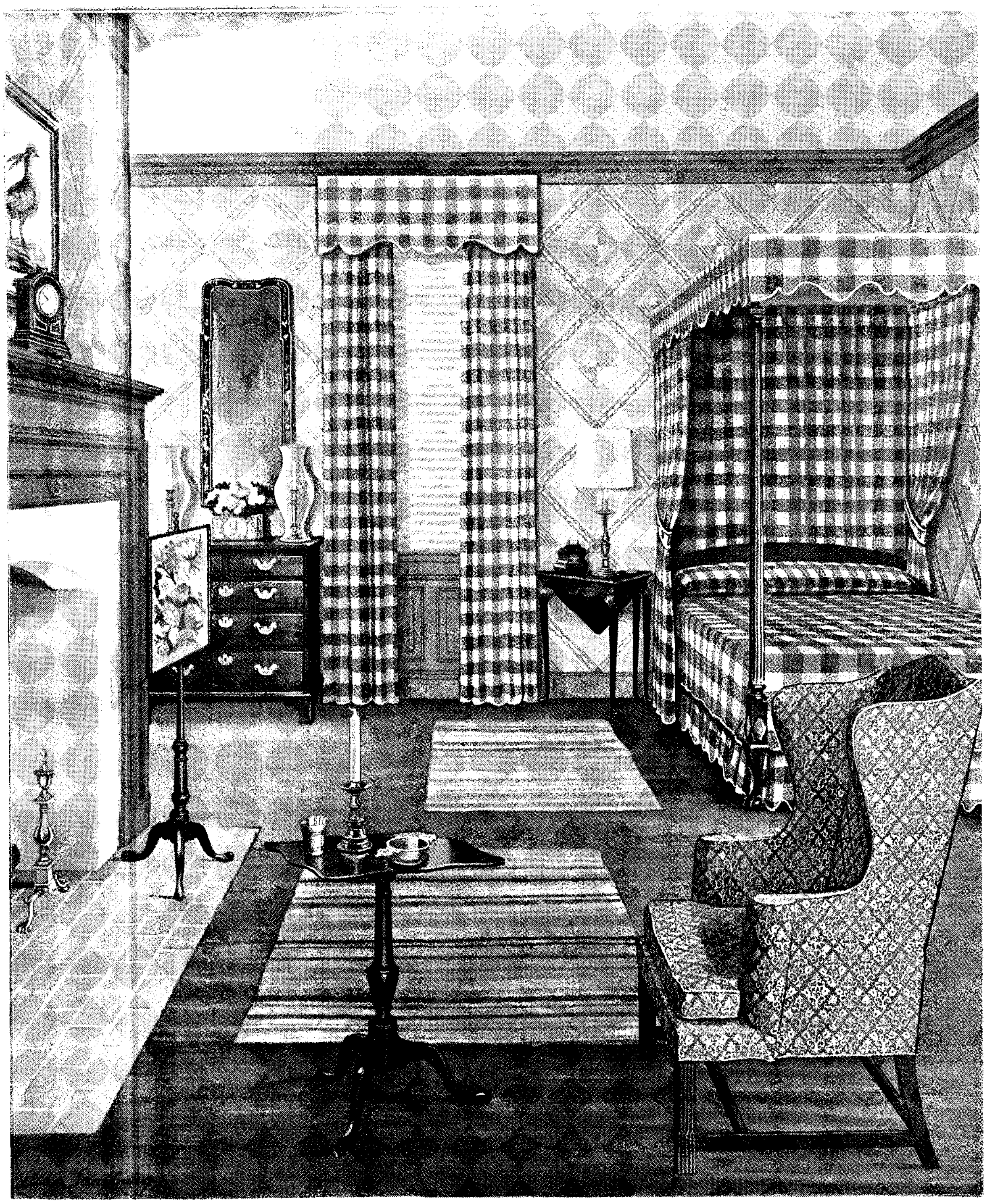

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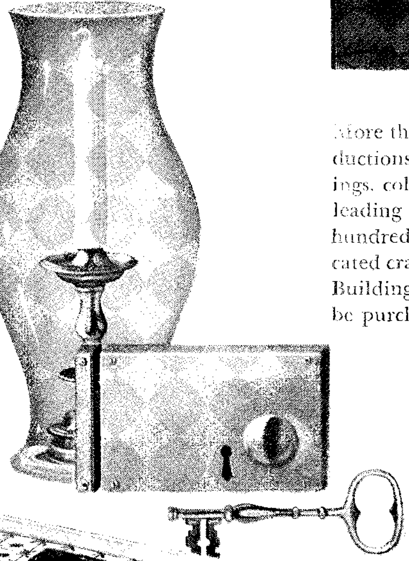
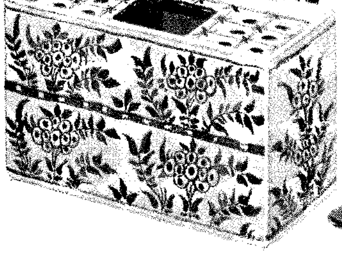
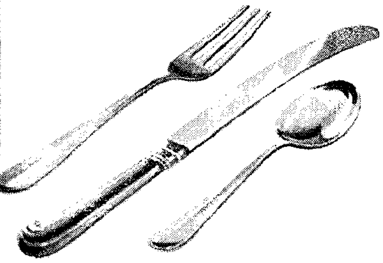
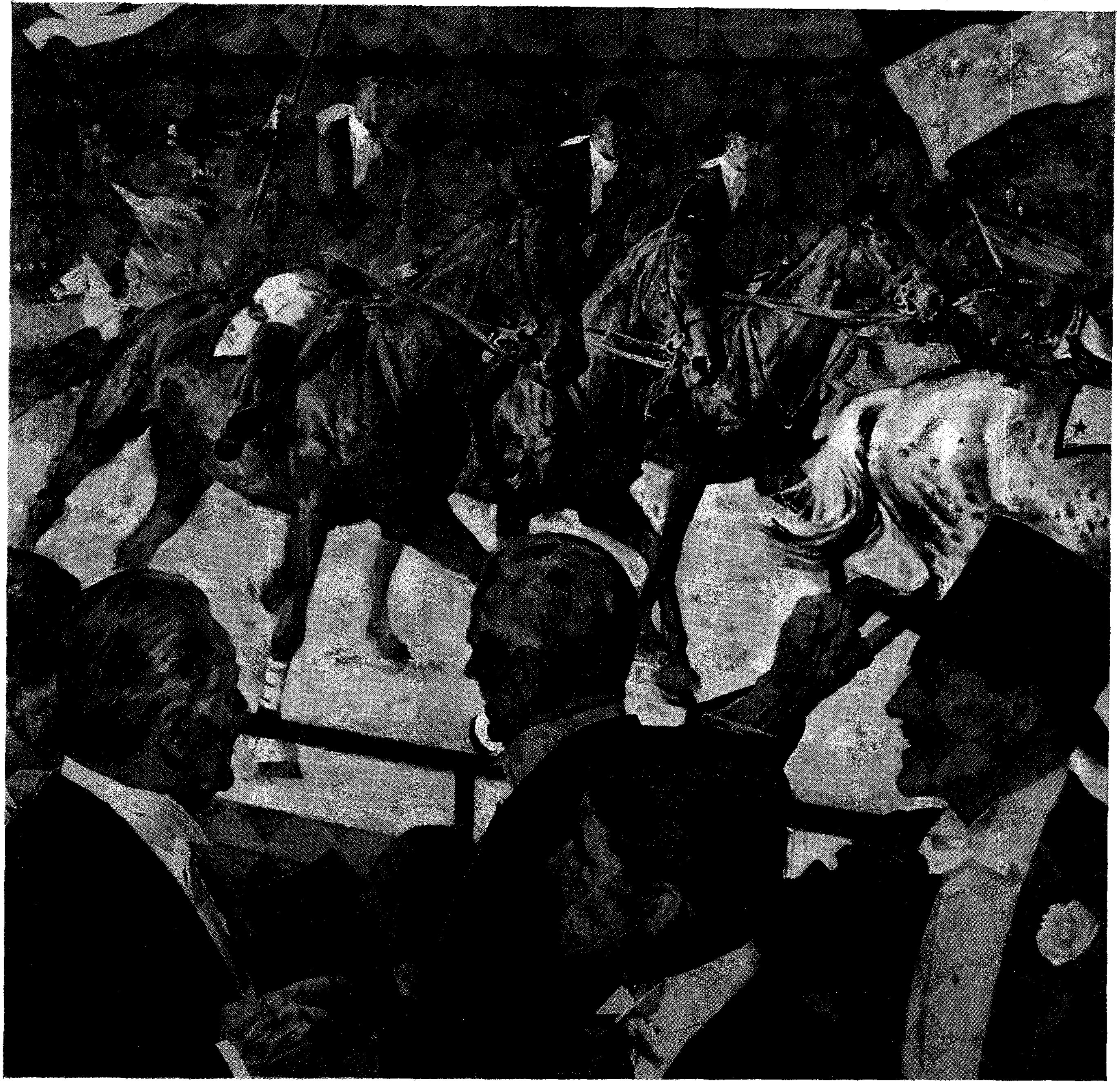






Perfect finish to The National Horse Show



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IN TAORMINA

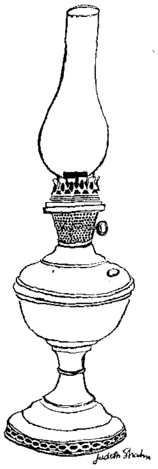
"WHAT brings Anglo-Saxons in such flocks to Italy?" asked young Mr. Fletcher, looking roguishly around the lunch table, where eight other Anglo-Saxons were stolidly eating grapes and cheese. "Some rather suspicious reasons, I think, if we look below the surface."

"Sunshine," snapped Miss Bridge, with a look of loathing at Mr. Fletcher.

"But of course," said her friend Miss Purdee. "At least, that's why we English come. We really couldn't speak for you Americans. We hear it's dreadfully warm where you come from."

Mr. Fletcher, a Fulbright scholar, lean, intense, and with an overgrown crew cut that bristled up on his head like a bit of neglected lawn, had a way of introducing intellectual questions to the unintellectual group of paying guests at Villa Briar, on the Sicilian coast, and then answering them himself. He was encouraged only by his fellow-Fulbright, Miss Grew, who now leaned forward and half opened her mouth, absorbing his words.

From the pillared portico where the paying guests sat, superintended by their pretty English landlady, Miss Briar, they looked down on the terraced gardens of Villa Briar, and on the town of Taormina, and, beyond, at a spectacular semicircle of view—the flat sea, the rough, volcanic shore, miles of almost jungly green slopes, and, far to the right, dark Mount Etna. The summer day was still and oppressive. The sun shone, but behind Etna there were clouds gathering, darker than the inconsequential wisp of smoke that curled from the smooth black cone. Occasionally, a Vespa passed on the dusty road below the villa's garden—out of sight but not of sound—or, what was more pleasant, a jingle-belled donkey cart. Swallows stirred in tidy mud nests under the portico roof, and occasionally went or came with a fast flutter of wings. When these sounds were absent and no one spoke, it was sometimes possible to hear the deep, far-off explosions inside the volcano.



"All right, Miss Bridge," Mr. Fletcher said. "For the time being, we'll take your word for it—you came for sunshine. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn! What brought you?"

"American Express," Mr. Glenn said. "But, of course, we never intended to stay so long. If Mrs. Glenn hadn't of broken her ankle, we'd be on schedule and all through with Europe by now."

Mrs. Glenn, a squarish middle-aged woman from Oneonta, New York, looked gloomily down at the plaster cast on her ankle and foot. "Of course, the view here is nice," she said. "But American Express had us routed here for one night, and I think that would be just about enough."

The Glenns' seventeen-year-old daughter, Gloria, a short, fat girl with a pretty, sulky face, who rarely paid attention to anything her mother said, now scowled darkly at her. "Well, I don't think that's a very polite thing to say, Mother." she said. "After all, Taormina is Miss Briar's *home*. She lives here. Suppose someone said to you that one night would be enough in Oneonta?"

"Miss Briar, some Little Miss Muffet has a crush on you," Mrs. Glenn said. "She just won't hear a word of criticism of anything you do."

The "Little Miss Muffet" made Gloria furious. She was wearing deep-crimson lipstick and dark glasses, and, to imitate Miss Briar's heavy blond chignon, had skewered up her hair in a bun that was rather skimpy. She also wore long filigree earrings. Little Miss Muffet! She had been idly turning a grape round and round in her fingers and holding it up to the light, where it shone purple and red; now she suddenly threw it into her finger bowl and said, "What *I* like here is Mount Etna. I wish to God it would erupt."

"Something mighty queer has come over you, Muffie, ever since we've been here," Mrs. Glenn said. "If I'd realized there was that volcano here, I'd never have come. Bad luck runs in threes, you know. I've broken my ankle, so we can expect two *other* things."

"We'd have time to leave, if anything happened," Mr. Glenn said. "Lava doesn't travel very fast."

"You saw Pompeii," Mrs. Glenn said.

Miss Briar winked at Gloria. Then she said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Glenn. How is the poor dear ankle today?"

Gloria was delighted to be winked at by Miss Briar. To be singled out from her parents—from whom, in three weeks in Taormina, she had

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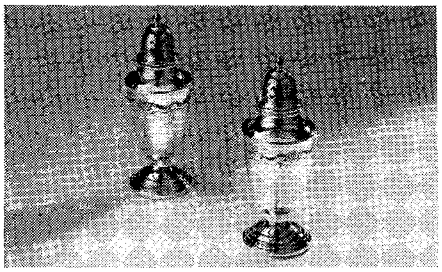

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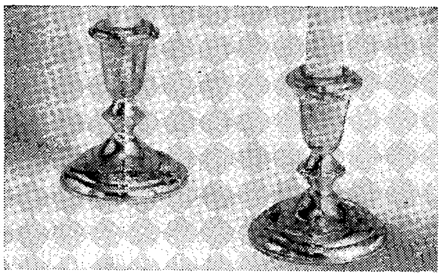

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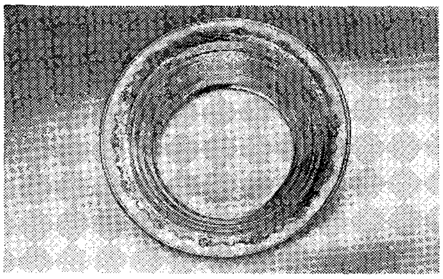

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moved, in spirit, to the moon—bolstered her new and precarious sense of separate identity. Italy was a dizzying experience. She felt the need of someone to confide it to, and the only possible person was Miss Briar, who had spent so much of her life there.

Miss Briar was "older," but far from old—it would have been hard to guess her age. A certain tightening and toughening of the skin showed that she must be at least past thirty, and a certain look of anxiety and helplessness that sometimes appeared in her deep-set violet-blue eyes showed that she was not entirely serene. But she was full of animation and charm and jokes, and even though she ran the pension casually, with not too much attention to details, most of her paying guests felt that they were enjoying themselves.

A few days before, a maid had quit, and Miss Briar had invited Gloria to assist with the housekeeping. Mrs. Glenn thought this was "nerve," and had expressed astonishment that a girl who couldn't even keep her own room picked up in Oneonta could make nine beds every morning in Sicily. But, for Gloria, being allowed to penetrate behind all the massive black doors that led into the bedrooms, and to enter a kitchen where the cooking was done in caldrons and where garlands of garlic, herbs, and cheeses festooned the upper air, was like being admitted to a movie set. Villa Briar was a seventeenth-century house, with stout walls and fragile plumbing, worn-out, valuable furniture, and a luxuriant garden from whose soil the gardener now and then extracted a Greek shard. Gloria, whose life had been spent in a split-level ranch house, liked to imagine that she really lived at the villa. She polished the delicate fruitwood furniture as if she were protecting it for her own heirs. She pulled weeds overlooked by the gardener. In the cool, shuttered library, she Scotch-taped the tattered covers of old Tauchnitzes and Penguins and righted and arranged "*Byways of Old Sicily*" (1911), "*Peter Ibbetson*," Baedeker's "*Southern Italy*," and sundry volumes of Ruskin and F. Marion Crawford.

"I'm glad you like my house," Miss Briar had said to her one day. "It's quiet now, but you should have seen the parties in the old days before the war! A shame you couldn't have come then." The way she spoke made it sound as if Gloria had been kept away by prior engagements, rather than by not having been born. Gloria had felt flattered by this, as well as by the implication that she would have been welcome at the

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parties, instead of intruding upon them as a fat, sulky, silent lump of a girl. Miss Briar had brought out photograph albums. Villa Briar, it seemed, had once belonged to Miss Briar's grandparents, a Sir Hugh and Lady Briar, whose circumstances had been opulent. Snapshots showed Sir Hugh pouring champagne at a picnic on Mount Etna; Lady Briar, in beach pajamas, waving hilariously from a yacht; Miss Briar, an exquisite girl in a pailletted evening dress and long glittery earrings, surrounded, on the villa portico, by dark and dapper young men. She was looking at them in a manner polite and amused but not reciprocal. Apparently, she had been as much troubled then as now by men falling in love with her.

Now it was Major Diller, a paying guest who was on a two-weeks leave from the United States Army Quartermaster Corps in Frankfurt. "Poor Major Diller," Miss Briar had said the evening before to Gloria. "Have you noticed the way he waits to pull out my chair? And tries to invite me to go dancing with him? Really touching." He sat beside her now, at the lunch table, where, wearing a wide hat of lacy straw and a filmy dress of pink lawn, she presided in the manner of a gracious hostess. When she lifted the coffeepot, he looked over anxiously, as if to see whether she could really handle it.

"Let me do that!" he cried, as though she had picked up a trunk.

"I'm quite used to it, thank you," she said, but she allowed his big, thick hand to rest for an instant on her pink lawn sleeve.

"If you want to know about my ankle, it's worse," Mrs. Glenn said. "Miss Briar, I have had to take your word for it that this Sicilian doctor has ever seen the inside of a medical school."

"Will you have more grapes?" Miss Briar asked briskly. In her ten years of running a pension, she had cultivated an ability not to hear complaints. Adjusting a large sunshade so that its shadow fell on the cheese, she added, "So sultry, isn't it? I do hope we'll have a shower this afternoon. These beautiful days get most frightfully dull." She fixed the Major thoughtfully with her large blue eyes. "I should enjoy a *savage* climate—like yours, perhaps, Major."

"Savage? *Minneapolis?*" the Major asked.

"Why did *you* come to Sicily, Miss Briar?" pursued Mr. Fletcher.

"I didn't exactly pick it. I inherited this house."

"You could have sold it."

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Fletcher's Paul Pry game, the Major said, "People from Minneapolis wouldn't like to hear you call it savage. But if you like wilds, Minnesota has them."

"It's quite wild here in Sicily," Miss Briar said, with her pretty laugh. "Wild and evil! There, Mr. Fletcher. That's why I stay here. Though Taormina is turning into a tourists' tea party."

"A tourist trap," put in Mrs. Glenn.

"Mother!" Gloria said.

"Sicily is History put into a bottle and thrown into the sea," Miss Grew said, remembering a line from her Fulbright thesis. "Part of the message is written in Greek, part in Arabic—"

"And part on a police blotter," Miss Briar said. "Would you believe it? I'm under the protection of the Maffia."

"What I don't see," Gloria said, in a sudden, rushing way she had, "is how you lived here all these years and never married an Italian."

"What a question, Muff-Muff," her mother said.

"She's a sweetie," Miss Briar said, clearly not minding at all. "My dear, Sicilians may not wear burnouses, but they're very much like Arabs. Their women are kept under lock and key, while the *men* . . ." She would not finish.

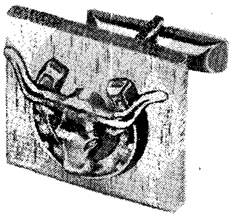
"They what?" Gloria asked.

"Oh, better not ask," Miss Briar said, and waved one hand as if to bar further questions.

GLORIA had a reason for asking. Two hours later, while the others were having siestas and while a warm, straight rain pelted down, she was standing beneath a frowzy palm tree in the garden, closely embraced by Salvatore, the proprietor of one of Taormina's embroidery shops.

"*Mio amore*," Salvatore murmured. He was wearing his best suit, a double-breasted pin stripe, and had hung a panama hat among the lower fronds of the palm tree. His dark eyes shone, he smelled agreeably of cigarettes and verbena water, and his whole five-foot-five being radiated pleasure and optimistic lust. Gloria delighted in the pleasure she was getting and giving, but managed to keep a loose grip on reality. After each kiss, she turned her face away, flushed and breathless, and made him let her go. Then, holding his hand, she would lean somewhat theatrically against the palm tree, gazing out at black Mount Etna and the silver sea. Conversation was restricted, Gloria's Italian being largely confined to phrases from a Handy Guide for Tourists

HE MAN Stuff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("Where is the railroad station?" "Please iron this dress"), and Salvatore's English to the language of the embroidery shop ("All handmade—cheap for the price"). This limitation did not trouble Gloria, who liked to listen to soft, caressing Italian as one might listen to a guitar, but Salvatore, who wished to develop the situation, strained to communicate with her.

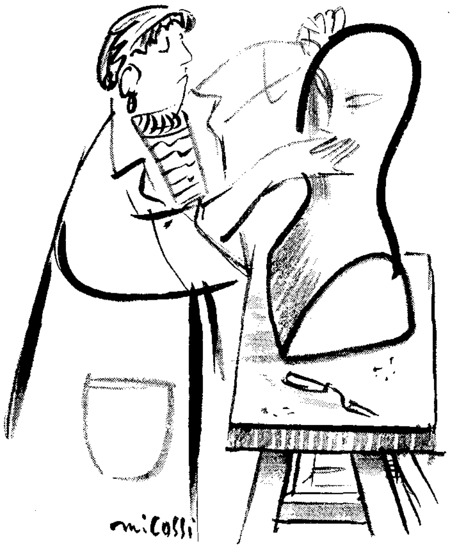
"Beautiful! You!" he said. "Without I die!" He put his hand to his heart and closed his eyes.

"Oh, don't die, Salvatore," Gloria said dreamily.

"We go to your room now?" Salvatore asked. "Here raining."

"I don't mind the rain," Gloria said, leaning her face against his damp shoulder. "I simply love standing here in the rain."

Salvatore did not like getting his suit wet, and he was puzzled as to what sort of woman he was dealing with. Gloria could not have told him; she felt that she had magically turned into a new self, with whom she was quite unfamiliar. Mrs. Glenn had been right in remarking that something had come over Gloria in Sicily. So far, what had come over her was a secret between Gloria and the Sicilians, a secret so staggering that she hardly knew what to do with it. The secret was that she was beautiful. At home, only a few short weeks before, she had been a fat and stocky adolescent, an excellent goalie on the high-school girls' hockey team; now, in Sicily, she found herself sighed after and sung to. Her wide hips were adored. A man in the street had patted them tenderly and objectively, as if he were shopping for a Christmas turkey. "*Ai, che brava,*" he commented. Salvatore, when Gloria bought a set of embroidered placemats the week before, had followed her out of his shop and all the



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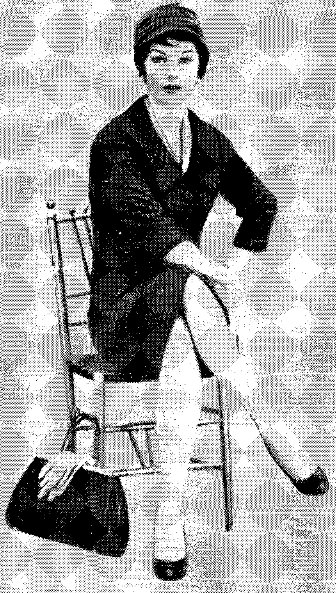

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way back to Villa Briar. After that, he had often been waiting at the gate when she went in and out, and had trailed her on a Vespa the day she and her parents went sightseeing in a carriage. At last, one day at the beach, he had pursued her into the water, amused her with a series of antic dives from an anchored dinghy, and then, with a finely balanced display of respect and passion, kissed her. Until then, Gloria had believed that a lover must first be a pal, one of the fellows, and that besides kisses there must be swimming parties and cook-outs and proms. There should also be, she had thought, a serious talk or two regarding life. Since none of these had taken place, she had felt at first shocked and then delightfully relieved; it was like living in a splendid daydream. This was their third rendezvous. While Salvatore worried about his wet suit and wondered how to seduce, or possibly even marry, Gloria, she at the moment thought no further than the delight of standing there with him in the inadequate shelter of the palm tree, with the rain falling all about them. Not far away was a tiled pool, where lotus grew and a small fountain added unnecessary moisture to the air with water that trickled from the breasts of a greenish stone naiad. The rain was loud and the fountain was loud, and it was thus not surprising that both she and Salvatore failed to notice the approach of Miss Bridge and Miss Purdee, the two Englishwomen, descending through the garden on their way to the village.

"Disgusting fountain," Miss Purdee said as they passed it. "I wouldn't have such a thing on the property."

They were taking small steps, to avoid slipping on the muddy, downhill path, and were looking chiefly at their feet. Their heads were packaged in rain hoods.

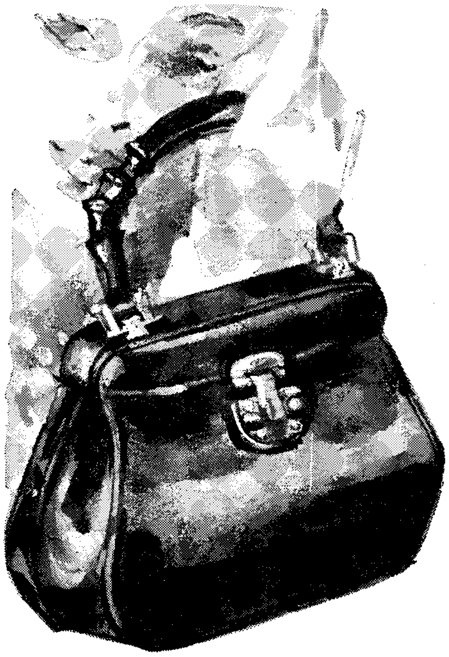
"I don't really fancy that tea place in the piazza," Miss Bridge said. "Sicilians are so noisy."

"Well, I jolly well shan't stay *here* for tea," Miss Purdee said. "These Americans are worse than the natives—we can understand what they say."

"I did hope that this would be an *English* pension," Miss Bridge said. Then she caught sight of the two figures under the palm tree, not ten feet away, and immediately tapped her friend on the arm. Gloria and Salvatore had stepped apart, but their rained-on and exuberant appearance suggested the reason for their being there.

"Hello," Gloria said, since there was no help for it.

"Bit of a downpour," Miss Bridge



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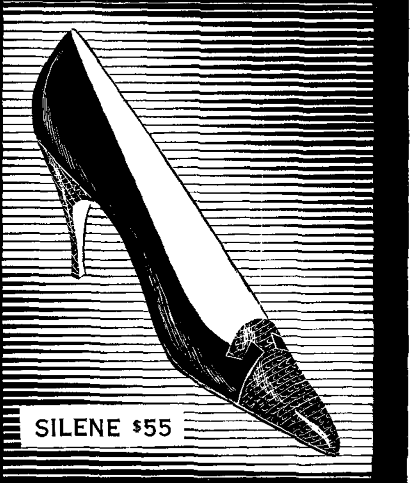

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said, in a strangled tone. The two women skated away down the path.

"Oh dear!" Gloria said when they were out of sight. "They'll tell."

Salvatore said some things, in Italian, that sounded outraged. "Why they come here?" he added, translating. "Old, cold ladies." He turned up his coat collar and made a show of shivering. Then he seized Gloria and began to kiss her again. "*In Sicilia fa calda, calda,*" he murmured.

But the spell was, for the moment, broken. "I can't stay here," Gloria said.

"*Benissimo*, we go to your room," Salvatore said.

More voices floated down the path—Miss Briar's and Major Diller's.

"Go!" Gloria said, in a sudden panic.

"Tonight I sing *serenata* for you," Salvatore said. "You hear somebody sing 'Arrivederci, Roma,' is me."

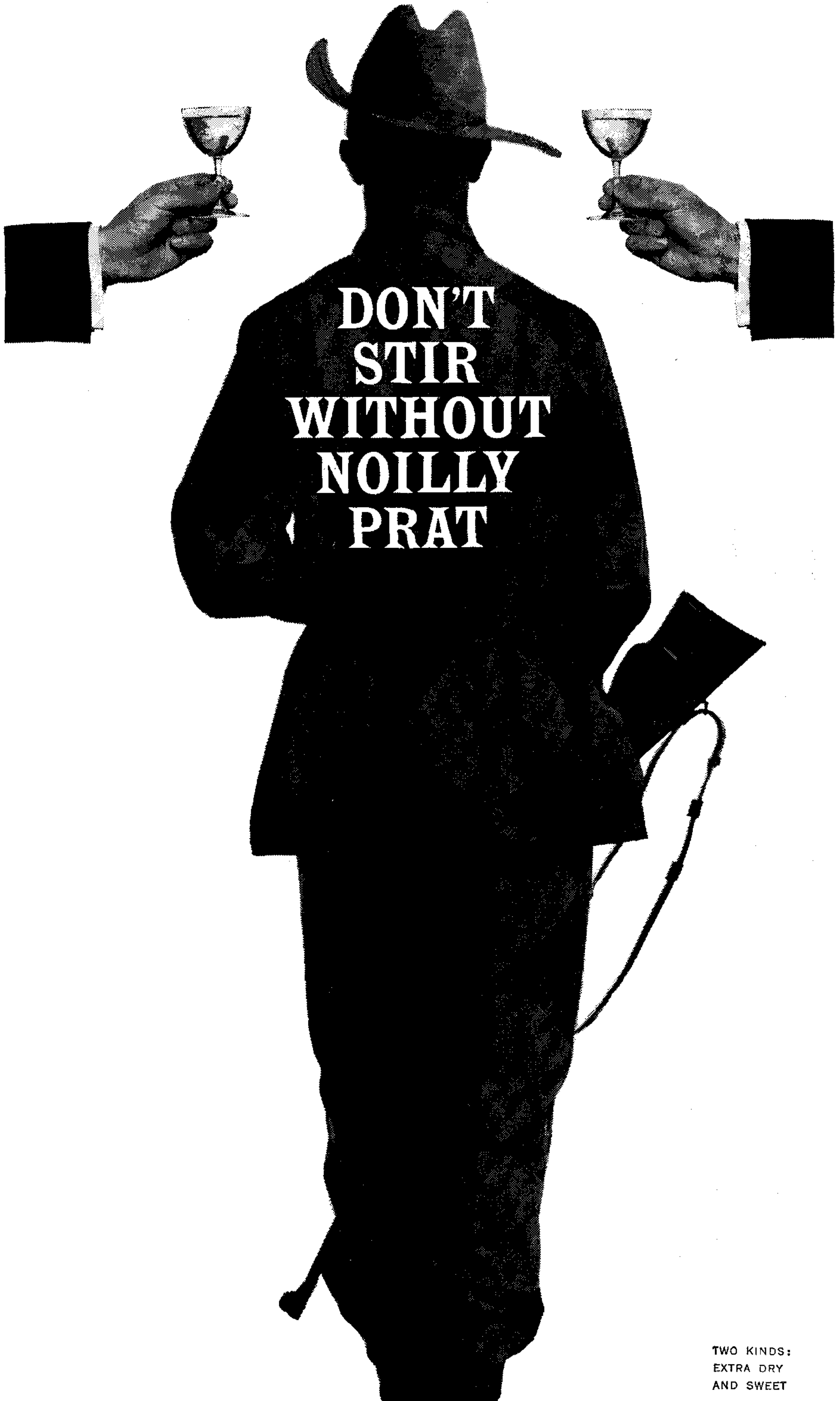
"Goodbye," Gloria said, and, tearing herself from him, bolted up the path in time to tell Miss Briar that she had just been for a little stroll in the rain.

MAJOR DILLER felt foolish carrying the umbrella that Miss Briar had handed him—a white silk one, printed with sprigs of cherries—but this was made up for by her close presence. She leaned on his arm and let him put a hand under her elbow when they came to rough places in the path. They were going into the village to look at embroidered tablecloths for the Major's mother, in Minneapolis, and to buy fresh anchovies for the evening meal at Villa Briar. The Major wore white shorts, revealing his sturdy, badly sunburned legs, and a green-and-brown sports shirt of ugly but conservative pattern. Miss Briar had done her blond hair in a new bun since lunch, carefully refreshed her makeup, and anointed herself liberally with a rather heavy perfume. It occurred to the Major to wonder whether she was always so arrayed for the fish market. He had been lying on his bed after lunch, gloomily trying to find something to read in the London *Times*, when she tapped at his open door.

"Just running into town for fish, Major," she had said. "I'll show you that embroidery shop you were asking me about, if you'd care to come along."

The Major had a room ideal for lovers, with an antique canopied bed and a balcony made private by twining bougainvillaea. To see her there, almost in the room where he had lain alone in the moonlight and thought about her, caused him pain.

"I'll just get my shoes on," he had



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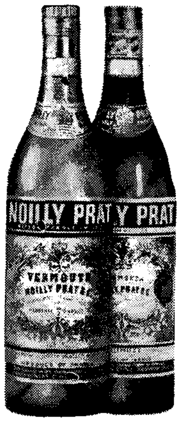

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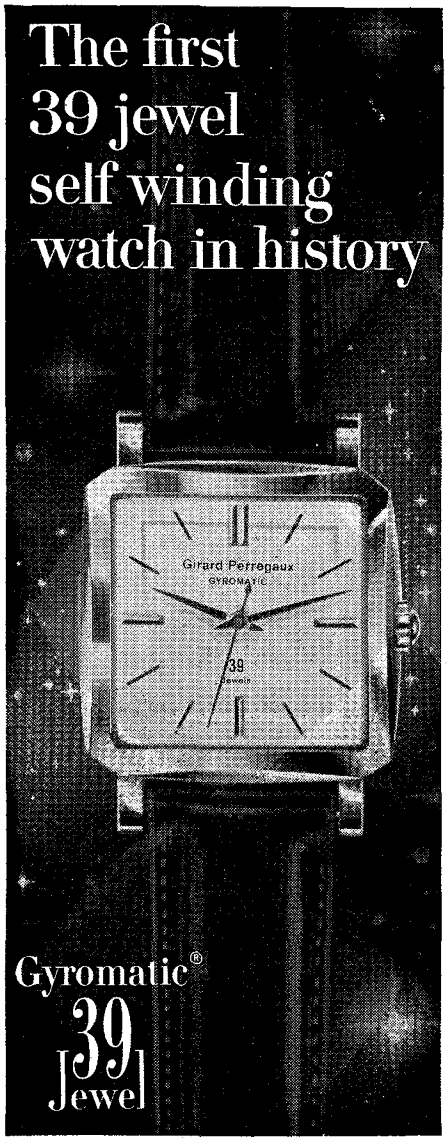

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said, and blushed because of what he was thinking.

The Major was a mild, honest, inexperienced man in his mid-thirties, very much like his mild, honest, inexperienced parents except for a strain of wanderlust that had led him to join the Regular Army. In the Quartermaster Corps, in Frankfurt, he had become outstandingly competent at issuing bedding and other household supplies to Army dependents. The time, from day to day, that he could spare away from his job he spent working out in the gym at the Officers Club, and occasionally taking a German girl to an Army-run movie theatre. He didn't want to get involved with German girls, because he was afraid he might want to marry one, as some of his colleagues had done, and he knew his mother wouldn't like it. He wanted to get married, though, and often pictured how it would be when he brought some radiant girl home to the old frame house on Indiana Avenue. The vision of Miss Briar perched on one of the dark-brown plush chairs in the parlor and accepting a hot doughnut and glass of lemonade from his mother was farfetched but had occurred to him. There was an ache in him to branch out from the expected and the circumscribed; he believed in these, but he also liked to choose for himself. This was why he now found himself in Taormina instead of at the Army Recreation Center in Berchtesgaden, where, by the grassy ruins of Nazi bunkers, he could have had an inexpensive, completely American vacation.

Side by side, the Major and Miss Briar went down the slippery path, encountered Gloria, and passed on through the gate into the road, where they came upon Salvatore, boarding his Vespa.

"This man has a good embroidery shop," Miss Briar said confidentially to Major Diller. "But his prices need watching. Of course, they all ask too much." To Salvatore, she said, in Italian, that he could expect a visit from them. Salvatore bowed and smiled elaborately. He disliked Miss Briar, because she always told her paying guests not to pay his prices. He felt that since she was in business in Taormina, running Villa Briar, she should support the local businessmen, and he got even with her by selling to her paying guests embroideries that had been made by apprentices and had faults in them. "I wonder what he was doing here, all dressed up like that, in front of my villa," Miss Briar went on. Then she looked up coquettishly at

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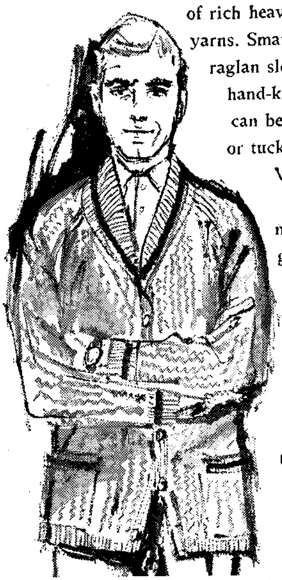


the Major. "You're good protection!" she said.

"Is he some kind of a gangster or something?" asked the Major, startled.

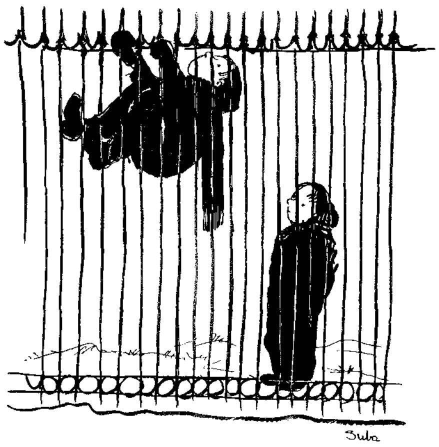
"No, but these Sicilians are terribly emotional. Sometimes they—well, hang around, bring me flowers, play me serenades. It's a frightful nuisance."

The Major thought this over. "I can understand why they would want to," he said soberly.

After he and Miss Briar had visited the embroidery shop, where Salvatore's mother brazenly showed them hundred-dollar tablecloths, and after they had acquired a soggy newspaper parcel containing four pounds of slippery silver anchovies, they sat down at a café in the piazza and ordered tea. The sky was clearing. A few tatters of cloud still wandered through the streets of Taormina, but the sea and the beaches, far below, were already in sunlight. The waiters at the al-fresco cafés cheerfully whisked their napkins over the wet tables and chairs. The old men who habitually sat on benches outside the *duomo* reappeared from the dark crannies of the town, and tourists, sedately or jauntily wearing Taormina straw hats, began their slow parade up and down the main street. Presently, the Major and Miss Briar were interrupted by Miss Bridge, who loomed up behind them. "Edith and I are just going to have tea over there," she said, pointing out Miss Purdee, who was laboriously drying two chairs with a handkerchief. "Miss Briar, we thought you ought to know—that American child is carrying on with a Sicilian, right in your garden."

"Gloria Glenn?" Miss Briar said. "What do you mean, carrying on?"

"Carrying *on*," repeated Miss Bridge. "Edith and I surprised them, standing in the pouring rain just beside that fountain. They weren't *doing* anything, but . . ." She looked as if she could, but wouldn't, say more. "Of



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"BACH," SAID THE BALD, chubby, round-faced little man, peering through his old-fashioned rimless spectacles, "has said in music everything we desire in life." And those who watched him say it on their television screens could well believe it, for they had just seen and heard the 82-year-old Pablo Casals give evidence of it in one of the most transfiguring recitals of his musical career. The occasion was the ceremony surrounding the 13th anniversary of the birth of the United Nations for which the world's greatest 'cellist had left his adopted homeland of Puerto Rico to make his first public appearance in America in 30 years. For the millions of Americans across the nation who were fortunate enough to see and hear him play and speak a few Sunday mornings ago over the CBS Television Network, it was more than an unforgettable musical experience. It was an unforgettable demonstration of television's ability to transmit the total dimensions of a great human personality.

Speaking of music and personality, you still have a treat to look forward to even if you did miss Casals. The idiom of Louis Armstrong, Hoagy Carmichael, Les Brown and Lionel Hampton is different from Bach's and in the larger sense less universal. But it still appeals to a pretty big slice of the earth's population. The fame of Armstrong and Hampton stretches across both hemispheres as the result of their triumphant tours of Europe and Asia. You can see and hear them in a great hour of jazz starting Monday night at 10 p.m., EST on the CBS Television Network together with Gene Krupa, Jane Morgan, Bob Crosby, Anita O'Day and the Chico Hamilton Quintet. Miss O'Day who was recently voted in an international poll the world's most popular jazz singer next to Ella Fitzgerald started out life as a drummer. If you watch carefully you may see her stealing the sticks from Krupa.

CBS

course, we're going to tell her parents, but perhaps they won't care—who knows what Americans care about? But we felt sure *you'd* care."

"I'm glad you told me," Miss Briar said. After Miss Bridge had gone, she leaned her face on one hand and stared absently at the passing tourists. "Oh dear," she said. "I'm not glad she told me. I do hate any kind of—of nastiness." An expression of anxiety and helplessness welled up in her eyes, the kind of expression that aroused a to-the-rescue instinct in men like Major Diller.

"Why not just forget it?" he said, putting his hand over hers. "I can't see how this is very serious, if they were just standing around getting rained on."

"Nobody can get involved with Sicilians," Miss Briar said, "except other Sicilians, who are prepared for them. They lie, throw knives, climb through windows. I have enough trouble with them just in everyday matters, like paying for protection, and keeping on the right side of the town administration. But then, when they fall in *love* . . ."

"But why do you stay here?"

"Oh, how I wish people would stop asking me that!" Miss Briar said, with an unusual show of feeling. "Because I own the villa. Because I can make a living here. Because the climate suits me."

"Because you never need to get involved with anyone?"

Miss Briar drank her tea and began to gather up her umbrella and bag.

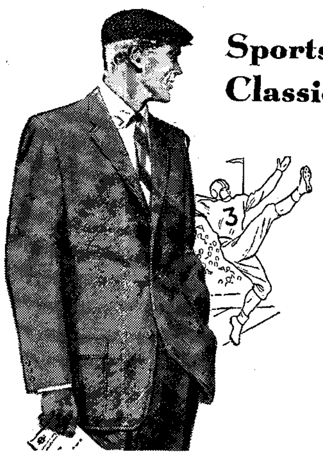
The Major saw that he had seriously displeased her, but he struggled on. "You're a darn attractive woman," he said. "Don't you ever want to get married? Aren't you—well, letting too much time go by?"

"Oh, Major, you're not suggesting I'm getting along in years, are you?" she said, mocking him. "I'll tell you a story. I saw a gypsy fortune-teller not long ago, and she said to me, 'You'll get married next year and have three children.' I said, 'Three children! But that's not possible—I'm forty-four!' The gypsy stayed calm. 'There's no question about it,' she said. 'Three children.' "

Major Diller felt himself turning red. He realized in that moment just how far he had gone with his plans, because the first thing he thought of was, My *mother* is fifty-two. He hoped Miss Briar wouldn't see how shocked he was, for he assumed it would hurt her feelings.

"You're one of the best-looking women I ever knew," he said miserably.

"Best-preserved, do you mean?"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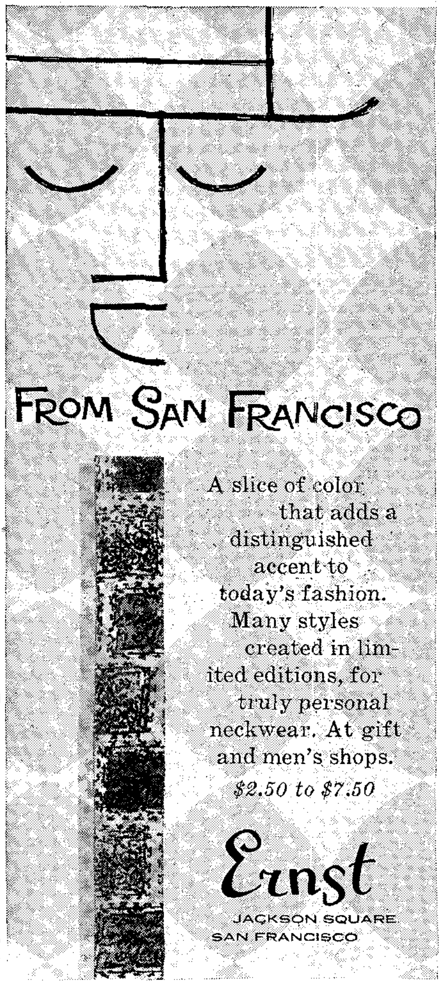
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Miss Briar said, but she said it without rancor. She seemed not to notice his confusion but only the compliment, and she gave him a flirtatious look in exchange for it. "I don't mind birthdays," she added.

"BUT I *love* Salvatore!" Gloria cried. The Major could hear her, even through the solid seventeenth-century wall that separated his room at Villa Briar from that of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn. Gloria, prostrate on her mother's bed, didn't care who heard her. She only knew that the one event of her life that meant anything was about to be over. Mrs. Glenn, dismayed to discover the character of Miss Muffet, had decreed that they would leave Taormina by the morning train, plaster cast and all.

"We should never have come abroad," she said, glaring at Mr. Glenn, whose original notion the tour had been. "Now, if we can only get home again. You know how things happen in threes."

"Nothing has *happened!*" Gloria said. "My Lord, Mother! You don't know what goes on back home."

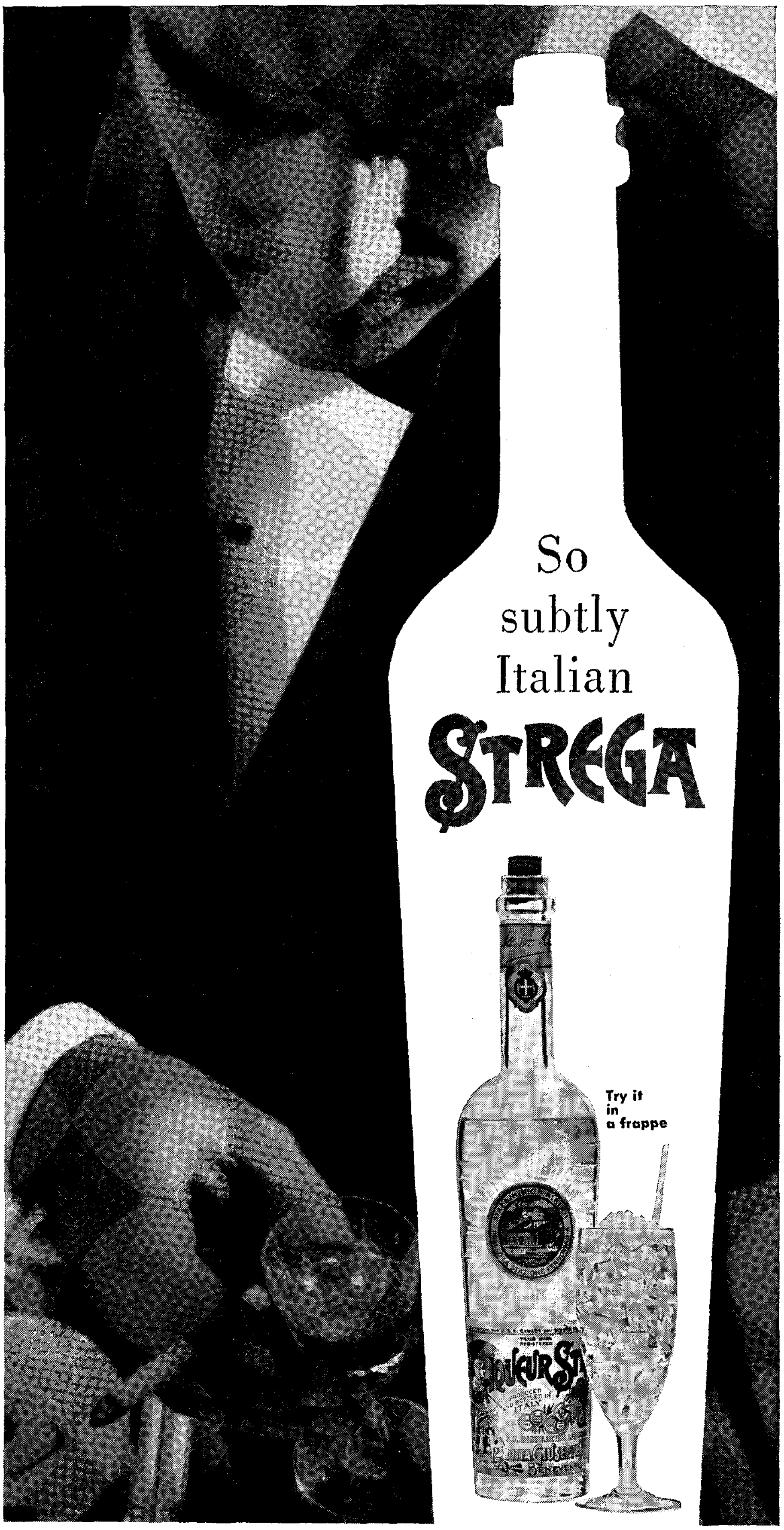
"Go and pack," Mrs. Glenn said.

Gloria went to her room and wept. Her tears dripped into her suitcase as she packed it. I am packing my tears, she thought, and it seemed appropriate, for it seemed to her that her sorrow was bound to go with her to Rome, to Genoa, eventually back to the States, and all through the wide, deserty life ahead of her.

DINNER at Villa Briar was served in the panelled dining room, under a dim crystal chandelier. The plates were Minton; Innocenza, the maid, served in a frilled apron and cap; and Miss Briar was always "dressed"—the prettiness of all this made up, in part, for the modesty of the portions. Miss Briar, tonight, wore white, with a blue silk shawl. Her golden hair, like a fairy princess's, fell loose to her shoulders.

Conversation was more desultory than usual, and toward the end of the meal Mr. Fletcher took the opportunity to elaborate his theme of the lunch table. "Why do Anglo-Saxons flock to Italy? Miss Grew and I have thought out the answer," he said. "As in so many cases, the whole question may be traced, essentially, to sex." He beamed around the table, but received only from Miss Grew an answering beam. "It's the old story of moth and flame."

"What's the story, Mr. Fletcher?" Miss Purdee asked, snarling with sar-



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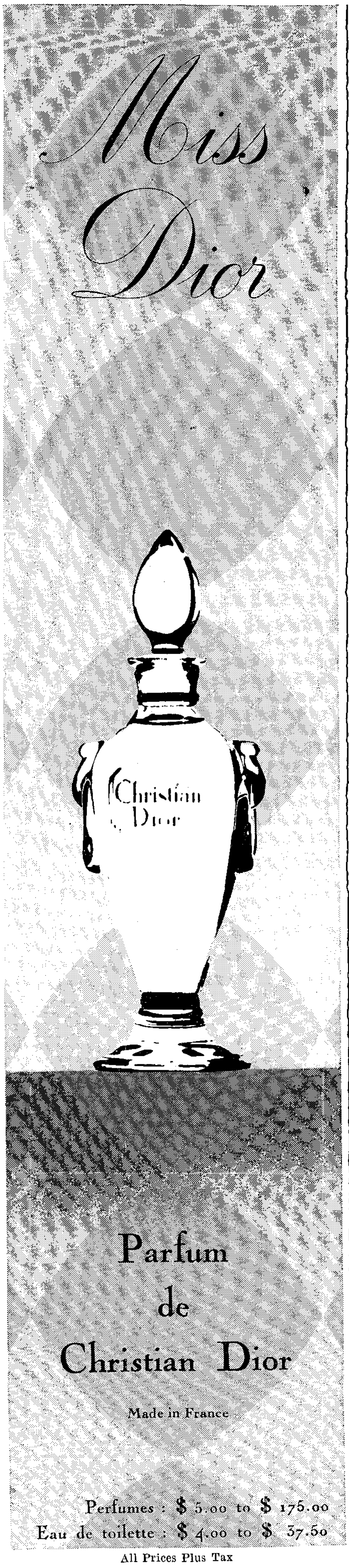

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casm. "You know so many interesting things!"

Mr. Fletcher blinked at her and then continued, looking a little hurt. "In Italy, we pale creatures of the north encounter the fire and passion that we long for but aren't capable of ourselves. It makes us uneasy and at the same time fascinates us."

He went on like this until, finally, Miss Briar said, "*Could* we clear the table, Mr. Fletcher? Dessert is zabaglione and it can't wait, you know." She turned to the Major and gave him one of her flirtatious looks. "And what are your evening plans, Major Diller?" she said.

He thought, She wants me to invite her to go dancing, so that she can say no. "I'm going to stroll around town," he said. He did not ask anyone to join him, but Mr. Fletcher said that he and Miss Grew would do so.

"We'll see if we can't find some untouristy *bistro*," Mr. Fletcher said. "Really get into the spirit of the place."

"Be careful you're not overcharged," Miss Briar said. "These untouristy *bistros* make their living by overcharging tourists. Why don't we all sit on the terrace and chat and see the moon rise?"

But after dinner the company went separate ways. Only Gloria followed Miss Briar, who walked out on the terrace and pulled a wicker chair around to face the moon, rising from the sea. The lanterns of sardine fishermen strewed the dark-silver water like fallen stars. From time to time, a deep booming, like very distant cannon, sounded from the volcano.

"Oh, Miss Briar!" Gloria said sadly. "What shall I *do*?"

"Apparently you've already done quite enough," Miss Briar said, with her high, sweet laugh. "My dear, if you're such an emotional person, be glad you're leaving, because nothing good could come of it."

Sullen with misery, Gloria said, "Can't I stay as your housekeeper?"

At that, Miss Briar laughed quite cruelly. "You don't know how lucky you are that that's impossible," she said. "To live in Sicily one needs a cool head. Otherwise one is drawn in, drawn *under*. Oh, I don't say one can't enjoy a little flirtation—I must admit *I* do. But it's necessary to hold back."

"But I don't like holding back," Gloria said. "How are you going to have a *life* if you keep holding back, Miss Briar?"

"Look, my dear," Miss Briar said, and leaned forward, no longer laughing. "What you love is not Salvatore—

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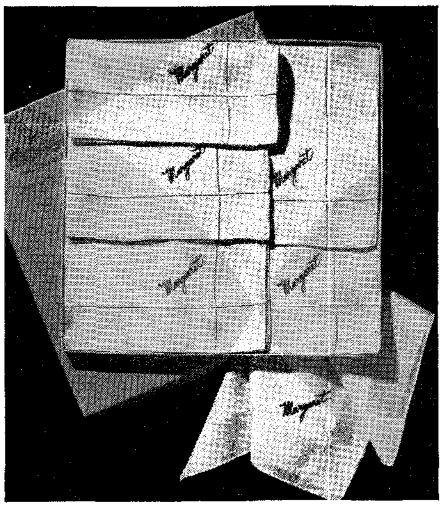

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"But don't you ever want to get *married*?" Gloria asked.

"Oh, marriage! There are always men to marry. Take the poor dear Major—I expect he went down to the piazza to drown his sorrows. Perhaps tomorrow I'll be nicer to him." She was speaking rapidly now, and with a kind of muted excitement. "I have reason to think that I may marry before long—perhaps even next year. But I'll think about that when the time comes."

Someone turned on a light in the library, and a ray of it fell sharply on Miss Briar's face. For the first time, it occurred to Gloria that she looked haggard and aging. When she smiled, there was a glint of a gold tooth that Gloria had never before noticed, and her hair hanging to her shoulders made her look more like a witch than a fairy princess. From the depths of her unhappiness, Gloria thought: Before very long, I'll be going on with my life the way it used to be—or maybe, because I have been here, better than it used to be—and Salvatore will marry one of those olive-skinned girls in the town, but Miss Briar will still be sitting here in the moonlight, alone, with her golden hair hanging down on her shoulders.

Suddenly, from the foot of the garden, came Salvatore's sturdy, rough Sicilian voice. He was singing "Arrivederci, Roma."

"Listen!" Miss Briar said, holding up a finger. "Someone is singing me a serenade."

—MARY CABLE

•

After sitting down to breakfast with Richard M. Nixon in the latter's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel suite and posing for photographers, Nelson A. Rockefeller said today that any talk of a rift between him and the Vice President is "a lot of bunk." He said he plans to spend most of his time with his daughter, Mrs. Clifton Daniel, her husband and their son before entraining for Independence, Mo., tomorrow night or Sunday.—*The Journal-American*.

Sounds like a rift to us.

•

DEARBORN, MICH.—Ford Motor Co. will run "galley proofs" of its 1959 autos.

A galley proof is taken by printers from freshly-set type to discover errors before the final printing goes to the public.

—*Chicago Daily News*.

Does it show whether the type is too long, too low, and too wide?

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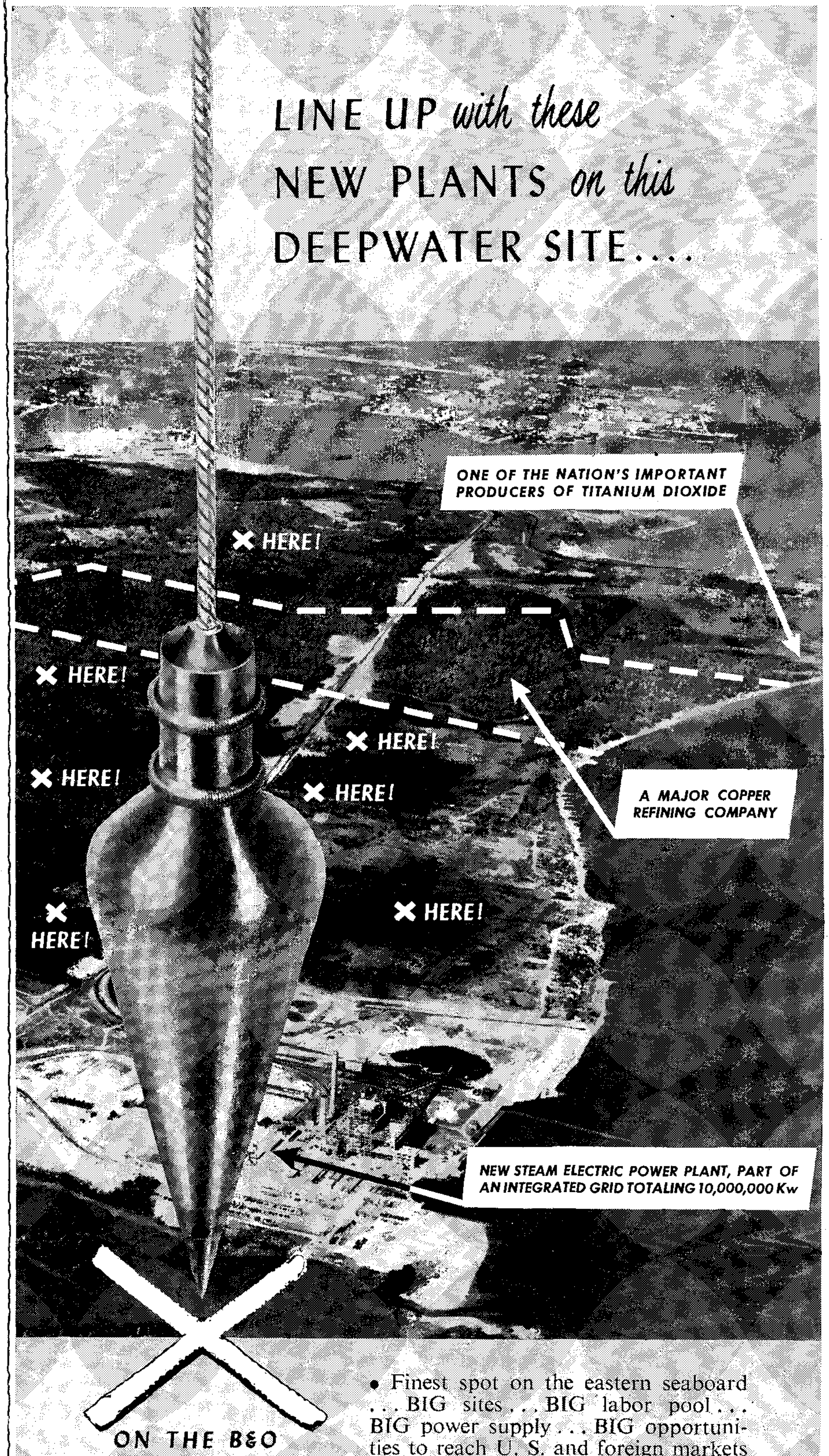
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

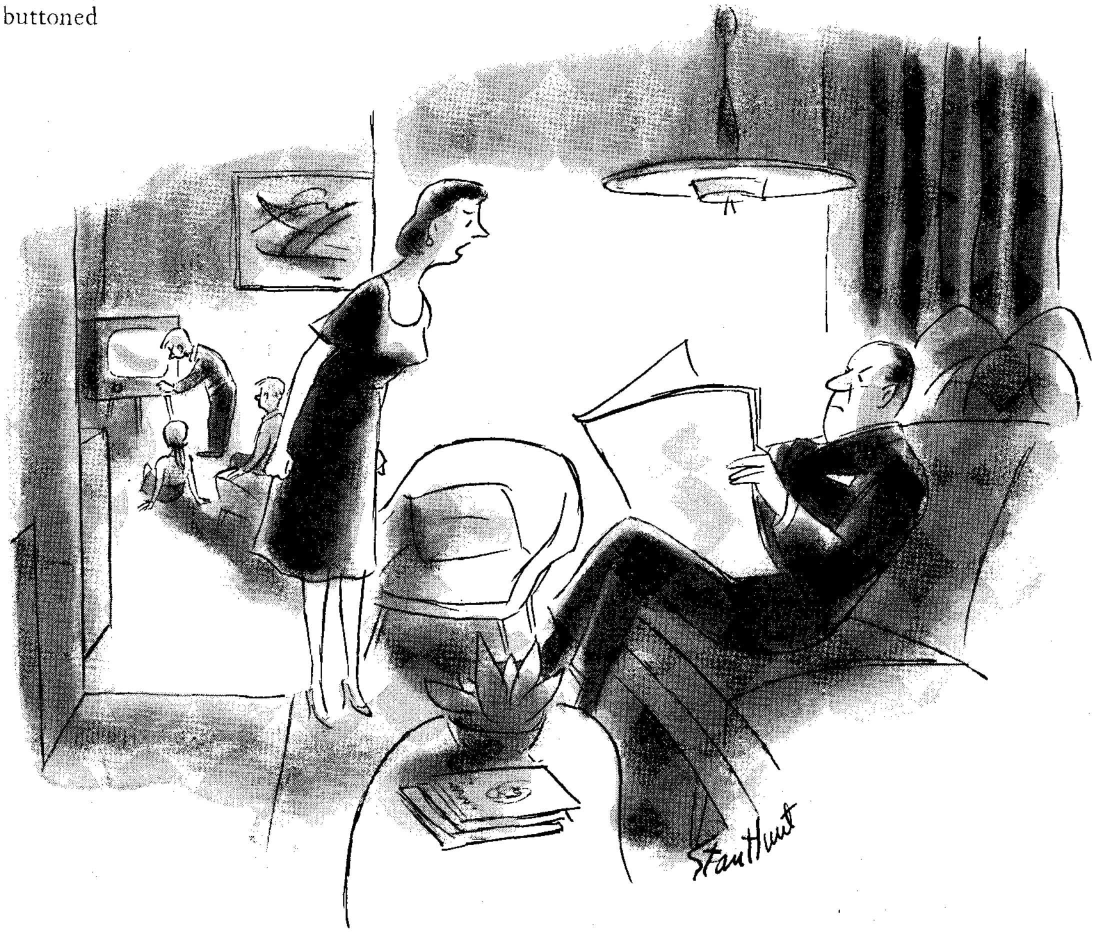
FEMININE FASHIONS

WITH my very own ears I heard it. At Maximilian, I was gasping at a longish tunic of Empress chinchilla, the lush furs worked horizontally and coming up to a wide band collar blown across the throat. "Lovely—for after-skiing," they murmured. This Auntie Mame attitude is an exaggeration, of course, but nevertheless it is true that our best designers are now treating luxurious furs in a sporty way. This helps to give a youthful look even to furs that once were in the dowager class, like black Alaska seal, Persian lamb, and Russian broadtail. Take Esther Dorothy's mid-thigh-length car coat of Autumn Haze mink—single-breasted bone buttons, patch pockets, and a deep slash up the back that can be unbuttoned and spread apart so that you don't sit on the fur when you're driving a car. Or when you're merely sitting. And take (steal, if necessary) Revillon's car coat of Emba Diadem mink (an off-white, grand-luxe mutation), with buttoned bands on the tailored sleeves and a back belt drooping low. The wide rear panel of this jaunty number can be pulled up over the belt to conceal it as evening comes on.

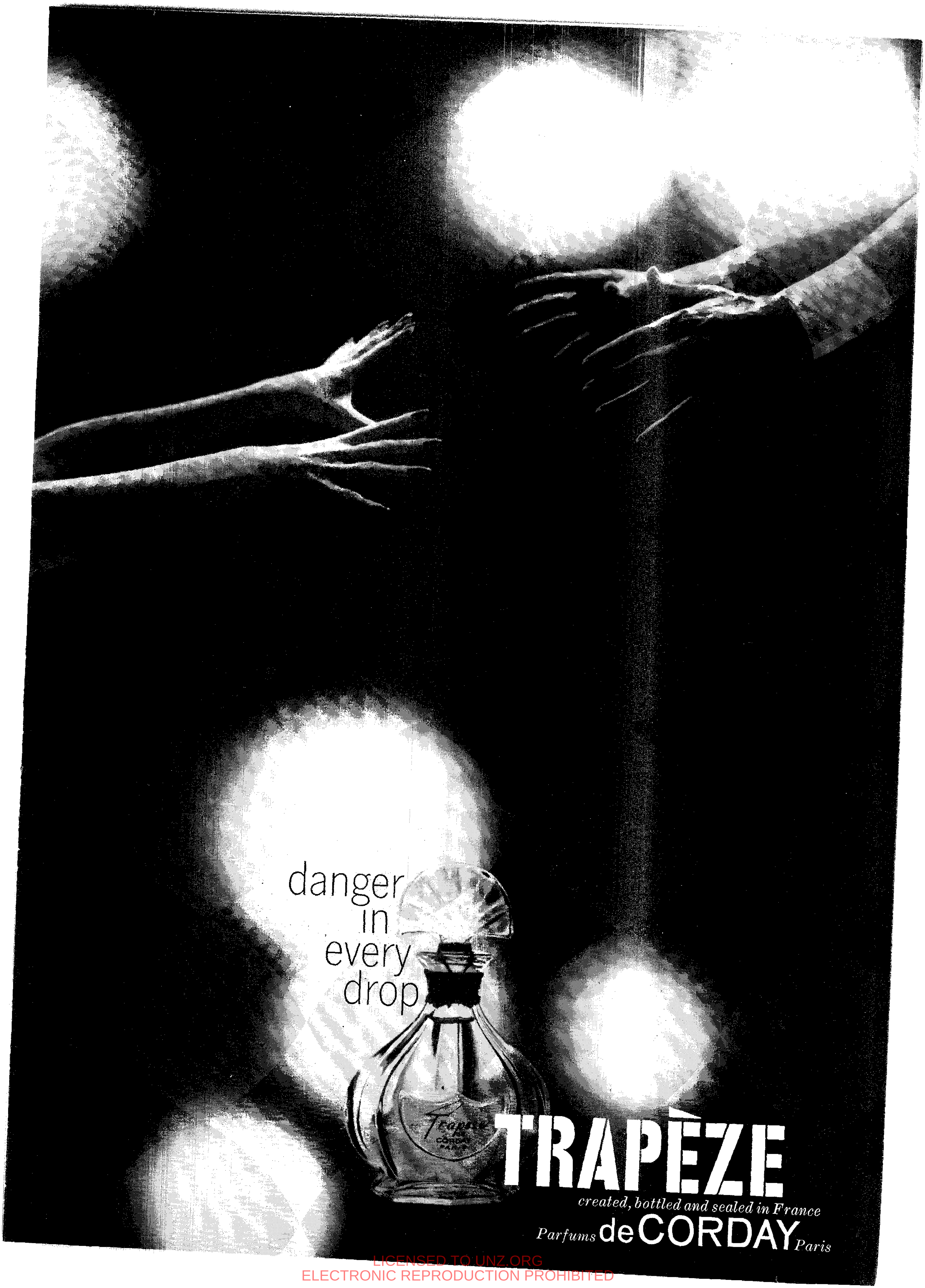
This goes to show that the most extravagant furriers are realizing that even clotheshorses want to travel light and so are looking for wraps that can be worn in different ways and for different occasions. The surpassing collection that Emeric Partos has designed for Bergdorf Goodman (all made to order) includes one evening conceit that is basically a big circle with two cuffed armholes a bit off center. One face of the circle may be of chinchilla, the other of black velvet. Worn with the arms put through in one way, it becomes a velvet (or chinchilla) waist-length jacket with an almost waist-length cape collar of, naturally, chinchilla (or velvet). Turned upside down, it becomes a jacket with a medium contrasting collar, short in front but flipping out long and low in back, in a dandified fashion. Sheer chicanery, that's what it is.

The trend toward reversible coats continues. Bergdorf teems with them, such as a Partos combination of oatmeal tweed and nutria, with the casual sash tie he favors, and such as a Partos joining of Lutetia mink with brown satin for a kimono type, the fur worked vertically in the tuxedo front and crosswise elsewhere. Some are not only reversible but fissionable; a coat of Autumn Haze mink and a coat of cream gabardine are buttoned together, one inside the other, and either can be worn separately. Maximilian keeps lining fur with fur, favoring Russian broadtail for the outside and ranch mink or chinchilla, worked horizontally, inside. One coat is lined with black Alaska seal, and absurd wool fringe edges the sharp turnover collar. Maximilian even lines Russian broadtail with Russian broadtail (this is plain silly) to produce a beautiful day-length coat that has a band, an inch and a half wide, around it just below the shoulder tips. A lovely, rippling collar rises irregularly and puffily above the band; at Maximilian the designers love upstart collars that frame the neck.

For fine detail, shirring like that on fine lingerie is applied to mink in every shop, and every shop has coats that are softly gathered on small or deep back yokes, or on high belt seams, to give width at the top and a taper below. Partos is a master of this brand of daintiness, and he also goes in for fan pleating, to persuade the backs of coats to swirl out. A handsome full-length Partos coat of Russian broadtail has such pleating, which gives it the look of a domino, and he uses the pleating on mink as well. The artful Alfred Rainer uses fan effects on Russian broadtail, too; his effort is a below-hip jacket with fan tucks swinging down the back, and he puts a bow under its typical Rainer collar—high across the front and curling up at the sides like a lily. Hattie Carnegie employs a mysterious technique called "cabochon" on a full-length coat of Autumn Haze mink. It starts to



"Jim, you must stop referring to the children as personnel."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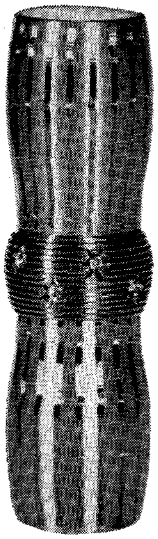

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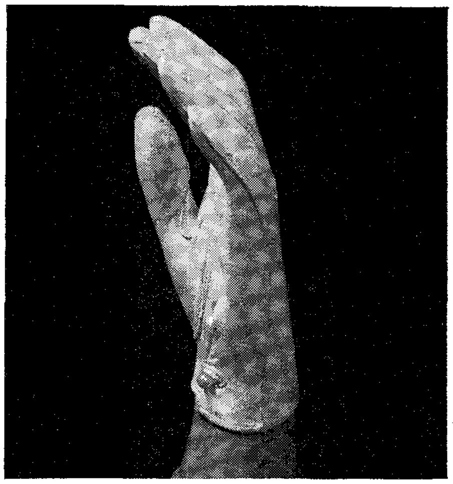
taper a foot above the hem, for the skins are made to shrink together in a pseudo-harem effect. The establishment claims that it can release this apparent shrinkage when you tire of the result. All the Carnegie fur coats are, by the way, turned under at the hem for softness.

More spectacular stunts include diagonal workings of precious furs so that the stripes wrap around you as they do on a barber pole. Esther Dorothy and Gunther Jaeckel use the very darkest ranch-mink skins for full-length coats of this sort; Stein & Blaine applies the treatment to the Russian broadtail of a slim, straight coat with a crushed, irregular collar rearing up at the sides.

Mink is still tops everywhere in town, and so many are the mutations that I won't attempt to diagnose them. There are natural ranch minks so dark and glossy you can hardly believe it, but go to a good house; Bad Men have a mean habit of blending these furs. There are also very light mutations suitable for North-South commuters, ranging from pale beige and pale gray to off-white. The latest (and rarest) of these is Arcturus, which is the color of Devonshire cream or of sunlight through smog. Sophie, of Saks Fifth Avenue, has done a full-length coat of it that swings wide in back, and her favorite collar—a one-skin-wide ascot that can be knotted or thrown around the throat like a casual scarf—is the only distraction. In between the very light and the very dark are two stalwart variations that I've already touched on—Autumn Haze, which is a warm, rich tan, and Lutetia, a dark blue-gray that I have rechristened Industrial Haze.

Rarities and Revivals: Gunther Jaeckel's full-length coat of Russian lynx (which is blonder than Canadian) has long scarf ends at the neck. Gunther says that petite customers who resist deep-piled fur have indicated an interest in black Persian lamb for walking-length coats with chinchilla behind the revers, as well as for slender full-length coats with ranch-mink shawl collars and (I loved this) a suit involving a straight skirt and a jacket with a high-waisted fold across the front and a deeply bloused back. I'm told they're willing to sell the jacket without the skirt. At Revillon, there are lots of ready-to-wear things made by Revillon in Paris. Among them are charming capelets and coats of white Russian ermine. (Russian broadtail and sable get to the United States in droves, but Russian lynx and ermine have a tougher time of it.) There is also a jacket of white



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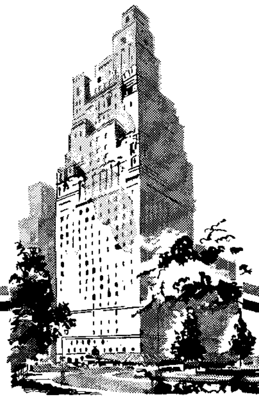

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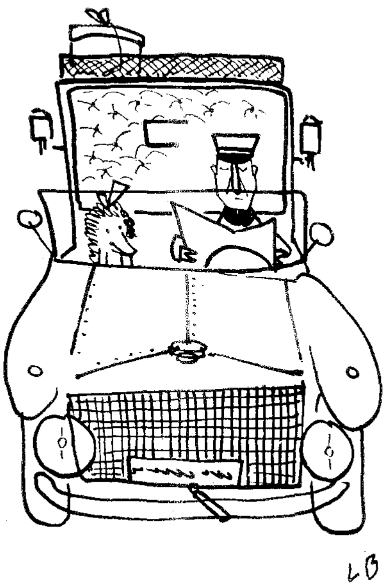
Russian broadtail with a sable collar. The incongruous full peasant sleeves are gathered in a bit where they end, below the elbows. Revillon has revived gray squirrel in a full-length tailored coat, all horizontal zigzags and lined with white squirrel bellies. Another Revillon coat is pure jazzbo—nothing but black monkey fur dipping from a collar as high as the ears all the way to a very short hemline. These last two go for around a thousand dollars a copy, tax included. For that matter, every price that turns up here is arranged the same way.

The revival I like best, though, is Bonwit Teller's plunge for Australian possum, a thick, soft gray fur, which makes a bunchy hip-length jacket (ready-to-wear) for $764.50. Bonwit's topcoat of charcoal silk-and-wool gets a possum collar (permanent) and a possum lining (buttoned-in). This looks as pert and tailored as chinchilla looks regal. Georges Kaplan uses fisher, treated to get the yellowy tone out of it and make it resemble sable, for the big, fluffy collar on a tapered wrap-around coat of black Alaska seal and for a three-skin capelet that narrows to a brown velvet bow at the closing in front. For high style and oddity both, Kaplan resorts to guanaco (of the llama family), which is lightweight, wears forever (I know, for I've worn it), and has a deep pile. Its hue is a reddish brown. A three-quarter coat of it with a self shawl collar sets one back only $434.

Other novelty furs treated in the grand manner but costing reasonably little are around, too. Spotted cat from the Argentine has moved to the right side of the tracks near its cousins the ocelot and the scarce and haughty Somali leopard, and it's already a country



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and campus pet. Gunther Jaeckel puts this into a $764.50 greatcoat, to say nothing of walking coats and jackets, at a lower price, that have collars of badger or beaver. Gunther is also responsible for His and Her car coats of handsome dark raccoon, at $324.50 a throw. The men's are double-breasted and lined with striped cotton; the women's, which have pea-jacket pockets, are single-breasted and lined with tartan cotton. Next comes Lammoiré, an American broadtail, usually in black. Hattie Carnegie has always had a habit of using it for trim little suit-type jackets and boleros; Bendel owns a full-length coat of it that is femininity rampant, cut slightly snug to the upper part of the body and trimmed with a tiny collar of black mink and a satin bow that indicates an Empire waistline. Below the bow it swings out down to the hem. The lining, of black satin, is adorned with red tassels, and the price is $869. At Bendel is the only tigerskin jacket I've seen, with a high surplice closing and something of a flare at the hem, which is mid-hip length; $693. Old Nassau never saw such a tiger rag. At Bonwit Teller there is black-dyed Argentine pony, sleek and looking like a slightly ruffled broadtail. This goes into the making of a slim-as-a-pencil coat with a shawl collar of Norwegian blue fox; $544.50, and just terrific.

The season brings novelty in color, too, and Esther Dorothy, as always, is taking full advantage with, for one, Lammoiré. Dyed a brilliant jade green, and with a mink collar dyed to match, it makes a sort of mandarin coat in three-quarter length; dyed orange red, it makes another mandarin coat, whose huge sleeves, lined with black velvet, can be turned up nearly to the shoulders for evening. Dorothy dyes nutria reseda green to make a simple full-length coat with an inverted "action" pleat down each side of the back (for breadth) and a resultant taper to the hem. Irreverently, she dyes Russian sable a navy blue (or gray, or whatever) for a stole, three skins wide, that cups the elbows and then flares below. Bonwit Teller is also enthusiastic about such frankly dyed furs, mostly sheared beaver, which appears in Parma violet, red, blush pink—oh, you name it. A one-round knockout is a red full-length cape coat, collarless in front, with a box pleat going up over each shoulder to make a collar fold across the back. Other coats, with sleeves, are walking length or full length, the latter with a detachable self belt across the stomach and a wide, wide back. Bonwit's Persian lamb, dyed a

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very fine mocha, looks especially well in a hip-length, double-breasted jacket with a collar of Autumn Haze.

Sometimes the job of staring at furs can be complete adventure. I've never in my life seen so many glorious ones made malleable by expert hands, so other salient points glimpsed during my recent tour must really be chosen at random. Most of the stuff is custom-made, so better hurry up with the Christmas hinting. Shop by shop, here they are:

PARTOS (at Bergdorf, naturally) was honored, or maybe Brussels was, by having eight of his designs on exhibition at the Brussels Fair. He plumps for wide belts of fur, suède, or crushed fabric, even with heavy pelts like Alaska seal. They sometimes appear only across the front, sometimes all around, and they're sometimes set in and sometimes detachable. Usually they rest at the normal waistline, but they *can* rise five or six inches above it. The corselet treatment is another of his delights; the set-in corselet in a dress coat of black Russian broadtail is piped with black velvet at the top, which is right under the bust, and at the waist, a natural one. A wrapped cocoon coat needs no such tricks; it's just skins of female wild Canadian mink with the hair going upward, to give a look of extra depth. For evening, there's a waist-length, short-sleeved coat of Ivory mink, a new Emba mutation. A huge fold of the fur can be knotted around the neck or serve as a hood, beneath which a little tie shows up.

ONE more place where the darkest natural ranch mink holds court is, of course, Maximilian. A full-length coat of this fur, worked horizontally and shirred a bit below a low back yoke, looks bulky but weighs in at only four and a quarter pounds. Another ranch mink sports the uprising, puffy, irregular collar that Maximilian does so expertly; a velvet bow fastens it at one side. Jackets of Russian broadtail may have white Jasmine mink frothing inside the upward-rippling collars, or else the lining (ranch mink) emerges there and spills over the edges. For hostess occasions or for full evenings (even basketball games, maybe), Maximilian does tunics of from mid-thigh to knee length. One is of Empress chinchilla, worked horizontally down to the waist and vertically below. Many are of brocade, with deep side slits for an Oriental look, and are lined with black-dyed ermine, sable, or whatever. Among the

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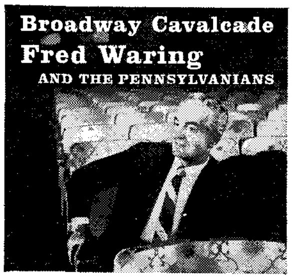

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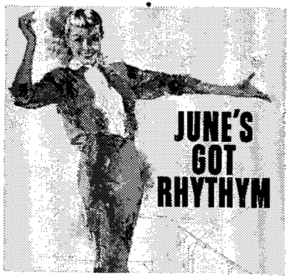

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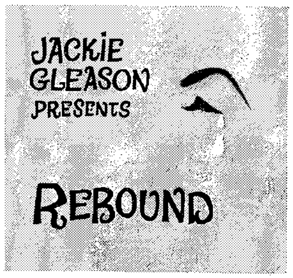

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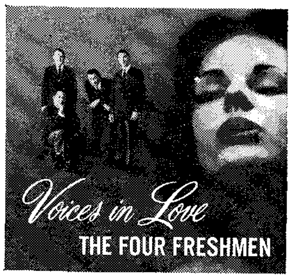

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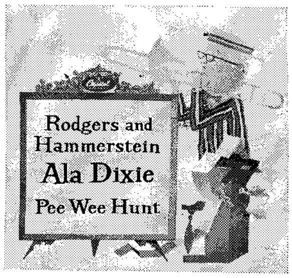

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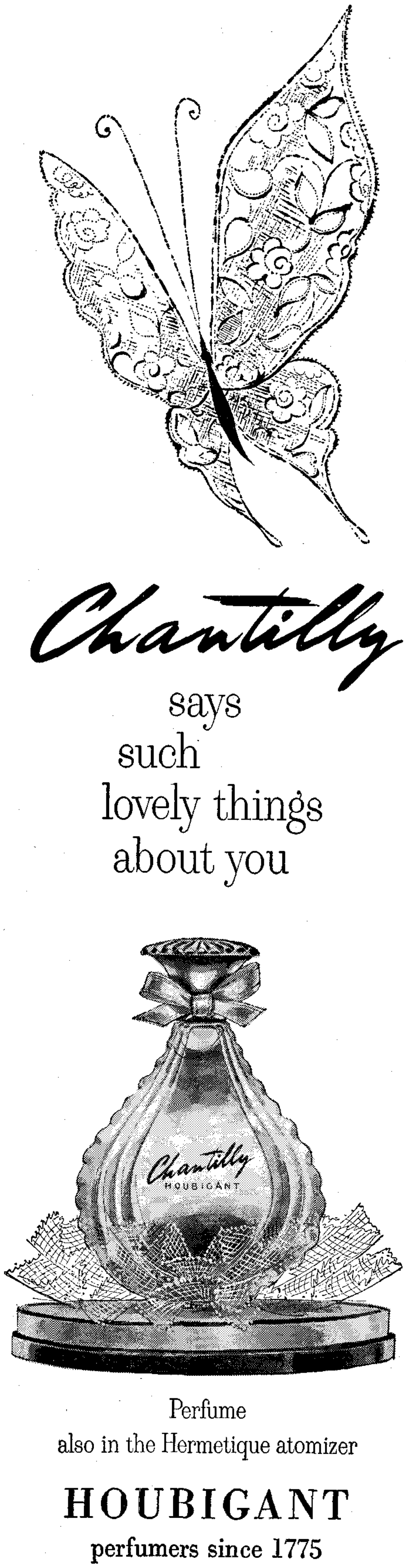

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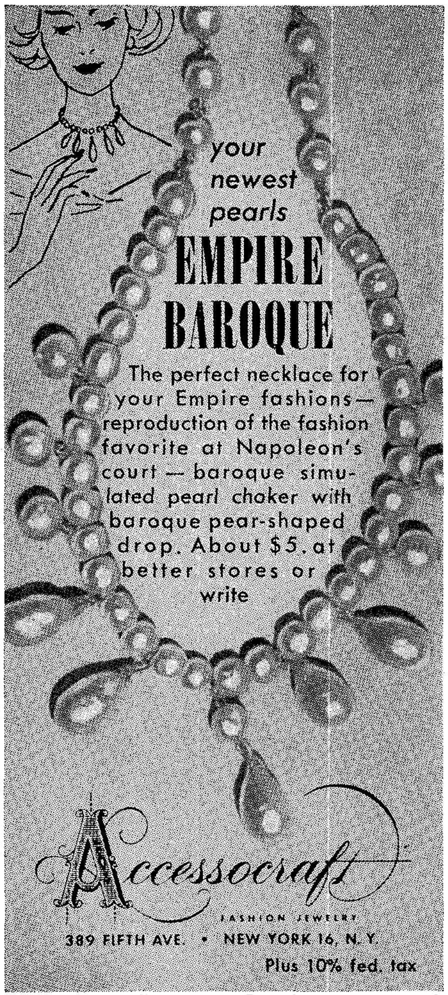
smaller evening furs, Tourmaline mink (pale honey) is in the first rank, making, among other things, a handkerchief stole to be worn with its deep, irregular point down the back and a casual knot on one shoulder.

HATTIE CARNEGIE's choice coat line is an easy, modified trapeze—faintly fitted at the top, a high waistline indicated merely by a lap seam or a satin bow under the bust, and an easy flare below. The back is usually straight and flat. Versions are done in Russian broadtail, mink, Alaska seal, and so on and on. Superlatively fashionable is a dress coat of Russian broadtail with a plain buttoned front. Sharp fins jut out into an inverted V below the waist in back to achieve a tremendous flare. In Carnegie jackets, deep, bloused backs are the rule, and they're sometimes pulled in at the hips in the cabochon manner I was talking about. For novelty, all Carnegie's New York-Florida shuttlers like to wear a de-luxe polo coat made of the sides of pale Diadem mink. With tailored revers, low patch pockets, and buttons of simulated leather down the front, it adds up to $825. And there are blazers, too, of red, blue, or black mole piped with matching grosgrain, for $325.

AT Alfred Rainer, you'll see Kitovi fur seal dyed the deep prune that blends with blue, brown, or black costumes. A big topcoat of it, with a collar and facing of Lutetia mink, is wide at the top and tapers slightly below. Somali leopard appears in a greatcoat with large black buttons and a prim collar. That sleek, rain-shedding river otter whose first sponsor was Alfred Rainer remains his true love. A brand-new cut for this dark-brown fur is visible in a collarless coat of smock persuasion, with piping of brown felt across the top and around the upper arms. A ring of ranch mink, sixteen inches wide and lined with felt, may be dropped over the head to make a vast crushed collar or a hood. It can also serve as a muff, though not around the neck. The ring is $550, or $440 in leopard. Black Persian makes an Empire coat with a small satin bow at the neck. It's semifitted through the upper part of the body and swings out easily below. The top skin of a stole of Empress chinchilla that is three skins high is not attached along its lower edge and is lined to produce a collar effect. In the line of novelty, there is a collar of black mink to wear with all plain necks when you want to dress them up. It's two skins wide, and it can be hooked



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SOPHIE, at Saks Fifth Avenue, has a real knack with bleached river otter. One smashing sports coat has high revers, and big pearl buttons go down the front. A forward fold from one side sees to it that only half of each button shows, and there's a separate Haze-mink ascot. Charcoal chinchilla (the darkest skins I've seen this season) makes an evening shoulder cape with the skins worked horizontally on a chiffon backing. Then comes more Russian broadtail, in a fitted redingote (and how good it looks) that is small-waisted but flares in the skirt. It's entirely hand-sewn (just *try* and find a seam), with a lavish crossed shawl collar of chinchilla going down to the waist. Russian broadtail additionally makes an exceptional short jacket that is suitable for both slim and bouffant evening dresses. This has a foolish little self bow at the back of the neck, and the collar, like most of Sophie's, can be adjusted in many ways and worn either huddled or well off your bare shoulders.

AT Esther Dorothy, baby Somali leopard is the basis of a walking-length coat with a Russian-lynx shawl collar. This, like many of her three-quarter or long coats, has *small* buttons, closely spaced, and small buttonholes, all the way down the front. For extravaganza, there's a sheath dress of black Russian broadtail coming up just above the breast; lace veils the upper part of the body and makes short sleeves. With it goes a box jacket for dressy daytime and a bolero with a chinchilla shawl collar for important evenings. Dorothy has several bits of mink, in pale shades, to be kept on at dinner, when they make an effective picture across a table (and Southern patios can

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be mighty chilly). A small, squared-off separate cape collar of mink has a double loop at one side that pulls through itself to make a bow and secures the thing firmly; others are little bosom-length boleros with cuffs as an apology for sleeves.

MINK had been dancing before my eyes for some time before I reached Gunther Jaeckel, but a couple there still managed to stand out. One of the many shadings of Autumn Haze makes a full-length coat with shirring along its high yoke and a low waistline in back. The skins are worked horizontally. And my eyes lit up at the sight of a jacket shown in fur of the same mutation. The skins are worked up and down in front and horizontal across the back and sleeves, which gives the thing a lovely rounded look. The collar is unusual—a scarf, one skin wide, that can tie, or drape, or slide through slits just inside the closing of the jacket at each side for a double-closing look. Exceptionally youthful use is made of Russian broadtail here. One coat has the characteristic Gunther tapered sleeves, a hint of a high waist, and an outward trapeze swing. The sash belt can tie under the pointed collar, or go around the waist, or simply be left at home. Another coat has chinchilla coming around the back of the neck and descending, heart-shaped, in front. This is a huddled coat, cupped under behind.

AT Bendel, that rare Arcturus mink fashions a deep, bloused, enveloping short cape with a very broad back that ends at a low belt. It's caught in under the elbows, and the short tuxedo front has little pockets to keep hands as well as elbows warm. Bleached river otter is dealt with in a regal way, as in a long coat with a mink shawl collar and a straight front. The back has an extra-wide box pleat that is caught in under each buttock by a sharp taper below. Tourmaline mink makes a bed-jacket evening capelet with a bow high on the chest and a collar arching upward and outward well above the tips of the shoulders—a favorite device here.

A REVERSIBLE coat at Georges Kaplan combines the darkest possible ranch mink with brocade. When the brocade is worn outside, the mink makes a long tuxedo front and the collar (the mink collar is *lined* with mink, see?). Upside-down workings of the skins grace a coat of this mink that has set-in sleeves (they look wonderful for

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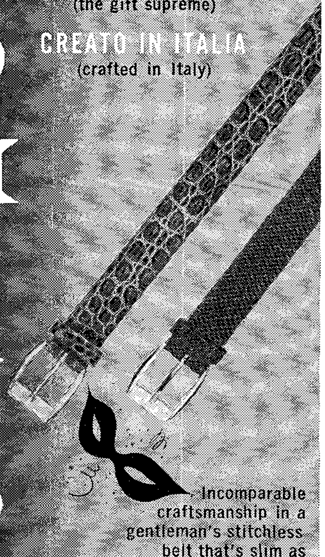

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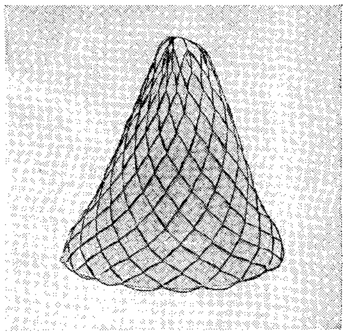
a change) and different cuff-link buttons to dress it down for day or up for evening. Empress chinchilla is used for a full-length coat with that up-and-down tuxedo front and round-and-round treatment elsewhere. For fun: a little black Lammoiré suit, at $995, with black mink making the collar of the short-waisted jacket *and* the hem of the straight skirt, and a reversible cardigan, a big hit even at $850, of Lammoiré and nutria, hip length and swinging out in back. The furs are dyed Parma violet, electric blue, and so on.

FOR utter posh, it would be hard to beat the Russian-broadtail chesterfield at Bonwit Teller—neat set-in sleeves and a masculine shawl collar of black mink—or a black mink jacket, which can also be made up in mutations. The skins are worked vertically in front and horizontally across the back. Reversible fur-lined coats with detachable linings are here as well, at a merciful price. A cerise satin shell is lined with white mink paws; Autumn Haze mink gills with white streaks in them line another shell, which can be in any color, for $544.50. And here, as elsewhere, is a two-fur sable ascot, thirty-eight inches long, with rounded ends and with clamps under each end to clip the ascot to lapels or necklines, so that it can be draped in a dozen well-anchored ways; $181.50.

STEIN & BLAINE likes coats with a very wide panel down the back, caught in at each side below the hips to make a deep blouse, and an emaciated look at the hem. This technique is used in a beautiful coat of Somali leopard boasting notched lapels and in a coat of beige river otter with a mink collar. Around the campfire, it would be nice to own a hip-length jacket of sable with a vast choir-boy collar.

JEAN HERMÈ's designs for Soleta Furs (at 150 West 30th Street, and, despite the address, retail, making up luxury furs to order) include an opulent coat of extremely dark ranch mink with a great shawl collar that can be turned backward on itself to make a deep tuxedo band down each side. A coat of the same mink (but female skins), this time for small women, has a loop that goes down the outside of the sleeve and then turns into a cuff that curves up on the inner side of the sleeve. Tourmaline and Azurene pale mink makes little jackets with rounded backs and tuxedo fronts, and sling capes of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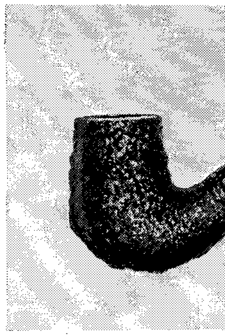
BRIER PIPE BY
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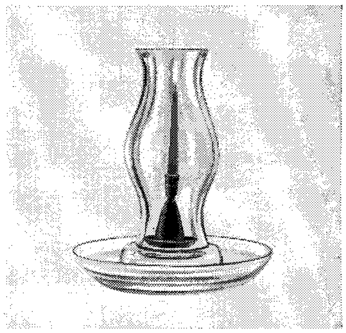
HURRICANE LAMP
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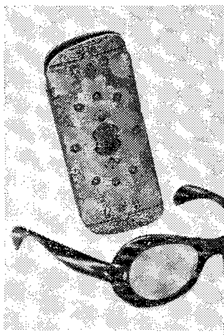
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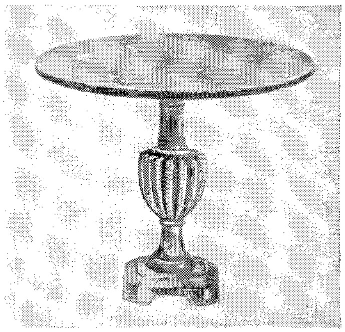
TABLE BY
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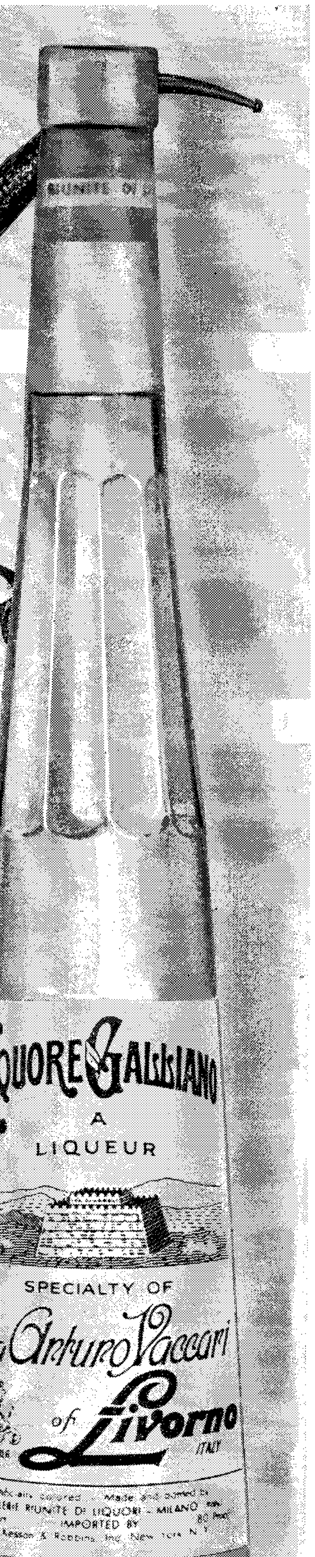

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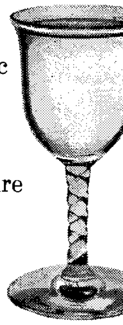

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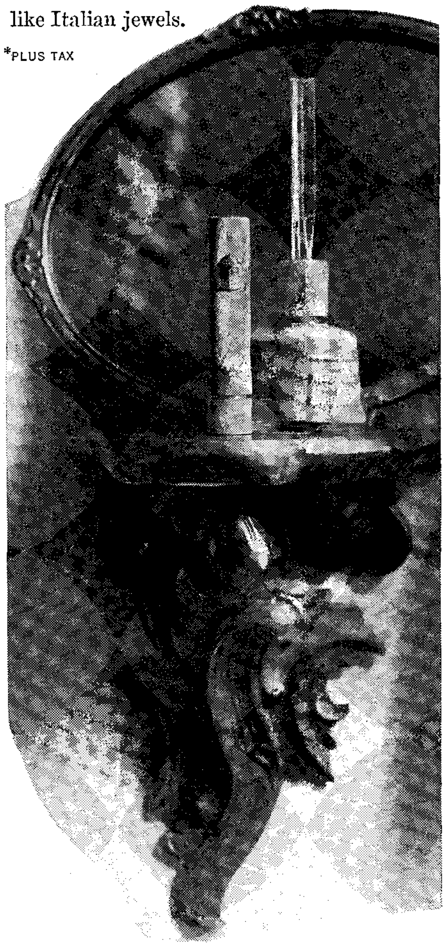

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•

WHAT THE EARTH ASKED ME

Why did you kiss the girl who cried
For lovers through her lonely mind,
Homely as sin and sick of pride?

In pity for my kind.

What good will pity do the lost
Who flutter in the driven wind,
Wild for the body, ghost on ghost?

No good, no good to me.

Why did you hammer with your fist
That beetle on the window blind,
Withered in summer's holocaust?

In pity for my kind.

What good will pity do the found
Who flutter in the driven wind,
Wild to be ghosts below the ground?

No good, no good to me.

The living and the dead together
Flutter before, flutter behind.
Why do you try to change the weather?

In pity for my kind.

What good will pity do the kiss
That shrivels on the mouth like grief?
Have you been calling me for this?

No good to me, no good to me.

—James Wright

•

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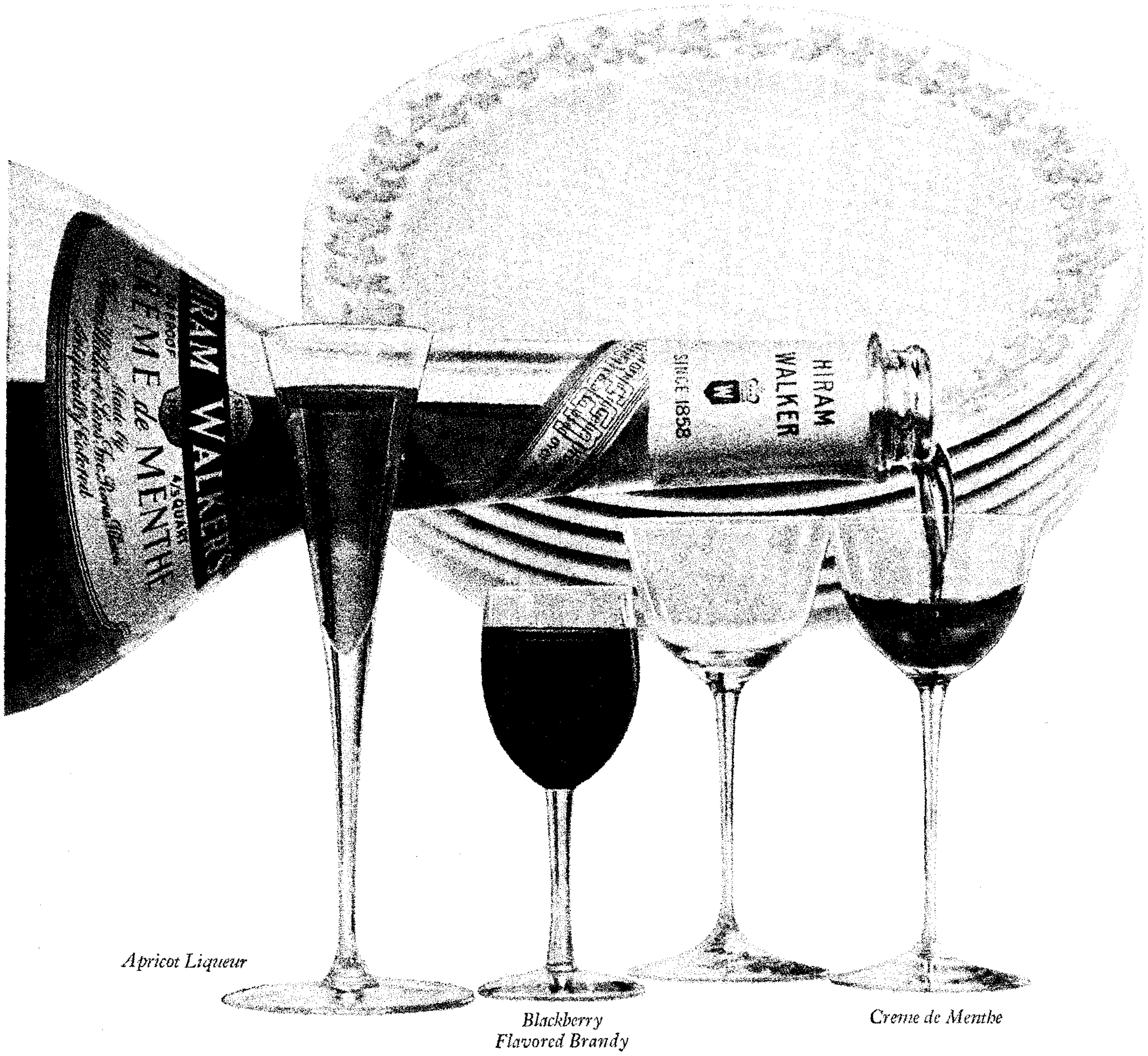
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Fine Points

ONE of the endlessly fascinating things about opera is the relation of a given singer to a given role, and the infinitely complicated and continually varying elements—voice, technique, appearance, dramatic ability, personality, and so on—that enter into this relation. Almost any operatic performance is likely to contain a few square pegs in round holes, some magnificently round pegs in round holes, and occasionally a square peg of such outstanding character that it changes the shape of the hole it is placed in, transforming a role to fit its own peculiarities and, in the process, introducing a new and stimulating ingredient into the traditional conception of the part. All this happens, of course, because opera, more than any other branch of music, is a vehicle for personality, and because personality is a complex and largely indefinable and unpredictable phenomenon. The Metropolitan Opera opened its season last week, presenting its patrons with a repertoire that was entirely conventional—a "Tosca," a "Boris Godunov," a "Rigoletto," a "Tales of Hoffmann," and a "Madame Butterfly." Certainly there was nothing in this list of titles to raise one's blood pressure. Yet no sooner had the opening-night curtain gone up than one was involved again in the age-old pleasure and excitement of appraisal. Which artists would perform well, and which badly, and why? Who would compare favorably or unfavorably with this or that great artist of the past? Would some well-known singer show a new development of his artistic capacities, or stay on his usual plateau, or slip slightly? Above all, to what extent would each singer succeed in vitalizing his role, and what would be the personal, technical, and artistic elements that led to his success or lack of it?

"Tosca," on opening night, offered an extremely interesting study in this respect. It was by no means the most brilliant performance of the opera that I have heard, but it had an all-star cast, including some of the most celebrated singers now before the public, and I found myself absorbed throughout the evening in analyzing what they did, and in speculating on why they did

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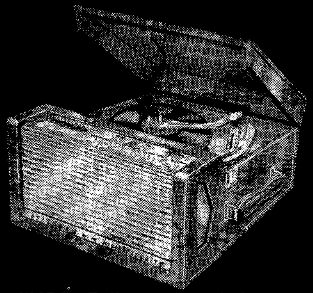

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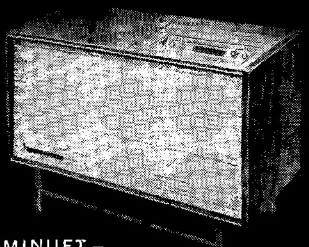

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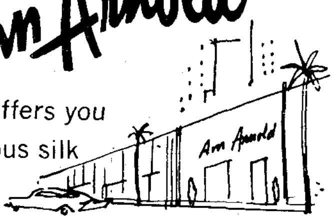

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it. The reason it was not a particularly brilliant "Tosca" appeared to lie in certain personal limitations evident in the work of Renata Tebaldi, who sang the title role; Mario Del Monaco, who sang Cavaradossi; and Dimitri Mitropoulos, who conducted the performance. Now, all these people are artists of a superior sort, who have from time to time brought me immense pleasure, and their performances last week undoubtedly qualified as big-league ones, such as are expected at the Metropolitan. Still, none of the three really reached that identification with Puccini's conception that is necessary to an ideal performance. Both Miss Tebaldi and Mr. Del Monaco have very large and very beautiful voices, excellent and dependable technique, and good looks. Both of them, however, have a somewhat limited emotional spectrum, which is apt to fall short when they are called upon for tenderness, subtlety, or the finer shades of passion. In such passages, Miss Tebaldi is apt to use fussy, self-conscious mannerisms, and Mr. Del Monaco is apt to stand and bellow with that magnificent but rather insistent and monotonous masculinity that is his chief distinction as a singer. Mr. Mitropoulos has a similarly limited spectrum—devoid of tenderness and repose, and encompassing only the area of frenzied excitement. He is very good at whipping up frenzied excitement when it is required, but there are a few lighthearted moments in "Tosca," as well as a few moments of relative calm, and in these he appeared at a loss. One of the lighthearted moments is the scene between the sacristan and the choirboys in the first act, which should prepare one for the chilling entrance of Scarpia—a contrast that ranks among the great dramatic instants of opera. The contrast was not there, because Mr. Mitropoulos made his choirboy scene every bit as frenzied as what followed it. And in the moment of calm after Scarpia's death, in the second act (a moment that should intensify the desperation of Tosca as she realizes that she is a murderess), Mr. Mitropoulos seemed bent on pulling the score apart, as if it were an ecstatic sequence in a Hungarian rhapsody.

All in all, I am inclined to award my personal prize for the evening's achievements to George London, an extremely intelligent and painstaking artist, whose portrayal of Scarpia, while not entirely smooth from a vocal standpoint, did succeed in the sort of projection of character and mood that seemed lacking elsewhere. Scarpia's death, in Mr. London's version, was, in fact, one of the

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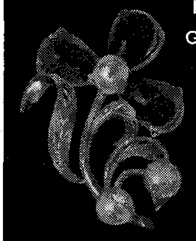

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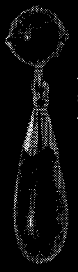

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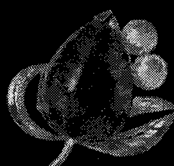

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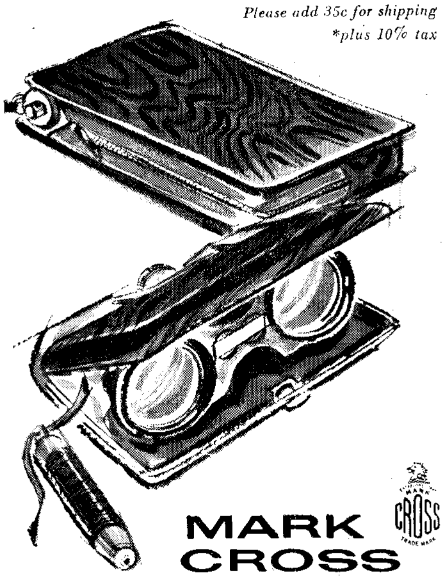

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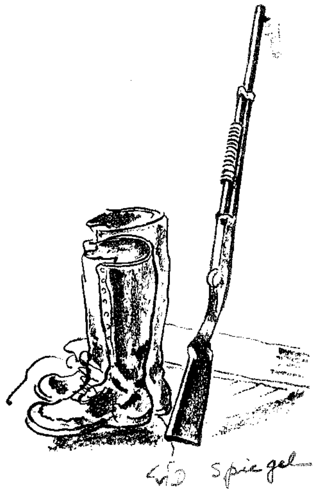
few really gripping episodes in the production.

IT was Mr. London again who turned out to be the hero of Friday night's "Tales of Hoffmann," since each of his various avatars, as Lindorf, Coppélius, Dappertutto, and Dr. Miracle, was a totally distinct characterization, and together they constituted the sort of dramatic tour de force that one expects from a fine baritone in this opera. There were other good things about the production, too—notably the excellent singing and extremely handsome appearance of Rosalind Elias, as the Venetian courtesan Giulietta, in the second act. Mattiwilda Dobbs undertook the role of the mechanical doll in the previous act for the first time, and did it quite well, though the part's prevailing squeakiness offers little scope for the warmth and elegance of style that she has exhibited on other occasions. In the last act, Lucine Amara was again a superb Antonia, and certainly a round peg in a round hole. Otherwise, I am afraid that this was a fairly routine "Tales of Hoffmann," with Nicolai Gedda a good-looking but slightly insubstantial Hoffmann, and a great deal of stage business that could stand repolishing.

FRIDAY afternoon's Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall was also a very conventional affair, involving the usual soloist with a virtuoso war horse to ride, the usual bit of mediocre contemporary music, and the usual array of familiar items—Rossini's "Siege of Corinth" Overture and Stravinsky's "Firebird" Suite—to round out the program. The conductor was the young American Thomas Schippers, who again showed himself to be a neat and efficient practitioner of his craft. The soloist was a young Hungarian named Gyorgy Cziffra, new hereabouts, who



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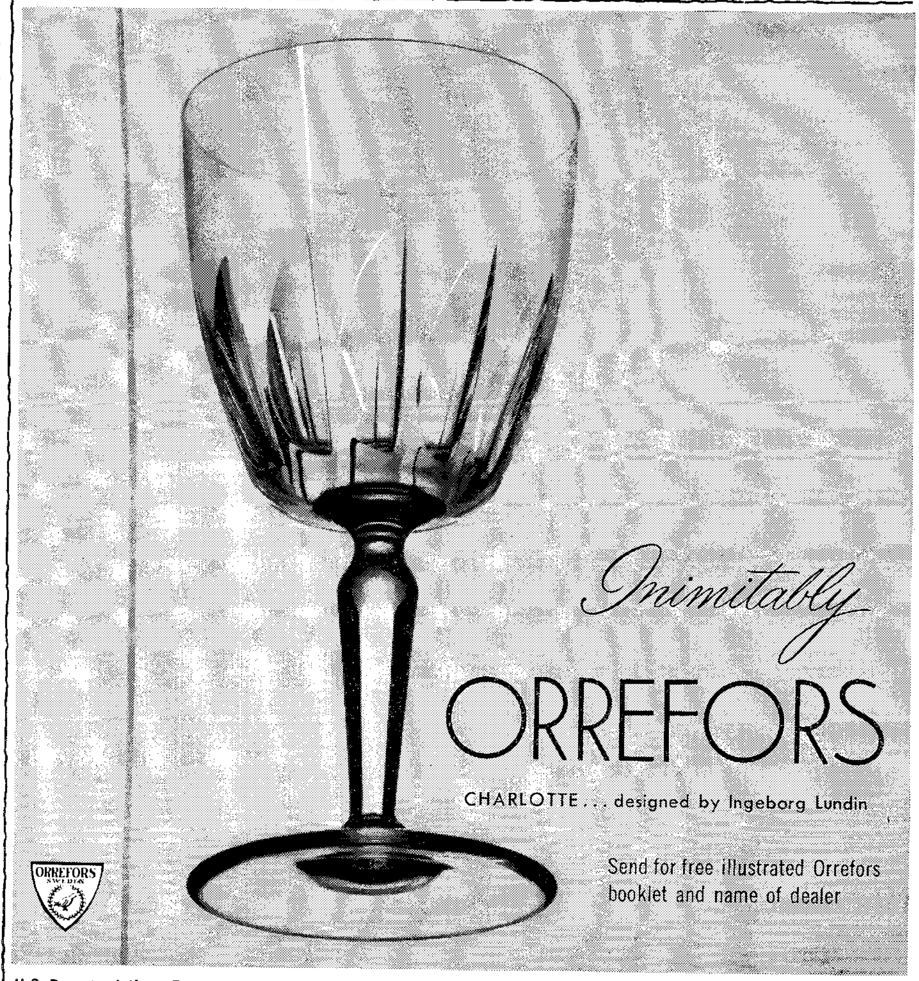
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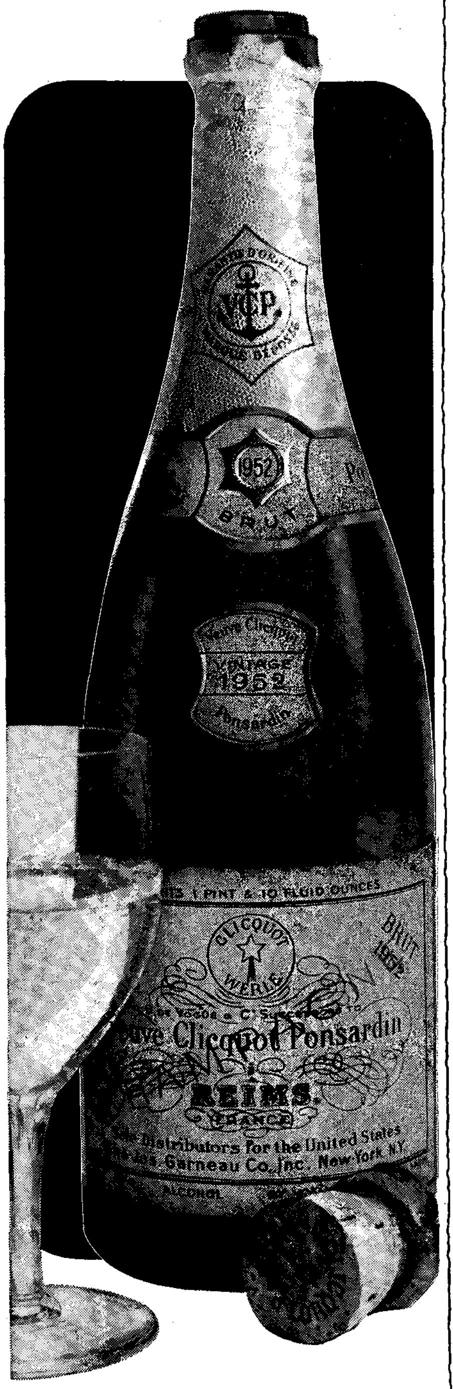

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played Liszt's First Piano Concerto with a great display of rhetoric and fireworks but without any particularly deep artistic insight. The contemporary novelty was the Fourth Symphony of a young Italian composer named Mario Zafred. Mr. Zafred seems to have limited himself to various scale structures surrounding a diminished triad—the sort of chord you can sound by depressing the notes B, D, and F on your piano. Since he practically never got away from this combination of notes, what at first appeared to be a reasonably original mannerism ended by becoming merely tedious. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

An Evening in Brooklyn

"JAZZ '59," a concert held last Friday at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, a huge battleship-gray hall whose ceiling disappears in a haze of boxes, balconies, nymphs, harps, and eagles, turned out to be one of the palest confections ever put together in these parts. The evening was divided up by various mysterious and apparently arbitrary parlor-music combinations of one basic group—Zoot Sims (tenor saxophone), Sam Most (alto saxophone and flute), Gil Melle (baritone saxophone), Marian McPartland and Mose Allison (piano), Teddy Charles (vibraphone, piano, and bongo drums), Joe Cinderella (guitar), and two alternating bassists and two alternating drummers—which ceaselessly came together and drifted apart in such a way that the opening group, made up of practically the entire personnel, was succeeded by baritone saxophone and rhythm (with a different drummer), which was followed by vibraphone and rhythm, which was followed by a singer, Barbara Lea, with the same rhythm, who was followed by flute (with the same rhythm minus the guitar and plus Charles on the piano), and so forth. The effect, within the immensities of the place, was of an undermanned, besieged outpost going about tasks usually apportioned among three times as many people. After the initial selection, a jumpy, indifferent rendition of "Oh, Lady Be Good," which was announced as a Thelonious Monk arrangement but could have been fashioned not long ago in Kansas City, Melle, a towering, stooped man, who made his instrument look as if it would fit easily into his pocket, played three of his own compositions, doing battle most of the way with Cinderella, whose amplifier had the volume of a ten-man Hawaiian ensemble. (Melle was also

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forced to tow his drummer, a thin, mustached man who strikingly resembled a peevish Nasser and kept lowering the beat.) A vigorous, subtle performer, given to soft runs and plaintive legato figures, Melle, when audible, was at his best in "Full House," a medium-tempo blueslike number. Teddy Charles followed with several selections that sounded like the outlines for finished performances, and gave way to Miss Lea, who enunciated four numbers perfectly in a clear, small voice that effortlessly recalled Lee Wiley. Sam Most, on the flute, appeared, and in "It Might As Well Be Spring" attempted to simultaneously hum what he was playing. The result was like a radio tuned in to two stations at once.

The concert began to develop a little color in its cheeks midway in its second half when Sims, who uses a rough, emotional variation of Lester Young's closeted tone, played three numbers, including a slow, walloping rendition of "Willow Weep for Me." Marian McPartland, accompanied by bass and drums, mixed handfuls of splashy chords with flat, stainless, single-note passages, frequently making room for solo drum passages full of rapid, precise riveting sounds. The entire cast, minus a bassist and drummer, returned for the closing selection, "Night in Tunisia," which was performed in diminuendo. Then Miss McPartland, who had acted as a part-time m.c., thanked the audience, and, standing front and center, was tunked on the head by the falling curtain, which crept almost reluctantly back into the air, as if it, too, had tired blood.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

◆

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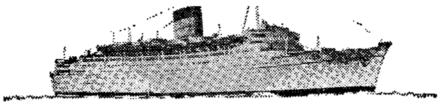

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THE RACE TRACK

Visitors

MOST of the racing at Jamaica last week was the dull sort you'd expect from horses running for more prize money than they're worth. Even Saturday's Frizette Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, didn't promise to be much after Quill, who is probably the best of the lot, was sidelined with ankle trouble. But it turned out to be a wow. Merry Hill jumped off in front and led for the whole mile and a sixteenth, winning by a nose from Dance All Night, who was closest all the way. Rich Tradition was third, and Resaca, the favorite, was fourth, in a blanket finish. Rich Tradition ran a spectacular race; next to last throughout the first half, she came up so fast that many observers thought she would have won if the race had been a few steps longer. The performance should wind her up for the Selima Stakes at Laurel this weekend. Merry Hill, who is owned by Harry F. Guggenheim's daughter, Mrs. Joan Van de Maele, is a most attractive filly—and a runner, too, with five wins and $69,897 in prize money to her credit. She's Mrs. Van de Maele's first racer, and I couldn't think of a happier start in the horse business.

THE big news of the week was, of course, the arrival of the Russian horses for the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on Veterans' Day. They landed in Maryland in great style, with an entourage that included the director of racing in Moscow; a trainer who is also a veterinarian; a groom; and two jockeys. The animals, as I'm sure you've heard, are Garnir, the three-year-old who won the Moscow Prize (some call it the Russian Derby) this year, and Zaryad, another three-year-old, whose form everybody is a bit vague about. (Apparently, past performances are top secret in the U.S.S.R.) Both colts, my carrier pigeon whispers, are fine, sturdy fellows, very fit and well groomed, and both seem to have taken the hard trip in their stride. The day after they arrived, they were out on the track galloping for miles.

The other probable starters in the International include Orsini, the leading four-year-old in West Germany; Revoque, from the Argentine; Sailor's

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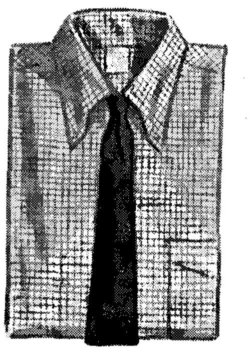

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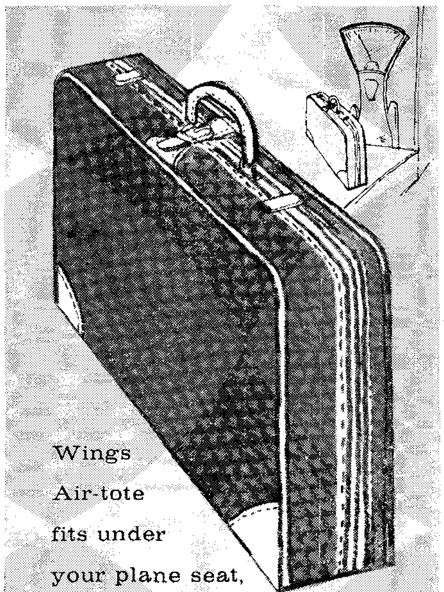

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Guide, an Australian racer who has been in this country for months and has been training particularly well at Laurel; Tharp, an Irish three-year-old; the Irish-bred Ballymoss, who is owned by John McShain, of Philadelphia, and is the best horse in Europe this season; and possibly London Cry, who won this year's Cambridgeshire, one of England's big races, and is trained by Sir Gordon Richards. John Schapiro, who thought up the International in 1952, has certainly done himself proud in attracting visitors. For our side, there will be Clem and one other runner, who at this writing has not been named. Too bad it can't be Gallant Man, but he's not quite ready for such a tough race.

As for Ballymoss, who is something of a hero in Ireland, this department's favorite adviser on foreign affairs writes from England as follows: "He has run only one poor race in his life. It was on soft going. One of your heavier American downpours would lessen his chances, no doubt. But it was pretty soft in Paris when he won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. If you have anything that can beat him I think you will be justified in reckoning that all is well with American bloodstock. . . . Racing is now so international that it is sometimes hard to say where credit should be allocated. If Ballymoss wins, I hope you will see the flags of four nations duly hoisted. His owner is American; his trainer is Irish; his jockey is Australian; and the horse himself is entirely English, barring a paternal great-great-grandfather that was half French. Taxation being lighter in Eire than in Great Britain, many of our best horses are placed in Irish studs on retirement. Their produce is then apt to be described as Irish, to the detriment of British bloodstock. Ballymoss is often described as Irish; yet although his trainer is a master of his profession and deserves all the praise that can be awarded him, the horse is, as I say, English. Of his eight great-grandparents, four were bred by the late Lord Derby at his wonderful stud." I daresay I shall hear plenty about all this from Ireland's racing headquarters, the Curragh of Kildare, not to mention Third Avenue.

ONE of the few bright mornings last week, I went out to Aqueduct for a look around, and I frankly confess that the size of the new grandstand, now that the roof is on, flabbergasted me. I've never seen anything so huge and impressive on a race track. You will be interested, as I was, to hear that

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although a great deal of work remains to be done, everything is well up to schedule and the grand opening will take place sometime after the middle of next year. Meanwhile, Marshall Cassidy, who is in charge, is going along merrily with his plans to make the plant the best and the most efficient anywhere. By the way, Jim Fitzsimmons, who stabled at Aqueduct for forty years, isn't going back; he likes it at Belmont Park. —AUDAX MINOR

•

THE NEW ARMY AND THE QUICK THINKING OF LIEUTENANT BORCHERS

[Press release from Center Information Office, United States Army Air Defense Center, Fort Bliss, Texas]

2nd Lieutenant Lawrence D. Borchers
Battalion Adjutant

On the 26th of September 1958, C Battery of Headquarters Battalion, Fort Bliss, Texas, was scheduled to participate in a review. The Unit Commander, Lieutenant Breed, needed one more man to fill out his unit. He saw a well dressed soldier, who he thought to be one of his men, but who was in reality, Private Casey Buczek Headquarters Special Troops. Casey paraded and later explained it as follows: "I had one-half day off and was loafing around watching the men form for the review. This Lieutenant (Lieutenant Breed) asked me if I had a brown belt. I thought he wanted to borrow it for one of his men and got one from my quarters. When I offered it to him he said put it on and get in line. I protested that I had no red scarf (all of the men had one except me). Another officer, Lieutenant Borchers from Headquarters Battalion, pulled one from under his shirt and put it around my neck. About this time someone yelled "Attention" and we were off. I knew I was in the wrong unit, but it was too late and besides I do not like to argue with Lieutenants. I was a little provoked at first but rather enjoyed parading and reviews and didn't really mind."

Lieutenant Borchers has been in the Army ten months and at present works as Battalion Adjutant, Headquarters Battalion USAADC, Fort Bliss, Texas. He took his Officer basic course in Fort Bliss, Texas. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Dietrich C. Borchers, 932 Spring Brook Drive, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Lieutenant Borchers was complimented by the Commanding Officer, Headquarters Battalion for his performance of duty in the above incident.

•

Widening of Conhocton Street, and surveying and patching of several other city streets, were occupying Department of Public Works crews today.

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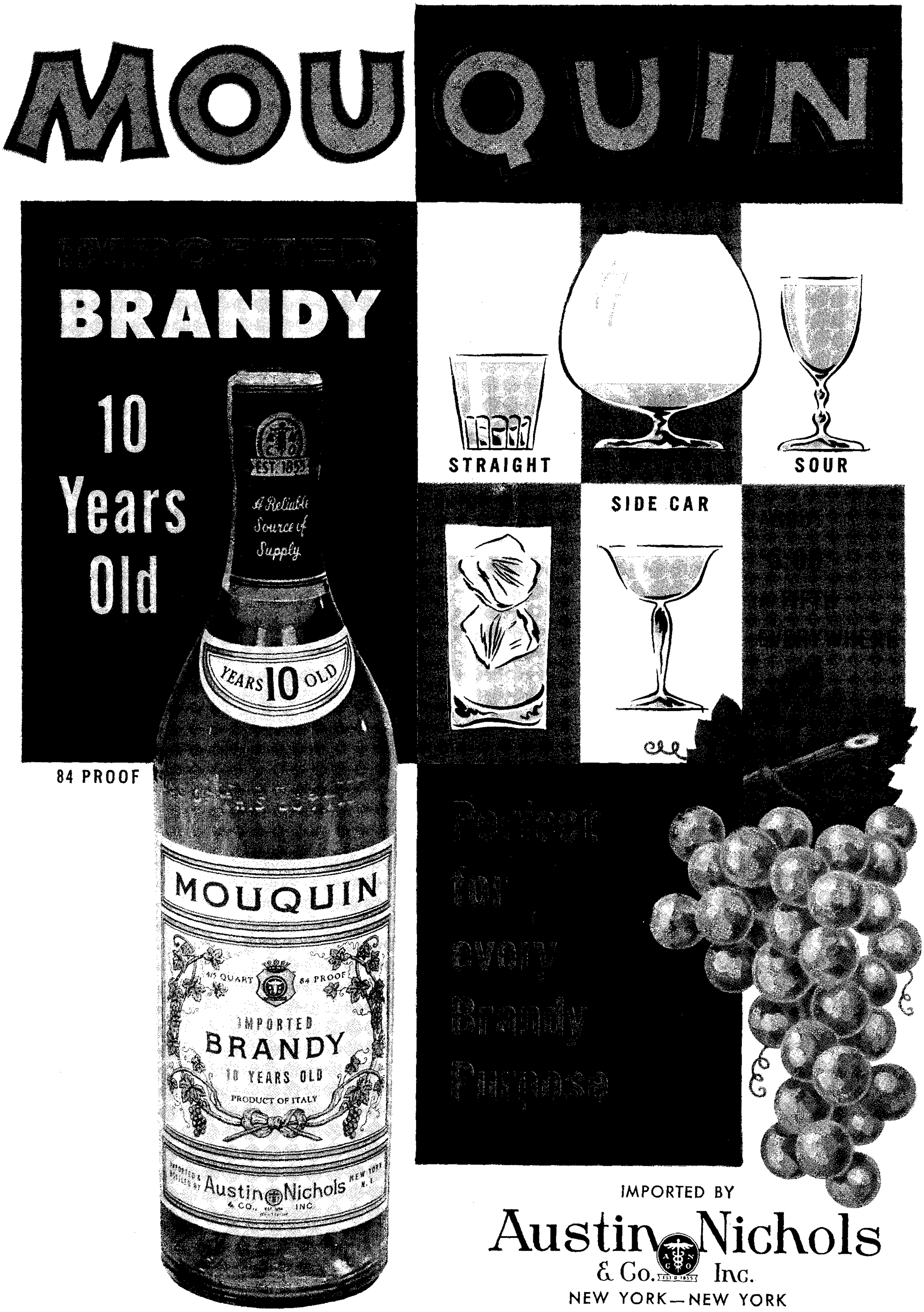
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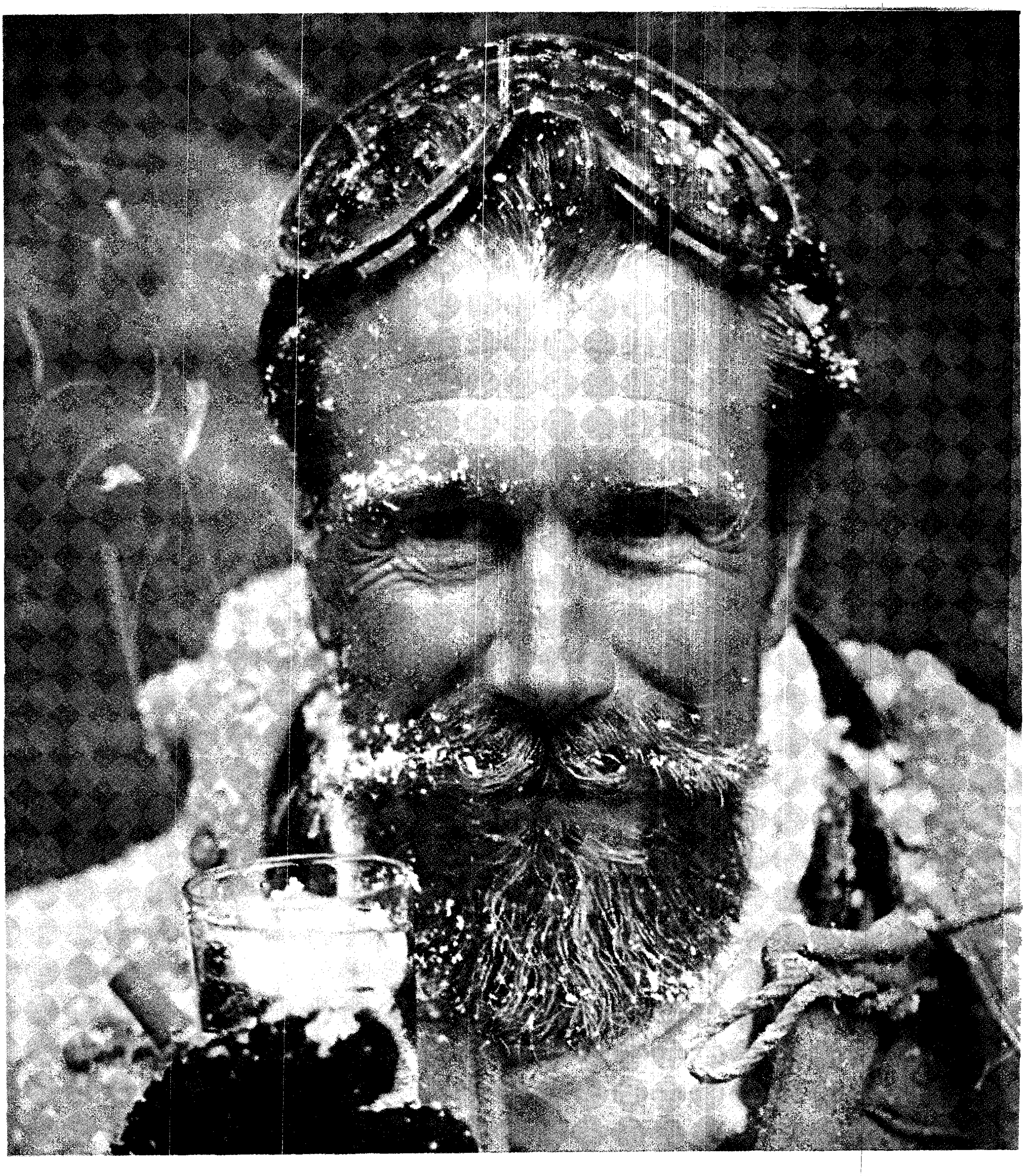

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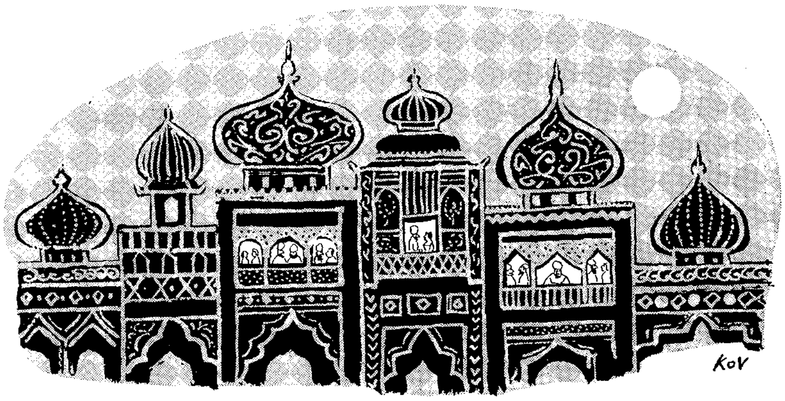
THE LAST DAYS OF THE MAHARAJAHS

I—A QUESTION OF EXISTENCE



A HEADLINE in the British newspaper I was skimming through read, "INDIAN PRINCES THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION." It made me wonder. This was about a year ago, and my impression was that the Indian princes were already extinct; at any rate, I recalled a lot of comment to that effect when India became independent, a decade earlier. In those days, British publishers were bringing out one rueful book of memoirs after another, with such titles as "Kingdoms of Yesterday" and "Glory Fled," written by retired British Army officers and Anglo-Indian civil servants. It would not be fair to say that all these books were alike, but they did have in common a strong note of defensive nostalgia: defensive of the institution of the princely state in India, and nostalgic for India in general—India, that is, under the British and the princes. Before burying the princes once and for all, the writers had lifted their spades in a last, sad salute. Now, reading the story beneath the headline, I learned that the extinction the princes were threatened with was merely financial; the government of India seemed on the verge of cracking down on them with new taxes. When I thought about it seriously, I realized that the princes had not, of course, been beheaded, or even exiled, but merely dethroned, and I grew curious about what were they up to. As a matter of fact, I had been in India back in 1956, and I could remember hearing talk of some current Highnesses while I was there, though I hadn't thought much about them at the time. Evidently, the princes were still around, even if they didn't seem to be making much of a splash.

At length, these cogitations led me to write to an Indian woman I know who lives in Bombay and has family connections in politics. I told her that I was interested in how the maharajahs were making out in the new order, and that since I was planning to be in Bombay soon, I would appreciate it if she could help me size up the situation by introducing me to a few of them. (Though, like many other people, I frequently confer the title of maharajah on all Indian potentates—or, rather, ex-potentates—I do so only for simplicity's sake. Actually, many of them have never been called maharajah, meaning "great king;" the Moslems among them are known as nawabs, the title of the native sovereigns of Hyderabad is Nizam, Baroda has always had its Gaekwar, and there are ranas and maharanas, raos and maharaos, as well as combinations of some of these designations.) My friend's reply was prompt but puzzling. She declared that she couldn't make out what on earth I was talking about. "There are no maharajahs," she wrote. "They do not exist. How can I introduce you to people who don't exist?"

Well, granting that premise . . . Still, as I have indicated, I had good reason to suspect that my friend was wrong. I was as mystified by her letter as she had professed to be by mine, but I knew from experience that Indians always have some line of reasoning when they make flat statements that, like this one, appear to fly in the face of fact; there was no use speculating about my friend's position until we could get together and talk it over. So I put the problem aside and wrote to other acquaintances in Bombay, asking *them* about my chances of meeting some maharajahs. Their replies were much more satisfactory. The place was full of maharajahs, I was assured; all I would need to do was come along and see for myself.

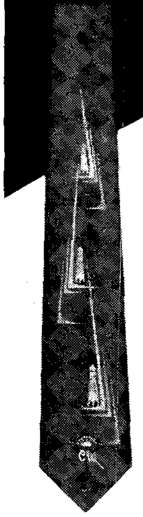
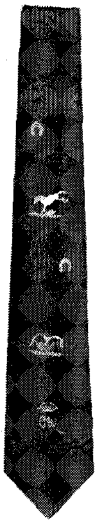
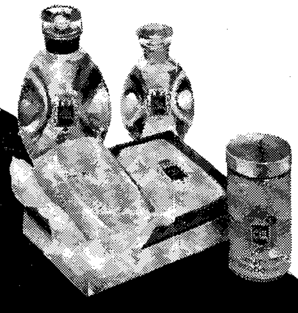
As things turned out, I didn't have to press my friend about her mystifying letter. I was in London just before starting on my journey to Bombay, and while there I stopped in to see an official at India House. When I told him that I hoped to meet some maharajahs, his reaction was exactly like hers, except that he was more explicit. "Meet some maharajahs?" he said. "Maharajahs!" The word seemed to distress him. "I simply cannot understand why people are always asking about them," he went on. "My dear lady, there are no more maharajahs. Moreover, they're not at all interesting. How can they be, when they no longer exist? It's not reasonable, this preoccupation with the past."

"But, strictly speaking, and official attitudes aside, they do still exist, don't they?" I asked. "Corporeally?"

"Oh, from that point of view . . ." he began, and his tone was scornful. Then, shrugging off corporeality, he continued sternly, "What you don't seem to grasp is that they have no more power. The princely lands have been integrated into our new provinces and states. Integrated. Do let me present you with a map that shows the whole thing—the arrangement of the new provinces, I mean. The old maps, you understand, are out of date." He rummaged about in a desk drawer until he found what he wanted. "Here we are!" he said. "Look at this. You see? The outlines are all redrawn. Here, take it. Keep it if you wish. Study it, study it." As I put the paper away in my bag, he settled back, with a relieved expression, and said, in a gentler voice, "Our policy now is to look forward to a happier time. That part of India's history, you understand, is unpleasant to us. We wish to forget about those years."

When I suggested that since those years are part of India's history, his people could hardly hope to blot them out merely by adopting a policy, he replied, "It is only that I don't think you ought to go to India and dig into all that nonsense. I urge you to visit the new projects instead—the dams, the factories, the public housing."

IN Bombay, things seemed pretty much the same as when I had been there last. The ordinary social world didn't appear to pay much attention to the official policy, and certain maha-

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rajahs still held their due place in party conversation. His Highness of This was in town, His Highness of That had recently returned from Paris, and His Highness of the Other was going to be an Ambassador. Now and then, at some big function, I encountered a maharajah or a maharanee in passing. One is bound to. I don't know how India compares in prince-per-capita statistics with countries like Thailand, which are also fairly well stocked with royalty, but it must come high on the list, for its total number of deposed rulers has been estimated at just short of six hundred, ranging all the way from lowly Highnesses with domains of fifty acres to giants like the Nizam of Hyderabad. If anyone should ask how it is that all these Highnesses are alive and kicking and still using their titles in a republican country, *the reply might be: Well, if* it comes to that, what about France? In fact, the Indian princes might be justified in claiming to be more princely than French princes, because with the French it is all ancient history by this time—a matter of courtesy titles, handed down for generations—but the Indians are fresh off the throne. They are *it*, they themselves are the dispossessed, and for many of their former subjects they still retain something of the quality of rulers. Besides, Hinduism and the caste system are involved in the whole business, and they help make deroyalizing something more than a problem to be solved overnight by proclamation.

In one way, though, the princes' position is extremely clear. Some of them are very rich and some are less rich, but since India received its independence all of them have had to curtail their expenditures. One can still see the process at work, especially at auctions; the jewelry shops bear testimony to it, too, but the auctions are more dramatic. While I was in Bombay, His Highness the Maharajah of Kashmir, through his business manager, was auctioning off what would generally be considered superfluous belongings. He had such a superfluity of them, in fact, that the sales, which were held once a week, went on and on—a long-drawn-out series. They took place in his Bombay residence—a great hilltop palace, which he intended to sell, in its turn, when it was no longer needed for auctions—and one afternoon I attended a preview of one, escorted by my host and hostess, a British couple, who live in Bombay and were interested in bidding for some of the items they had seen listed in a newspaper. They were soon going to

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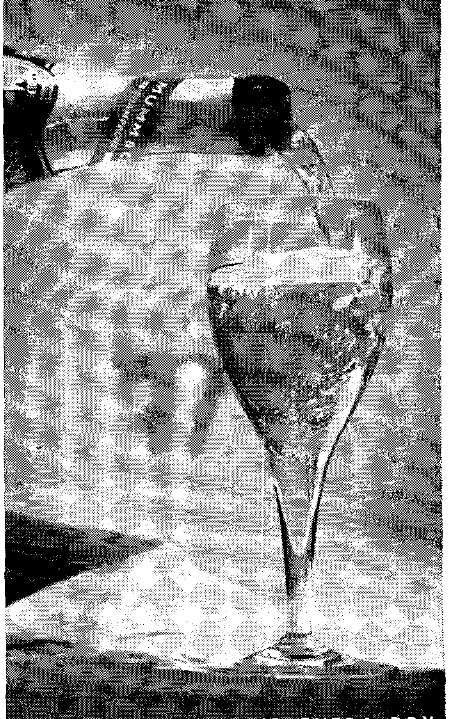

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move to another house, and had been following the sales for several weeks, hoping to find various items that they would need in their new home, and also to pick up something for a recently married daughter, Mary.

"You simply can't buy European furniture here except in this way, because of the import restrictions," my hostess explained as we drove up a steep ramp leading to the palace. "Indian things are nice to look at, but it's my experience that they don't last as long as European things, and these maharajahs always bought the best."

"Not always," said her husband. "There's a lot of junk mixed in."

We came to a stop on a plateau that, spread out in front of the palace, served as its parking area and commanded an excellent view. A number of people, mostly Indians, stood chatting on a wide stairway that led up to a veranda and the palace doors, which were wide open. It was a warm day, and the huge building, with its doors opened and with no curtains or blinds at its windows, looked strange; usually, in the early afternoon, Bombay houses are closed and shuttered against the sun. Walking in, we found ourselves in a large, square hall, and in the midst of a sauntering crowd, made up, my hostess told me, mostly of people who were there for the same reason she was—to look things over and decide what to bid for when the sale was held. "Then, of course, there are the Parsis, who seem fascinated by these auctions," she added. The Parsis—members of a religious sect, whose ancestors came to India centuries ago from Persia—play a large part in Bombay's business life. "Of course, a lot of the Parsis are dealers," my hostess remarked, "but some who aren't, and who don't intend to buy anything, even for themselves, come along anyway, just to have a look."

At that moment, I recognized a Parsi I know, a man who owns a jewelry shop in the middle of town, and I called my hostess's attention to him. "Yes, I rather expected him to be here," she said. "The notice of this sale made a special point of one of the lots, described as jewelry. It might be anything—anything at all."

"Jaipur necklaces?" I asked hopefully. I've always liked those ornate necklaces, made of precious stones.

"Well, it might be," my host said. "It might also be Woolworth costume stuff. At these affairs, you simply never know."

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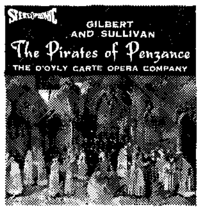

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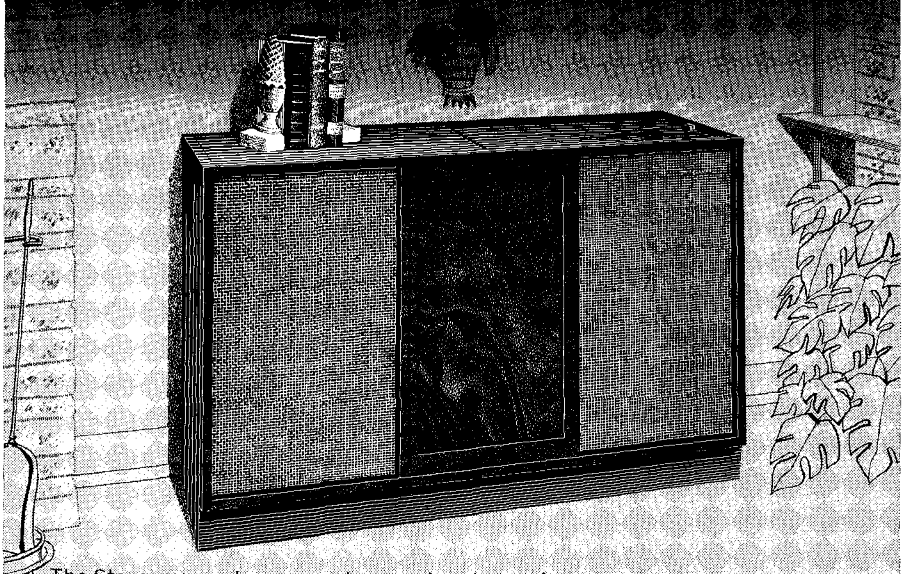

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room, and on either side were two vast rooms, stretching out to the ends of the building. The hall and all three rooms had been cleared of whatever furnishings, carpets, and wall decorations they had once contained, and now looked rather like a museum, being filled with objects neatly displayed and each bearing a number. In the small room, which we had a look at first, were three long tables arranged in the shape of a U, on one of which, stacked in rows, like the merchandise on the counters of a dry-goods store, were bolts of cloth, each with a sample unfolded—old brocade, new brocade, lace, linen, plush, mattress ticking, thick silk sheeting—as well as matching curtains and slipcovers. On the other tables were sheets and pillowcases and bedspreads and tablecloths. Some of them had never been used, though they were yellow with age, and some were so worn that I wondered why they hadn't been thrown away. The same thing was true of a collection of bath towels—enough of them to stock a good-sized hotel. Half of one of the tables was given over to rugs of many sizes, and two big, splendid Persian carpets hung on one of the walls, with a few odds and ends of embroidery tacked up near them. A man in a Gandhi cap was studying the carpets very closely. "Dealer," said my host.

At his wife's request, my host made a pencilled note about a length of brocade, and then we moved on to one of the side rooms. Along its walls were ranged carved chests interspersed with a bewildering variety of chairs and, here and there, a glass-fronted cabinet full of china, glass, and silver. In the center of the room stood a long table loaded with more china and glass and silver, as well as a sea of small objects impossible to describe en masse, like the contents of a gift shop. In most auctions of possessions from private homes, there is an underlying note of pathos; no matter how banal the thought may be, it is difficult not to feel a pang that is almost guilt at the sight of a family's battered desks and tables, about to be dispersed to the highest bidders. His Highness's sale was antiseptically free of all that. There was simply too much heaped on the plate. No fragile, vague sense of sympathy could have stood up against the overwhelming profusion of things. It seemed to me that a family with all that stuff couldn't possibly have loved any special bits of it; there wouldn't have been time. We walked up and down, scanning silver beer tankards, great delft plates, row on row of heavy and elaborate silver picture frames,

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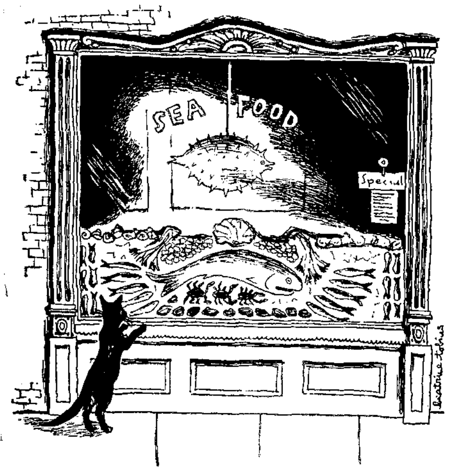
bronze waterfowl, porcelain gun dogs. On a table near a window were four or five small leather boxes standing open, and I went over to look at them, thinking they might contain some Jaipur necklaces or bracelets resting on satin linings. Instead, I found a few items similar to those in a pawnshop window at home—a man's gold wristwatch, a little brooch set with a small green stone, a diamond solitaire ring, and the like. The jeweller I had recognized was sitting on the window sill chatting with another Parsi. When he had greeted me, he said, indicating the ring, "That's about the only interesting thing in the lot, and it's not too good."

Meanwhile, my companions had found something that attracted them—four wide, shallow wooden chests full of flat silver. "We'll try for one of these tomorrow," my hostess said. "They're amazingly complete. Mary would love one, and I hope they don't cost the earth. Look, this set has everything you can think of, even things to eat asparagus with—not that she's likely to be serving asparagus for the next few years, poor child, on John's salary. I do hope we can get it. It's the only one of the four without His Highness's monogram."

"Then we've got a chance," her husband said. "Most people love a royal monogram, and that runs up the price."

In the other large room, we glanced at some more porcelain statues and an assortment of splendid luggage, including a trunk whose whole interior was divided up into compartments for shoes. Then, after my friends had jotted down some notes about a drawing-room desk and a number of chairs, we finished our tour, walking out of the entrance hall—past a collection of rather bad sporting prints in carved gilt frames, a few marble-topped dressing tables, and an *art-nouveau* magazine rack—into the warm air of Bombay. "I expect they'll pull this house down," said my host. "The land



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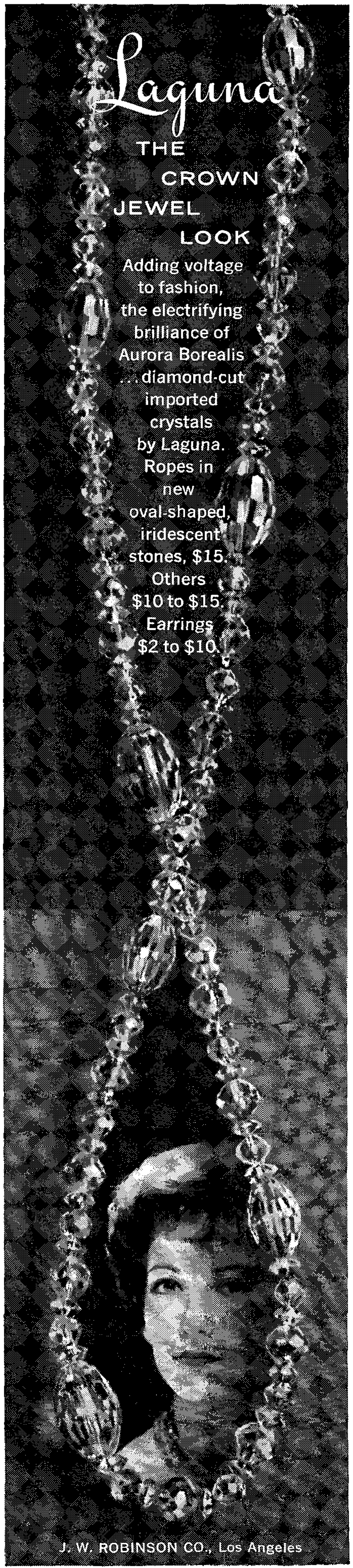

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must be worth more than they'd ever get for the building."

Again I tried to muster regret for something that was passing, and again I failed. "It's queer," I said. "I like maharajahs all right, and it certainly gives me no pleasure to think they're in the same boat with Fifth Avenue millionaires and British dukes—obliged to sell. But I feel— Oh, I don't know—I feel indifferent about this place."

We all turned and looked back at the open-doored, deadpan palace, and my host said, "I know what you mean. I think probably His Highness himself feels pretty indifferent, if that makes your reaction any easier to understand. This is only one palace, and he has so many. He may even find this retrenchment and pulling in of horns something of a relief."

"Within limits," his wife added. "As long as it doesn't go *too* far."

NEXT day, my friends bid for, and got, the chest of unmonogrammed flatware and the drawing-room desk. We didn't discuss His Highness's hypothetical feelings any further, but I went on thinking about the subject. In one way, at least, I decided, the new order might very well be a relief to a big-time prince. Reading some of the memoirs I have mentioned, I had gathered that in the days of British rule the maharajahs had had to take in a constant procession of Western visitors, all ravening to go out and shoot big game. I recalled something I had once been told in Lahore, by a man whose house bristled with mounted heads. "We have plenty of antelope and that sort of thing here in the hills of the Punjab, but not a lot of tiger," he said, "so in the old days it wasn't always convenient when some V.I.P. came out this way and said he wanted to get a cat. Several times, we had to send down to Rajasthan and have them ship us one in a hurry. They've got plenty there, of course. Occasionally, a bigwig would come up by rail, itching to go out and get his tiger, while, unbeknownst to him, the tiger was travelling on the same train, up ahead in the van."

It was all a part of the accepted pattern before independence. The general idea was that the British authorities were nice to the princes and the princes were nice to the authorities, and even to friends of the authorities and to anybody else of importance from the West. A few rich rulers, who had a reputation for being both exceptionally pro-West-

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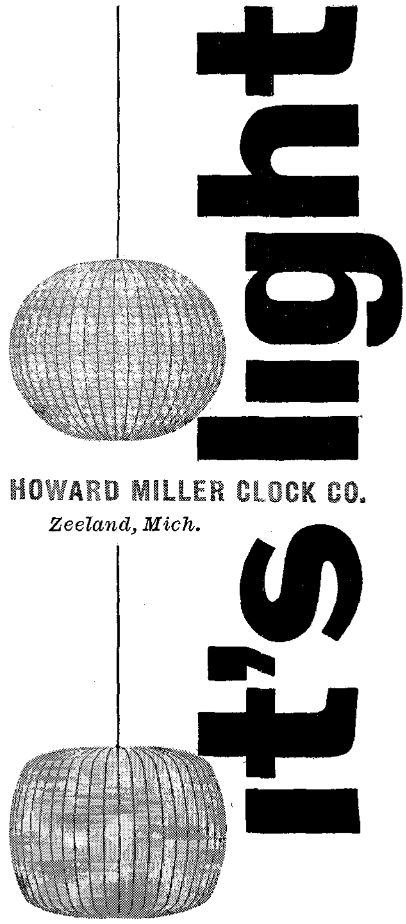

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ern and lavishly hospitable, maintained elaborate guesthouses for not always invited guests. Enthusiastic big-game hunters came from all over the world and lived in these establishments, and their hosts arranged shoots for them. The less affluent princes entertained a vast number of smaller dignitaries—civil servants, say, and Army officers stationed in India—who wanted to indulge a taste for shooting or pigsticking. Sometimes these visits, grand or modest, were based on genuine friendship between guest and host, and sometimes they weren't. In the circumstances, there can't have been a great deal of real cordiality between Briton and prince, but certainly there was some, and the generation of princes that ruled in the years just before independence were at least spared the indignity known by their grandfathers, from whom the British were apt to demand a lot more perquisites a lot more brusquely. Even so, a considerable number of the latter-day Europeans must have been a nuisance. There were some who managed to spend practically the whole year visiting Indian princes, moving from one guesthouse to the next. Their hosts didn't bother them, and, as long as they were comfortable, they didn't bother their hosts. But the free-loaders didn't stint themselves, assuming cheerfully that His Highness wouldn't mind, because he was so very, very rich and had great heaps of jewels stowed away. When they wanted a bottle or two of liquor, they sent their guesthouse servants over to the palace for it, and any stray qualm they may have felt was easily stifled by the reflection that if it hadn't been for the British Crown, these princes wouldn't be in power at all. His Highness—any Highness—might have had a different opinion about that, claiming that his ancestors were doing all right before the Europeans ever moved in on India. But for years and years, apparently, no Highness had openly said such a thing. There may not be a statute of limitations on historical grievances, but the Indian princes, in general, acted as if there were.

As a matter of fact, in the first few decades of this century, royal Indians had good reason for not assailing the Crown. The commoners of India, when they were clamoring for independence, naturally felt that they had everything to gain. The princes, with a few exceptions, didn't clamor, because they had a good deal to lose, and this silence of theirs caused much bitterness among the insurgents; one of Moscow's favorite phrases—"running-dogs

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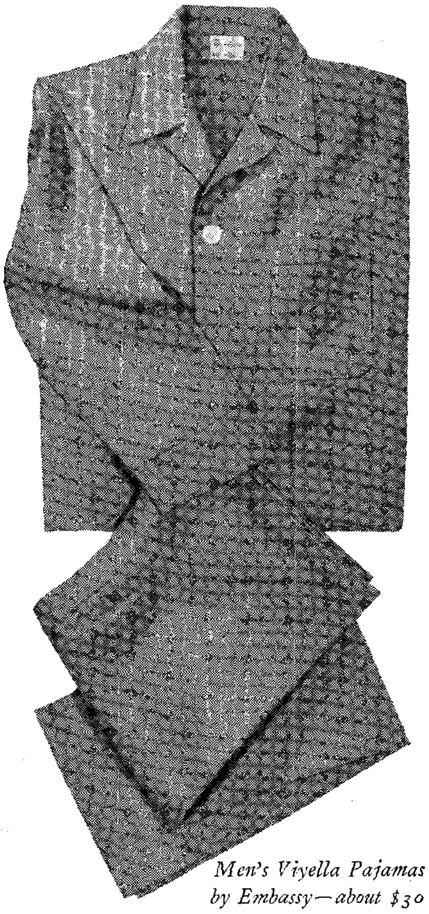

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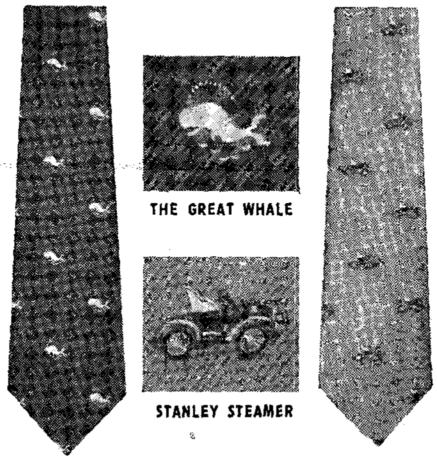
of British Imperialism"—was bandied about quite a bit in India. The princes were caught between two fires. On the one hand was the certainty that their status wouldn't be tolerated in an independent India; on the other was their natural dislike of the subservience imposed on them by the British. Their position was exceedingly complicated, and their emotions must have been badly mixed. But then their position had always been complicated—ever since the early days of British occupation.

The conquest of India wasn't an out-and-out incursion, like, say, the conquest of Mexico. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, British pirates, and then British traders representing the East India Company, began sailing along the edges of the subcontinent. The Portuguese, the Dutch, and the French were showing a similar interest in India, and now and then bands of men from one or another of these nations would land somewhere on its shores and try to settle, fighting the natives when they found it necessary to do so. Sometimes they were beaten off and sometimes they weren't. Wherever they found a foothold, they stayed. The British East India Company not only spread out among the Indians but succeeded, ultimately, in driving out its European rivals everywhere except from pockets like French Pondicherry and the various bits and pieces that are still known as Portuguese India. From the time the company first moved in until the palmy days when India came to be looked upon as the biggest jewel in the Imperial Crown, Bombay and Madras were the two principal centers of British activity. From these two ports, on opposite coasts, British influence seeped steadily inland. The company repeatedly sent its forces in to battle a stubborn ruler and add his kingdom to its territory, though they generally let him continue to rule. By 1833, the British felt strongly enough entrenched to change their strategy. They decided that the local rulers were serving no good purpose, and that the same was true of the whole system of subdivisions, or states, over which the rulers presided. Therefore, the British, in the parts of India where they had gained the upper hand, simply threw the rulers off their thrones and dissolved the states, annexing the land outright. It was a disastrous policy, and Mr. V. P. Menon, formerly a high-ranking adviser in the Indian Civil Service under the British and more recently an outstanding figure in his country's independent government, has described how



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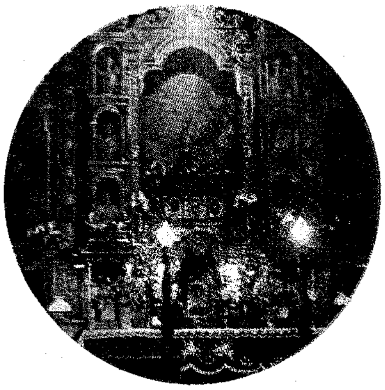

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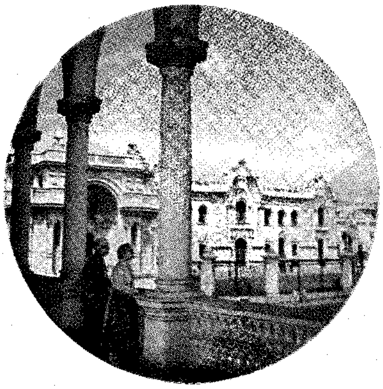

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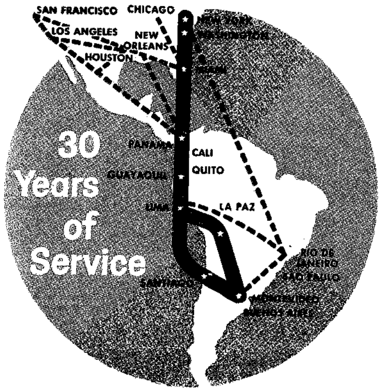

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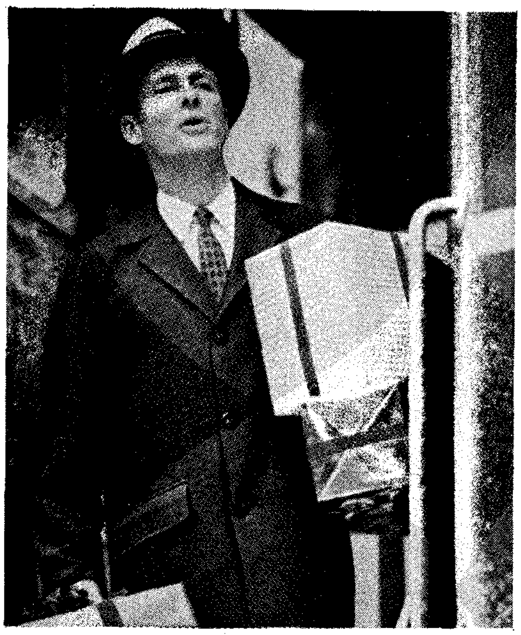

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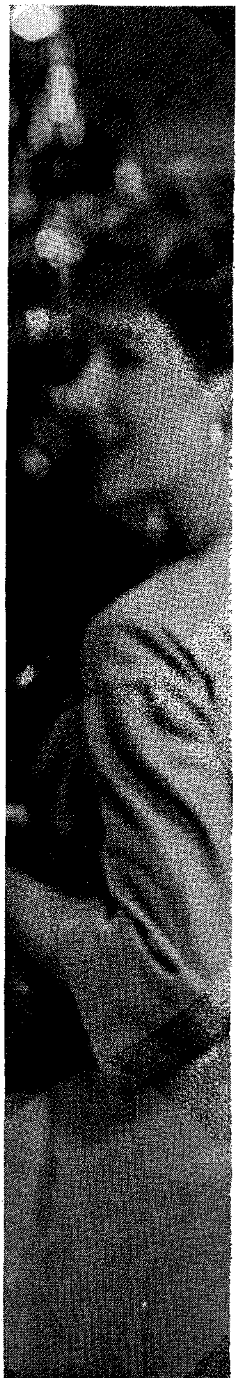

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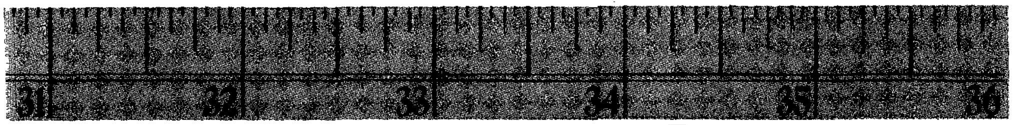

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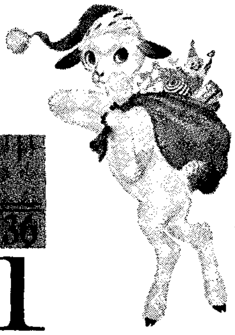

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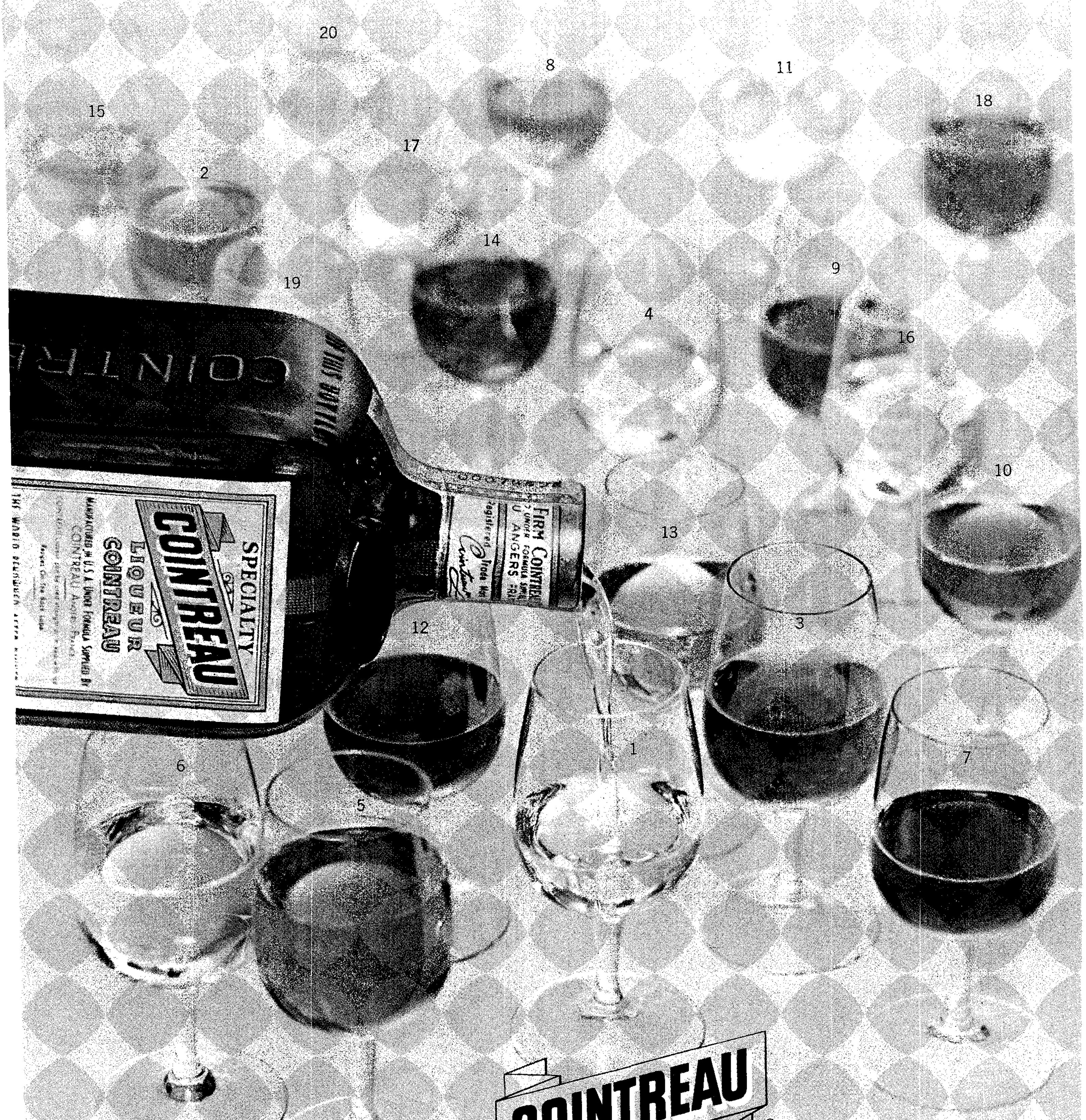
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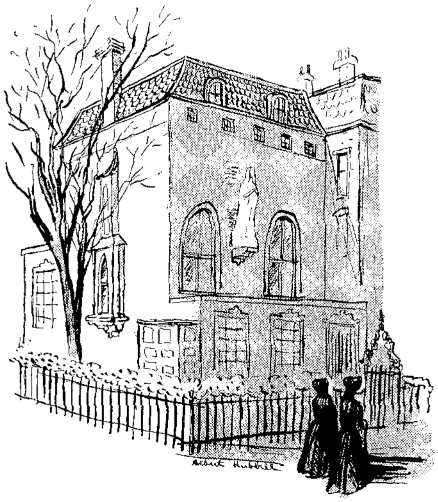

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up to nearly half of India—and by the nineteen-thirties the modern-style maharajah had evolved. He was a familiar figure in Europe. He played cricket and golf and polo and tennis; he was to be seen on the Riviera, in Paris, in London. He bred race horses and patronized the best tailors and bought pretty things, and sometimes things, like most of those I saw up for sale in the Bombay palace, that were not so pretty.

After the Second World War, events moved swiftly on the Indian subcontinent. First, the British decided to clear out and to create two new, independent countries—India and Pakistan. Then interim, or shadow, governments of Indians and Pakistanis were set up, and finally, on June 3, 1947, Lord Mountbatten, the British Viceroy, announced his country's willingness to let the two interim governments assume full power any time they wished. They thereupon set the date for August 15th. One of the first problems that faced India and Pakistan was what to do about the princes. The princes themselves were worried enough, but they weren't more worried than the interim ministers. These men knew better than to try again what the British had undertaken a century earlier—the wholesale annihilation of states. It was no use pretending that times had changed and that deposing the princes would not work the havoc it had then, because times had not really changed so much. Under the British occupation, India was like an egg preserved in waterglass. The shell had altered a little through the years, but the inside was much the same as before the British arrived; the mass of the people were still living a feudal existence. Some of the princely states were thickly populated; to do away with their princes would again throw thousands of persons who were dependent upon the existing system into the city streets and the country byways. Yet what else could be done about the princes? India and Pakistan were both to become republics, and how could one set up a republic while retaining hundreds of monarchs, however petty their domains? And some of the domains weren't so petty anyway.

After some discussion, the planners in both countries resolved to proceed on the assumption that the princes, if not their people, had kept up with history and would be reasonable about the impending changes. In India, V. P. Menon was delegated to go and talk with the princes, one by one—or group

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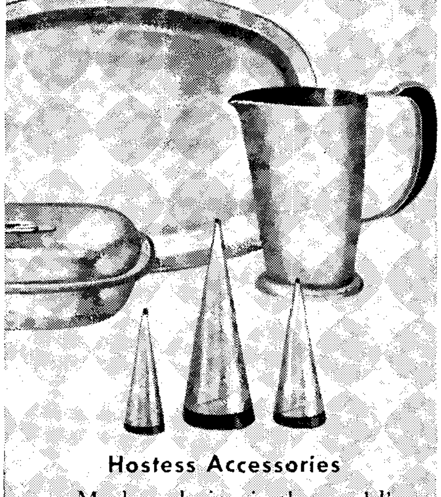

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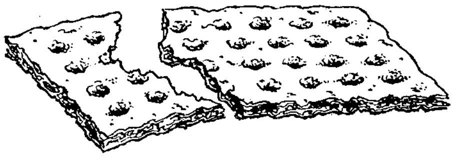

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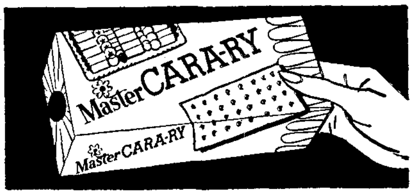
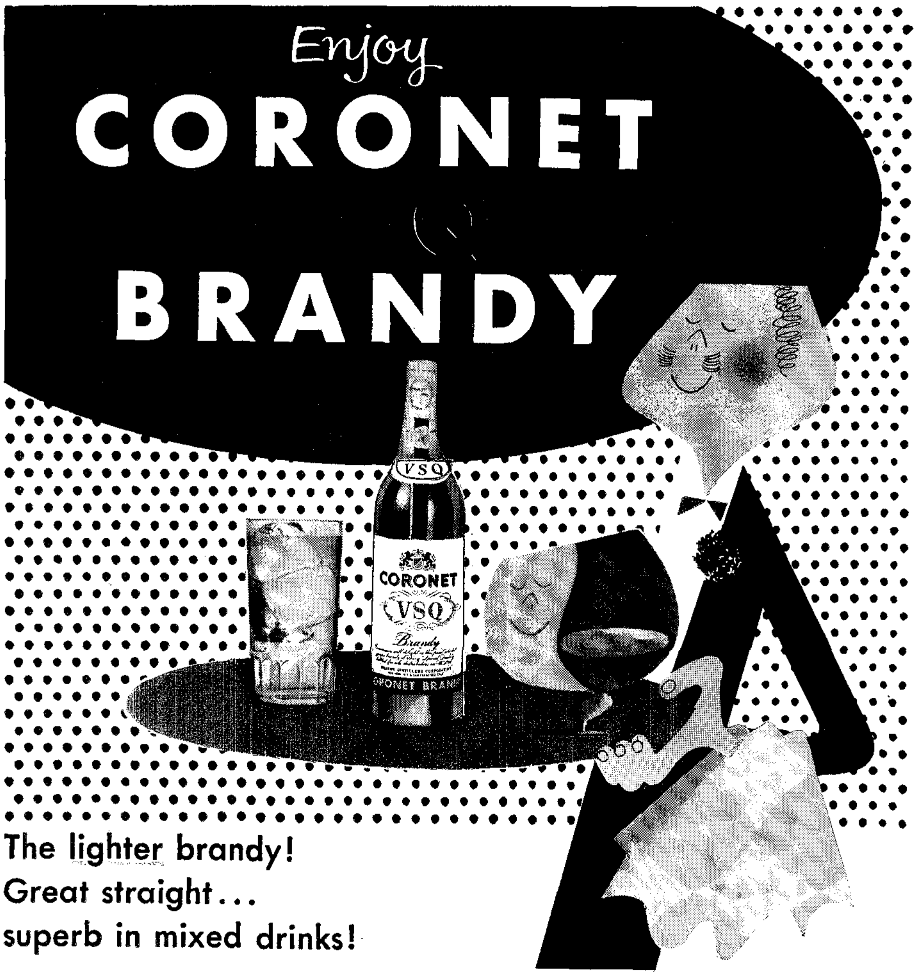


by group, if possible, to speed matters up—and, by appealing to their common sense and their consciences, gently persuade them to throw in their lot with the new order. Since throwing in their lot meant surrendering all princely authority, consenting to merge their states into refashioned provinces, and slipping quietly and with good grace out of their throne rooms, one might suppose that Menon's chances of success were slim. But this was India, where reactions are not always what the Western world might expect, and Menon had a better understanding of his compatriots than Westerners have. Generally speaking, Indians are law-abiding and high-principled, and when he appealed to the rulers in the name of the common good, a surprising number of them saw things his way. It would have been too much to expect that they all would, however. Menon was empowered to promise each prince who agreed to step down compensation in the form of a tax-free privy purse and a guarantee that he and his immediate heir could continue to use their titles—measures designed to cushion the economic and the psychological shocks of readjustment—but some rulers held out for better terms than Menon offered, while others flatly refused to consider the proposition on any terms whatever. Moreover, some who at first were inclined to go quietly jibbed when the negotiations got around to details; the sinking of their state boundaries in the radical mergers that were contemplated angered or frightened them. They eventually backed down, and as they did so, they must have had bitter thoughts about the British for moving out and leaving them to face the music alone.

All these recalcitrant souls had to be somehow coaxed, cajoled, or scared into submission, and the methods employed, again, don't fit in with Western ideas. There was no nonsense about fair play or anything like that, and some parts of "The Story of the Integration of the Indian States," a book Menon later wrote about how he tackled the job, strike me as remarkably cold-blooded. But he is frank, at least, and if he doesn't go into detail about some of the means he resorted to in bringing the princes to heel, one feels it was for lack of space, and not because he had any compunction about resorting to them. For example, one incident that I heard about from a Bombay journalist involved a few princes who banded together and refused to sign the agreement that Menon presented to each of



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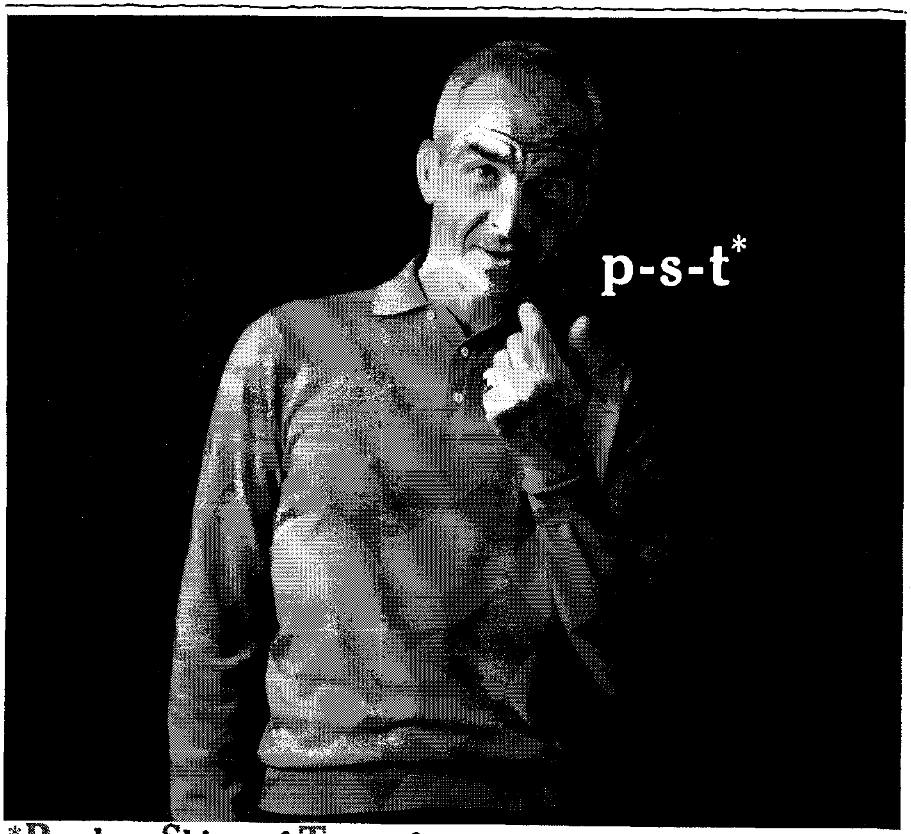

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them. (He presented the same agreement to every prince in India—the Instrument of Accession, as it was called.) One day, after weeks of argument, they were to meet with him in his office to discuss matters further. They turned up promptly, in a defiant mood, but they were also anxious, naturally, and Menon was aware of that. He purposely kept them waiting in his anteroom for an hour or more, to give their anxiety time to prevail over their defiance. Then, with the door to his office ajar, so that he would be sure to be overheard, he began talking in a loud, clear voice to a companion about the penalties he intended to visit on the waiting princes if they once more refused to sign the agreement. He would have to throw them straight into jail, he said resignedly. "Of course, he couldn't have done anything of the sort," my journalist acquaintance told me. "He didn't have the legal right to. But the princes didn't know that. When at last he opened the door wide and invited them in, they didn't argue at all. They just signed."

If this technique seems unsporting—and I can't think of a milder term for it—it must be remembered that Menon had very little time to complete his task. When the Indians and the Pakistanis asked the British to leave in August, 1947, they had a great sense of triumph, but they were also nonplussed by the prospect of shouldering so much responsibility so very soon. As the hour for the changeover approached and the theretofore execrated British Imperialist officials prepared to depart, they must have been grimly amused to observe how reluctant the new authorities were to see them go. The new authorities could have used a lot more time for preparation, especially when it came to getting the antagonistic princes into some sort of shape, but by pushing things through fast and ruthlessly they did actually manage to tie up most of the loose ends before the deadline. Neither India nor Pakistan dared allow any ruler to remain dangling in the air. For one thing, there were the utilities—the railways, the postal system, and so on—that had served the whole country, whether British India or princely state, and that any prince with an independent enclave could easily disrupt. For another, there was the fear that any such prince, without the protection of the British Crown, might be snapped up by somebody else—particularly if his state was in a frontier area. Above all, India was afraid that some of its princes might try to play ball with

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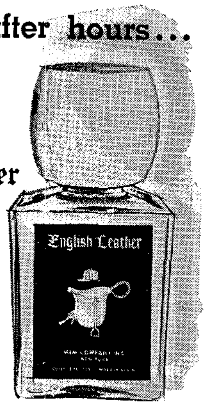

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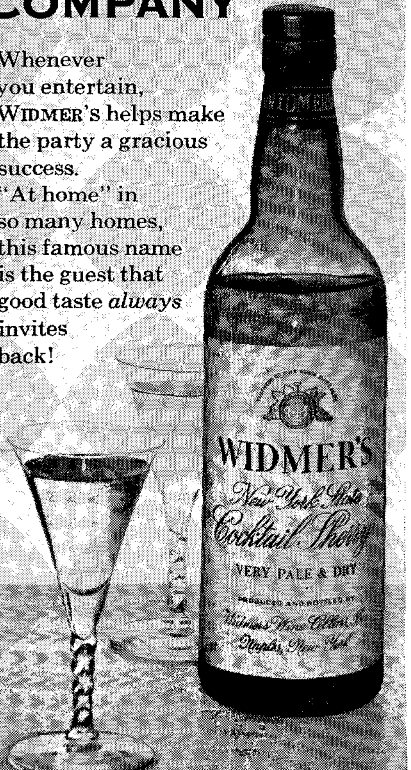

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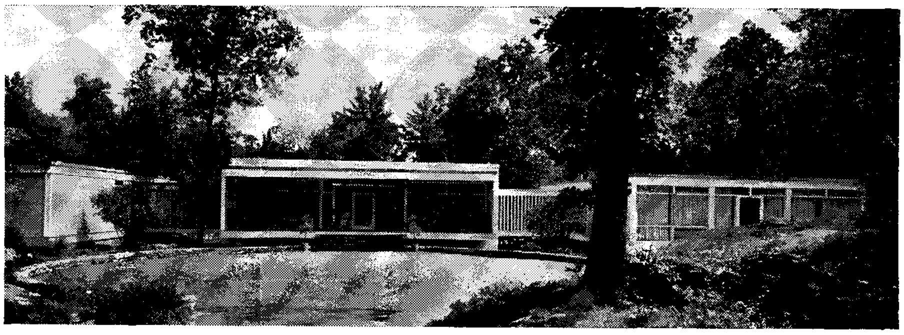
Pakistan, and in several cases just that happened.

The most melodramatic, if not the most recalcitrant, of the recalcitrant Indian princes was the ruler of the border state of Jodhpur—the late Maharajah Sir Hanwant Singh. His Highness was a Hindu and his territory was assigned by the British to India, but His Highness was also a Rajput, which spelled trouble to begin with, for Rajputs are notoriously courageous, proud, and independent. In any case, he flatly refused to sign the Indian Instrument of Accession; perhaps hoping for better terms, he declared that he would far rather join up with Pakistan. In his book, Menon tells of the decisive interview, in New Delhi, that he and Lord Mountbatten had with His Highness (Mountbatten helpfully attended the more important showdowns of this sort), but in Bombay a friend of mine gave me a more detailed version of the encounter. For some weeks, it seems, the Maharajah had been ignoring the march of progress altogether. He spurned all invitations to talk the abhorrent project. At last, Menon somehow persuaded him to stop off at New Delhi on his way home from a hunting expedition and see Mountbatten. The three men had a stormy conference, but after a time His Highness was momentarily won over and, on impulse, signed the paper. Immediately afterward, he experienced a revulsion of feeling—a rush of blood to the head—and, pulling a revolver out of his pocket, he levelled it at Menon. "The Maharajah raved," my friend told me. "He said he was descended from the sun, and he'd kill Menon rather than give in. Through it all, Mountbatten remained perfectly calm."

I said it seemed to me, meaning no disrespect, that Mountbatten was well



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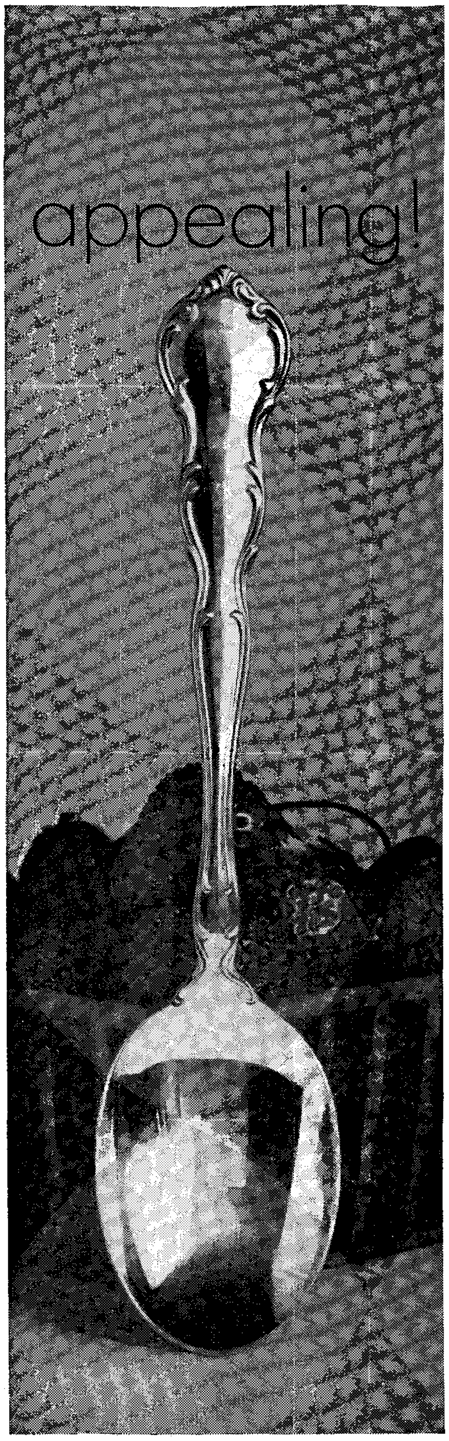

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able to afford calm, since the revolver was not pointed at him.

My informant nodded. "Well, yes," he said, "but at any rate Mountbatten kept his head in a crisis. He just said, 'Now, Your Highness, nobody can prevent your shooting V. P. if you're determined to do so, but I assure you that if you do, there will be someone else sitting in his chair tomorrow. It won't stop the integration of Jodhpur. It won't even postpone it.' This had a quieting effect on His Highness. He put the revolver away and there was no more trouble."

Enthusiastic though Menon was, he was not absolutely pitiless in his pursuit of the new order, and on rare occasions he took time out for regret over what was happening. For example, when the rulers of the princely lands that now constitute the state of Saurashtra took leave of their thrones, Menon presided over the ceremony and afterward fell into a period of deep despondency. Describing the ceremony in his book, he refers to "the poignant spectacle of the rulers parting with their proud heritage," and adds, "No ruler had thought even a month previously that he would have so soon to part with his State and rulership. Something which had been in their families for generations and which they had regarded as sacrosanct had disappeared as it were in the twinkling of an eye. Though all of them put up a bold front, the mental anguish they were going through was writ large on their faces. . . . The scene here was to the last degree moving and will ever linger in my memory." More than once, in the course of the negotiations, some elderly prince begged for permission to abdicate just before the final day, with the understanding that his successor would then sign the Instrument, and thus spare him from going down in history as the man who surrendered. Such permission was always granted.

To the question of what is going to happen to India's princes now, the answer seems to be that almost anything can happen. Extinct as rulers, they are not yet extinct as a social class or, for the most part, as a plutocracy. There is pressure from inside the government, though, to make the privy purses subject to taxation after all, and while the financial doom I had read about has not yet come to pass, it may at any moment. In this respect, the plight of the princes is comparable to that of rich men in all nations undergoing socialization. But if the princes occupy a position roughly analogous

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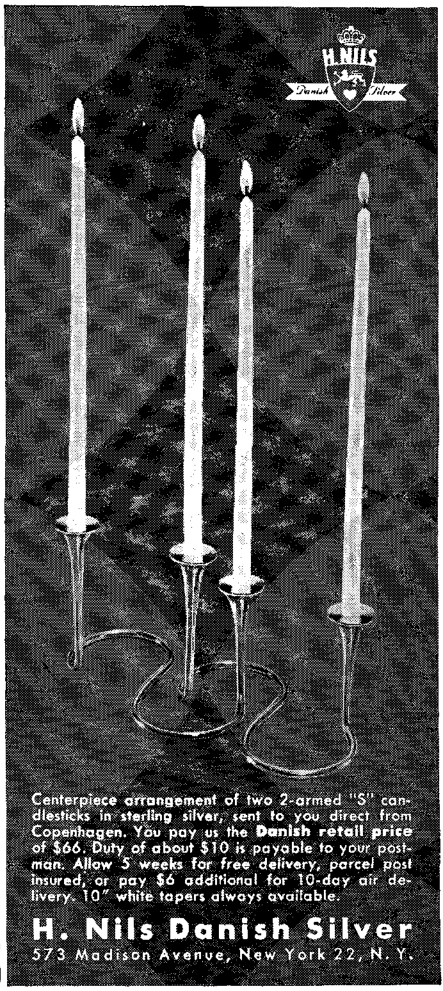

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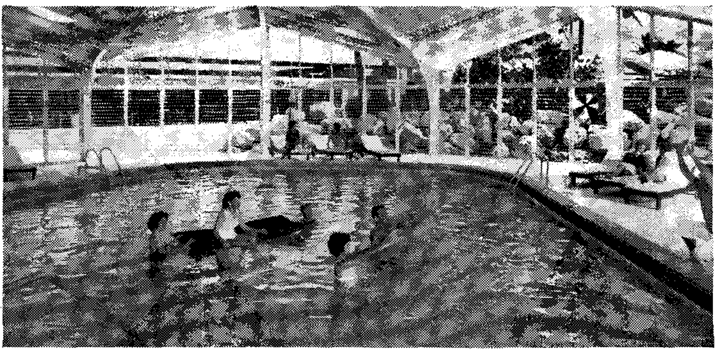
to that of Britain's peers, there are some differences. The Parliament at New Delhi, for instance, has no House of Lords, so even the ghost of authority that the British aristocracy preserves is not shared by its Indian counterpart. Privilege, however, there still is—the privilege of the educated, the élite. A number of princes, as soon as they were deposed, volunteered for jobs in various Ministries, and in a country as woefully supplied as India with men capable of doing such work, they were welcomed, especially by the Ministry of External Affairs. Other princes turned to managing their estates—or, rather, they continued managing them somewhat as they had been doing all along, only now they had less to manage and far less help with the job. Still others simply accepted their retirement, cashed in as best they could on their jewels and other possessions, and went abroad. There have been so many reactions among those who signed the Instrument—so many princes each going his own way—that it is impossible to generalize.

It was up to each prince to look out for himself and save what he could from the wreckage when Independence Day overtook him, for there was no rigid rule governing the size of the privy purses. Menon's directions were to base his decision in each case on the size of that particular prince's income prior to his abdication and on his unavoidable responsibilities and commitments afterward. The Highnesses naturally pitched the estimates of their minimum requirements as high as possible, and, just as naturally, Menon beat them down as much as he could. Often he felt obliged to grant more than he would have if he had had adequate time to investigate and to argue. After obtaining a batch of signatures, he would go back to report to his superiors, nearly always expecting to be criticized for having run up too big a bill. But while he was sometimes rebuked for having shown undue generosity, on the whole his colleagues seem to have thought that he carried out a difficult task remarkably well.

ONE by-product of the integration of the princely states that is not likely to cause the authorities in New Delhi undue concern is the creeping paralysis it has inflicted on Bombay chitchat. The effect of this hasn't yet become glaring, but it is definitely beginning to show. The antics of certain Highnesses have always been a rich source of scandal, and now the flow



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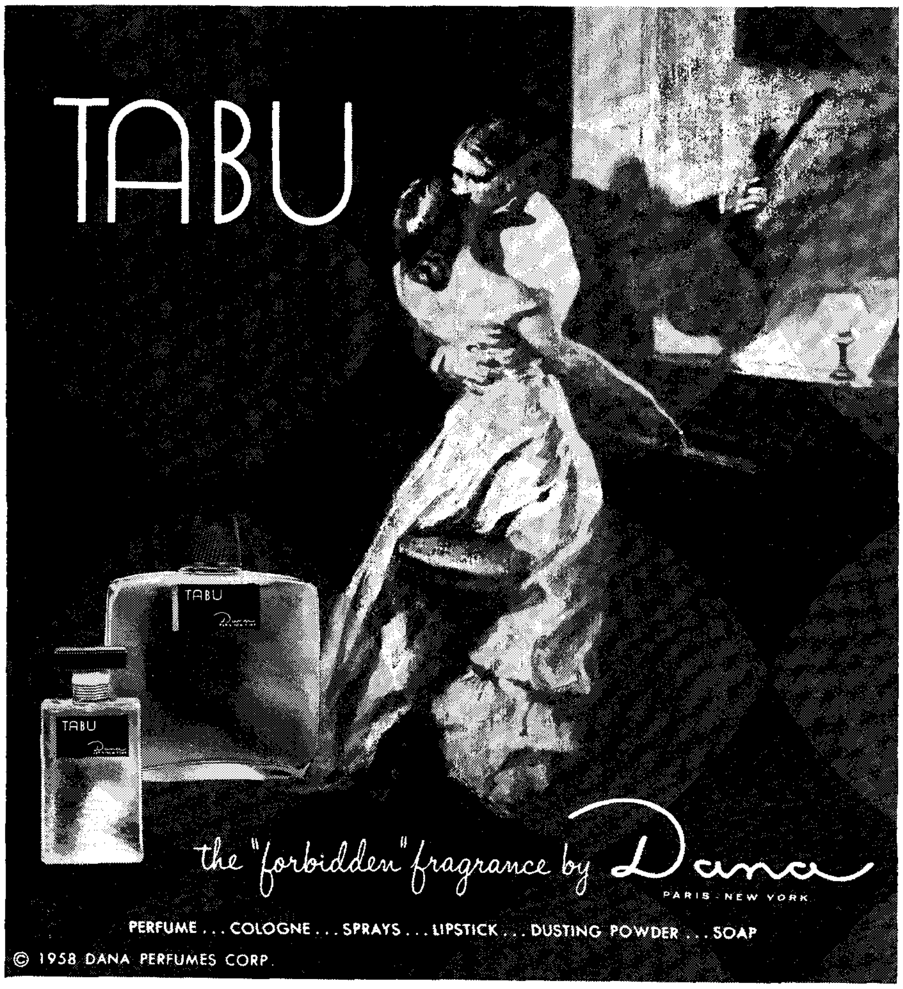

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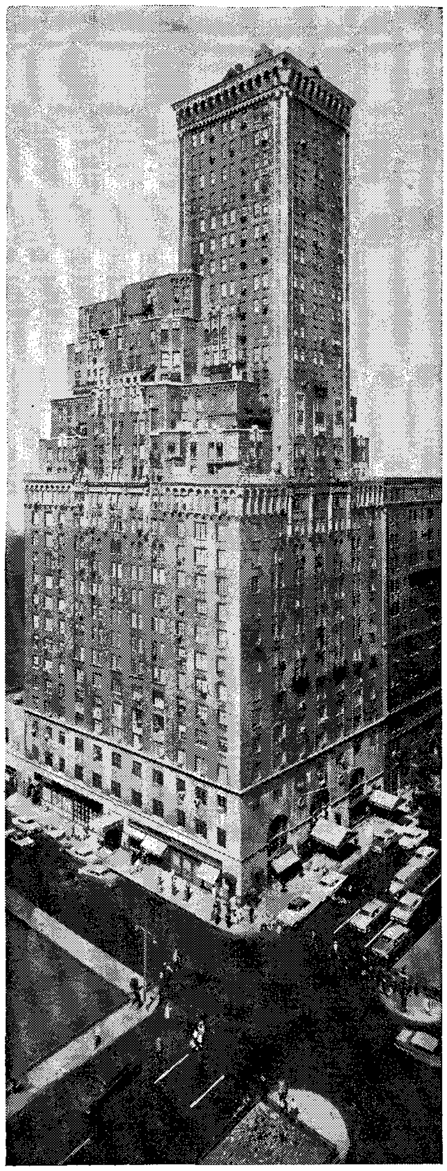

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seems bound, in time, to slow to a trickle. There is already an air of nostalgia about the maharajah stories one hears—a kind of before-the-war quality. The same sort of letdown must have occurred, in a slightly different way, when it was the British who curtailed the authority of India's princes. When a maharajah was deprived of his powers of life and death over his subjects, for example, his conduct inevitably became a little less picturesque. Not that the British interfered with Indian ways any more than they felt they had to; they had learned that meddling brought riots, and their orders were to leave native customs alone. Actually, only two rules were set up in defiance of Indian sensibilities: capital punishment was not to be meted out by maharajahs—this privilege was reserved for the British overlords—and the practice of suttee, the self-immolation of widows on their husbands' funeral pyres, was outlawed. When India gained independence, the new government retained the prohibition against suttee, to the deep disappointment of its more reactionary citizens; all those years there had been Hindus longing for the return of the good old days when a woman could burn herself up if she wanted to, and they were, to be precise, more than disappointed—they were outraged to learn that it was not to be. Now and then, even today, in some obscure Indian village, a woman newly widowed will let word be spread that she intends to throw herself into the flames, and an approving crowd will gather to watch. Scenes of violence have resulted when such spectacles are interrupted by policemen or soldiers sent to prevent the suicide.

The British also felt impelled to deprecate a few other customs of the maharajahs—or some maharajahs, at least—but they had no hard-and-fast directives. If a ruler behaved in a manner clearly calculated to disturb the peace and happiness of his people, or to offend the British, he was warned. If he did it again, he was warned again, and perhaps reprimanded. If he persisted in ignoring warnings and reprimands, he was retired in favor of his heir. I have heard tale after tale of the wrongdoings that used to bring on this ultimate punishment, and some of them were rather gaudy. There was one prince, for example, who collected all the pretty girls—and even all the passable ones—from his villages and kept them in his zenana. One of them got bored and ran away, and when she was caught, he had her burned alive. He

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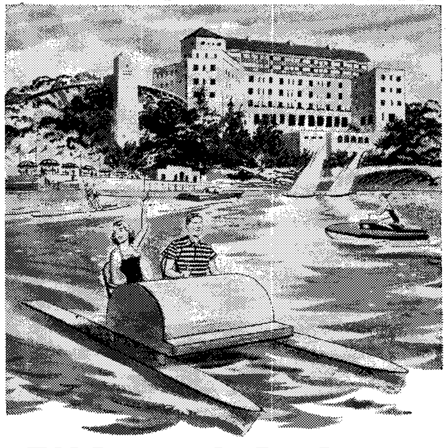

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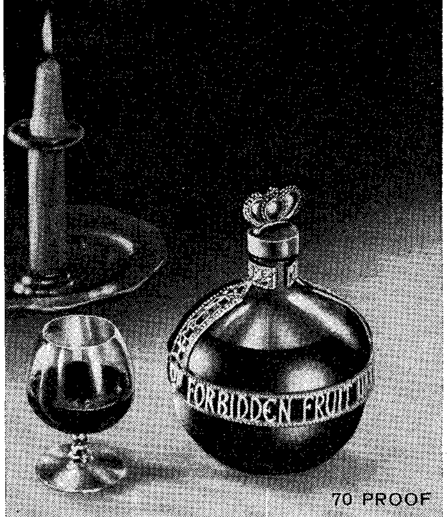

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was deposed. A maharajah who sounds to me rather more attractive was one well known for saying anything that popped into his head, even to the exalted British. He held a reception one evening, and was standing in line with other dignitaries, shaking hands with the guests, when the wife of a high-ranking Anglo-Indian was presented to him. His Highness reached out, took a pinch of her dress sleeve, and rubbed it thoughtfully between thumb and forefinger. Then he turned to one of the dignitaries and said, in a cheerful, resounding voice, "Not real silk." It is pleasant to be able to report that he was not deposed.

Many of the tales in the Bombay treasury of gossip about maharajahs concern high living of one sort or another. I never saw any of the heroes of these; the maharajahs I saw, at banquets or on the beach, always turned out to be fairly quiet characters, but then I hadn't expected to find racy playboys in Bombay. Bombay has no night life comparable to, say, that of Port Said or prewar Shanghai, and from the playboy's point of view is a complete washout. Paris would be far more congenial to the gayer type, I reflected—Paris, or Biarritz, or Monte Carlo. India has a system of local option governing the sale of alcoholic beverages, and Bombay is almost totally dry; there are no bars, no liquor is served in hotels or restaurants, and the citizen who wants to buy a bottle must first produce a doctor's statement that he needs alcohol for his health and then secure a municipal permit. (A foreigner needs a permit, too, but he doesn't have to produce any medical evidence.) Clearly, Bombay is no paradise for any prince who likes his worldly pleasures—or, if it comes to that, for any commoner of similar tastes. Maharajahs so inclined do better to go somewhere else or stay at home,

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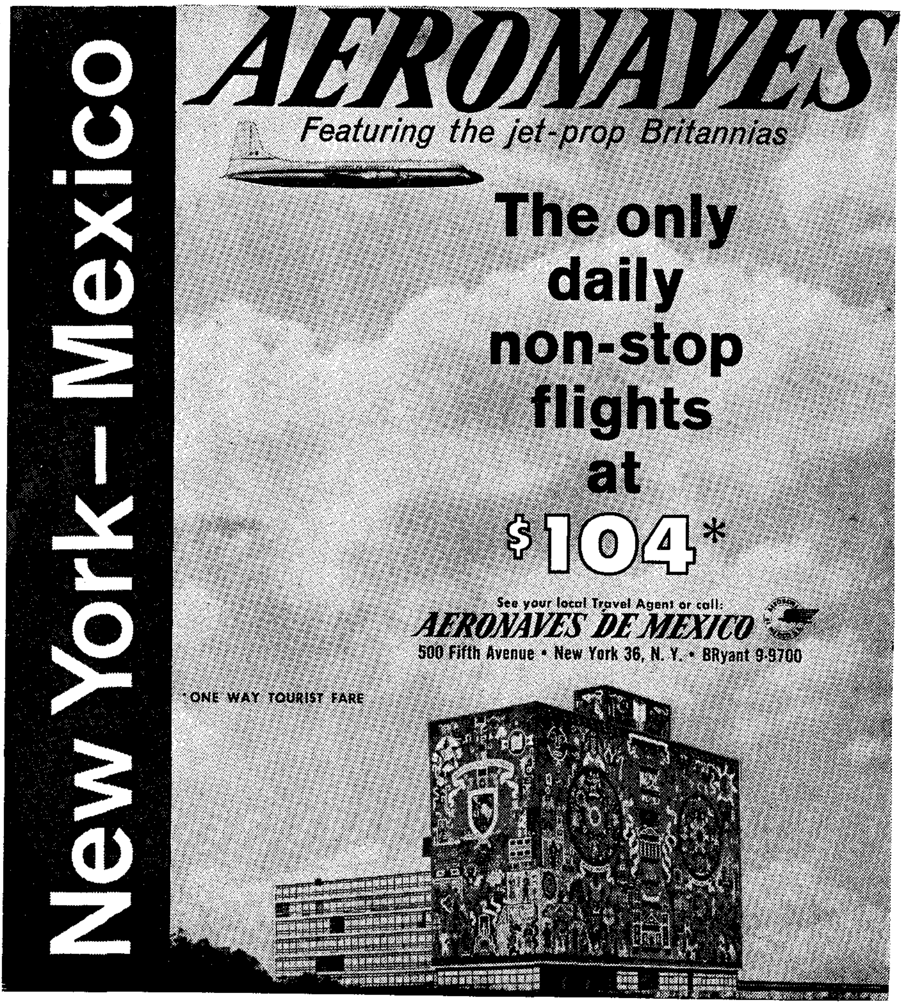
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"*This.*"

"*What is it?*"

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"*Heard the buzz?*"

"*Nope, what?*"

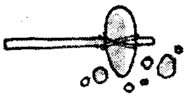
"*Fellow says something about a great Old-World-flavored beer particular people are going to enjoy soon.*"

"*Soon?*"

"*Oh, 10,000,000 years—more or less.*"

"*Too bad we're too early!*"

"*Yeah, seems a shame.*"



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provided that home is a part of the country where the law doesn't prohibit alcohol.

Most Highnesses who stay at home have begun to economize wherever they can. It is impossible for them to get rid of their domestic responsibilities, nor would they want to; the lives of Indians are shored up and made secure by cousins and uncles and aunts and old servants and the old servants' cousins and uncles and aunts. But outlying buildings on their estates can be closed, valuables can be sold, and an end can be put to the formerly endless business of hospitality. Today, most tourists who want to travel through India find that they have to go about it much as they would go about travelling through other countries—putting up at hotels or official resthouses, and paying their own way. Some of the hotels, to be sure, are converted palaces run for profit by their princely owners, but this fact certainly makes the blow no less bitter to the old houseparty crowd. I heard a good deal of indignant comment on one maharajah, enterprising but not typical, who, while showing visitors around his palace, displays his family jewels and, with a magnanimous air, urges the ladies to take their choice. To those unwary or naïve enough to do so, he later sends a bill. His charges are not unreasonable—very little more than those made by shops that offer similar articles for sale. I've never met this Highness, but my sympathies are with him, vaguely.

—Emily Hahn

(This is the first of a series of articles on India's deposed princes.)

•

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—*Columbus* (*Ohio*) *Dispatch.*

We will?

•

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THE ART GALLERIES

Realism and Reality

ONE of the first shows I happened to drop into as I was making my rounds last week was a group exhibition at the Salpeter Gallery. Called, a trifle elliptically, "Realism: Variations," it's a thoroughly enjoyable affair, marked by, among other works, a large, solidly painted still-life, "The El Greco Book," by Ben Benn; a green, ingratiating landscape called "Mexican View," by Mel Silverman; and another still-life, "Hunter's Cabinet," done in the *trompe-l'œil* style, by Paul Riba. In a way, though, I was even more beguiled by the idea behind the show, as expressed by its title, for it started me to thinking about the infinite variability of the terminology of art, and the ways in which the meanings of its words can change, subtly sometimes and drastically at others, over the years. It's the word "realism" that lies at the core of the matter. According to the dictionary, it means "fidelity to nature or to real life; representation without idealization," and there was a period not so long ago when it had this exact connotation when applied to art; if one spoke then of Realism or of Realistic painters, one thought immediately of men like Eakins and Homer, Bingham, Duveneck, and Eastman Johnson, and of no one outside their general school. With the turn of the century, or a little later, there came a change, and it seems to me it was indicated in this country by the advent of Sloan, Henri, Glackens, and the others of the Ashcan School. Here the change, as I see it, was subtle, for though these men concerned themselves with everyday life, there was a small but important difference in their approach to it. Possibly the rise of such "realistic" (but deeply humane) novelists as Zola may have been an influence; at any rate, there was a heavy admixture of social commentary in these later artists' work, compared to that of their predecessors. It was not so much the austerities of realism they sought to convey as, with compassion, reality—not the face but the facts of life—and as a result, and for all their superficially realistic approach, there was always a share of "idealization," or straight romanticism, in their paintings.

Lately, there has been a more drastic

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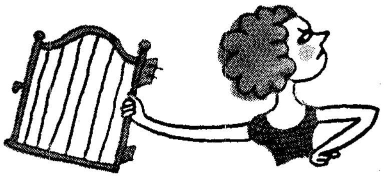

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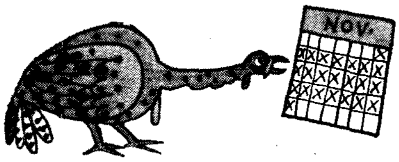

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change, and here I think we have an example of the elasticity of words, of the way in which terminology can be stretched to fit varying circumstances—the circumstance, in this instance, being the current enormous vogue for nonobjective and extreme Abstract Expressionist art. In a sense, it's as if the increasingly great concentration of interest in these styles had opened a wider and wider gap between them and the older forms, dealing with representational suggestion, and the term "realism" had spread out, or been stretched, to fill it. And now, in the Salpeter show and in the popular mind as well, it is confused not only with reality but even with mere references to reality, and can be made to include not only the Expressionist Ben Benn but, in the same show, a study of a pitcher and glasses on a table called "The Simple Life," rather Purist in manner, by K. C. Rowland; a highly simplified and quite handsome "Métro—Montparnasse," by Y. Hnizdovsky; and a straight Surrealist essay, "Coney Island: Summer Labyrinth," by Noel Davis.

ALL nice pictures, too, in their several ways, but I couldn't help wondering: Are they Realism? What is Realism anyway, as the word is interpreted nowadays, and how valid is the interpretation? One finds few answers to these questions at the big exhibition now on at the Guggenheim Museum, of the three dozen paintings (from a couple of dozen countries) that figured as runners-up in the contest for the Guggenheim International Award for 1958. The work is solidly in the nonobjective camp, and I found only a half-dozen canvases that bear any relation to the representational. Even so, there are inklings. For one example, there's the relation between the painting called "Prague," by the Czech Jan Slavíček, and "Medieval Landscape," by the Canadian Jack Leonard Shadbolt. Both are panoramic views of the piled-up rooftops and houses of a city. But the first is avowedly in the Impressionist tradition, while the second is just as openly abstract in intention—so much so, indeed, that as little as a quarter century ago, I imagine, few onlookers would have grasped its "realistic" basis, as a vista of this sort, at all. There's a "Still-Life with Basket and Fruit," by Ragnar Sandberg, of Sweden, that gave me pause, too. Unashamedly Cézanne in influence, it seemed to me to represent a borderline case between the old-fashioned and the modern ideas of Realism; after all, wasn't Cézanne

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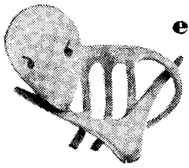

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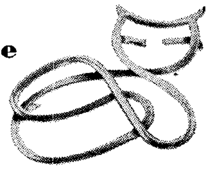

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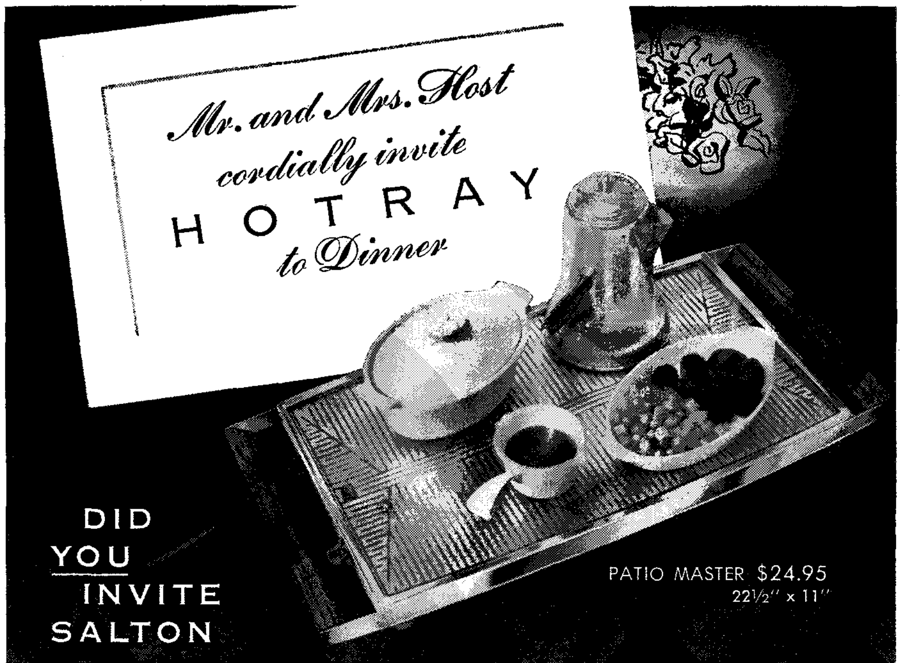
regarded in his own day as an outrageous violator of all the principles of honest representation, and isn't he now, in direct opposition, regarded as the very founder of the whole modern school of dispassionate, objective analysis?

For the most part, though, the selection is so unwaveringly avant-garde that in the end it begins to appear arbitrary; one feels that there must have been, in all those countries so exhaustively surveyed, one or two more examples of good traditional painting than those that managed to get past the juries. Given its bent, nevertheless, it's a lively and exciting collection—with, among its highlights, such pieces as André Masson's star-sparkling "Nightfall," Edouard Pignon's gnarled, solid "Olive Tree Trunk," and the grave, smoothly textured "January 1958 (Blue Trevose)," by Ben Nicholson. The grand-prize winner, by Joan Miró, was present only in reproduction. This, a paired ceramic mural, "Night" and "Day," is already in its place on the grounds of the UNESCO building in Paris.

THE same questions pursued me in my rounds of the galleries, though here the differentiations are a little clearer. At the Rehn is a collection of paintings by Reginald Marsh, all done in the last four years before his death, in 1954, while Knoedler is showing a set of paintings in various media by Andrew Wyeth. In both these men the realistic tendency is obvious, yet there are variations—Marsh (see "Dock End" and "Black Eyes Made Natural") seems rather in the line of Sloan and Shinn, while Wyeth, meticulous craftsman that he is (every leaf, every blade of grass rendered with precision), manages to introduce a curiously impressive note, almost of Surrealism. Possibly the very exactness of his depiction is responsible. The paintings have a superclarity, partaking of that still, bright definition one sees just before a storm, and the scenes—as in "Oil Drum" and "The Slip"—take on some of the same suspenseful breathlessness in consequence.

WELL, then, who is more "realistic"—Wyeth or Marsh? I confess I don't know. All I do know is that neither would have been called a true Realist in Eakins' time. If we go on to Sidney Nolan, the Australian artist now showing at Durlacher, it is only to add to the confusion. Nolan, it may be remembered, had his first



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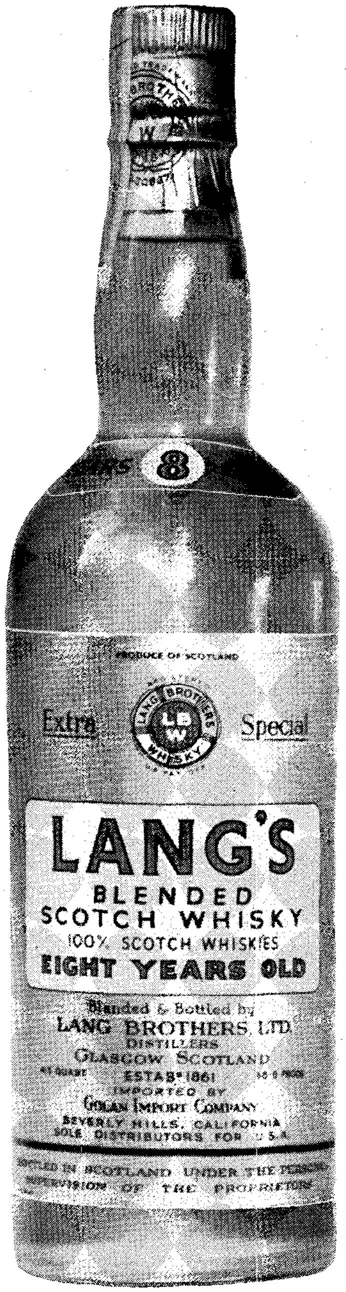

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showing here a couple of years ago, and the paintings, based on the half-legendary career of a bandit named Ned Kelley, active in the early days of his country, were done in a deliberately rough-and-ready but basically representational style that admirably reflected the "frontier" aspects of his chronicle. The new series is also based on a bit of Australian folklore. This has to do with a Scotswoman, a Mrs. Fraser, who was shipwrecked off the Queensland coast, gained the land and lived for months in the jungle there, joined forces at last with an escaped convict called Bracefell, talked him into leading her to an English settlement, and then (the perfidy of Albion again) betrayed him—and so, in a sense, the work is basically as "real" as the Kelley ones were.

So, too, to a degree, is the rendition. The jungle is the setting, and Nolan has developed a special technique, of "wiped" overlapping surfaces and intricately interlacing designs, to suggest not only the matted tangle of the growths of the jungle but the endless depths of it. So far, then, the depiction is of reality itself. The figures, though, of the convict and the woman lurking in the midst of it, are different. These are shown in an almost Expressionist fashion, dim, wraith-thin, and ghostly, and the result is to invest the pictures with a dreamlike quality in which the setting is real and the actors are not. Thus, as far as our inquiry goes, here we are back more or less where we started, with the application of realism to reality as ambiguous as ever. On the whole, however, it seems to me that, as Nolan's new work suggests, Realism, or the technique of it, is now coming to be regarded less as an end and more as a means—to be used piecemeal, even, whenever it serves to increase a picture's symbolic evocation.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

WHAT PAGE OF THE HERALD TRIBUNE D'YA READ?

Walter Lippmann sees a chance for Secretary Dulles to combine good diplomacy with honest publicity—Sec. 1, Page 24.—*Notice on page 1.*

It would be a great relief, and it would enhance the prestige of this country, if the Secretary of State announced that the situation had entered a phase where the issues are too delicate and critical to be discussed in public statements. Most people would believe him. Most people would accept his decision. And a great deal of the embarrassment caused by the twisting and turning would be avoided. For this is one of the occasions when good diplomacy cannot be combined with honest publicity.

—*Walter Lippmann on page 24.*

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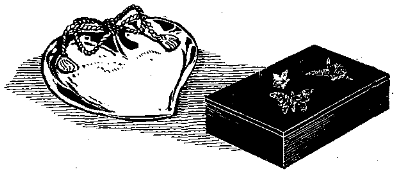

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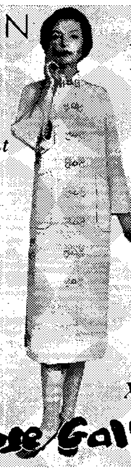

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ANOTHER STORYTELLER'S STORY

ON her mother's side, my wife comes of a storytelling family. Over the past century, several of its members have been near-bards. Legends of the family itself have never constituted more than a portion of their repertory; family and non-family material have tended to be merged in a common reservoir of tales. Anecdotes concerning cousins and aunts are given all the dignity of legend, and the most exotic folk tales are apt to be recounted as though the events had happened last week, just down the block.

The earliest member of the family to come to America was my wife's great-grandfather, who immigrated to this country from Germany in the 1840s—a refugee from the Judaic beliefs of his parents and forebears, which he did not share. His father and grandfather had been tutors of Greek and Latin to the children of the ruler of a small south German principality, and it had been supposed that he would follow in their footsteps. Instead, arriving in New York with some knowledge of English, he purchased a horse, a wagon, and a stock of household goods, and he travelled through the New England states peddling his wares. He chose that area because he had been told that the English spoken there was America's best. Later, he became a drygoods merchant in New York, and was associated with Felix Adler in the founding of the Ethical Culture Society.

In the garden of his house on Orchard Street grew a large pear tree, famous for the abundance of its fruit, much of which he distributed among his neighbors. He supposed that the tree had once been part of the orchard for which the street was named—a supposition that, over the years, has gradually transformed itself, among his descendants, into the firmest kind of fact. On summer nights, under the Orchard Street pear tree, it was his custom to tell stories that he had heard as a boy in Germany to audiences composed of young people of the neighborhood. During the years of the Civil War, quite a number of adults—older men, and women whose husbands or sons were absent—swelled these groups of summer-night listeners. He brought such storytelling sessions to an end by rising and saying to his wife, "Let's go in, my dear. These people want to go home."

He always pruned the pear tree himself, on a certain day in September. In

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1898, when he was eighty-four, he pruned the tree as usual. The day was unseasonably warm, he became overheated and then caught cold, pneumonia set in, and he died early in October. I have never heard any of his descendants, in recounting the story of his death, suggest that old age had anything to do with it.

His youngest, and only unmarried, daughter—one of my wife's great-aunts—was born in 1866. The previous year, her mother had had a miscarriage. "Younger members of the family have informed me," this great-aunt used to say, rather primly, to several generations of children, "that it is impossible to have a miscarriage for psychological reasons. So the story I always heard—that my mother had her accident as the result of her grief at hearing of Mr. Lincoln's death—cannot be strictly true. It happened the same day, however, and I know that she was deeply affected by the news. I imagine that on learning it she must have staggered and fallen, with the fatal outcome. Perhaps she even fell downstairs. In any case, I was conceived shortly thereafter."

TWO of the great-aunt's sisters, one of them my wife's grandmother, were married, while still in their teens, to two young men who were friends and business partners, and who, like their new Orchard Street father-in-law, had immigrated from Germany and become drygoods merchants. These younger men had gone not to New England but to Texas. There, in San Antonio, their venture had succeeded, and they had come to New York in search of wives. Within a year after the double wedding and the long bridal journey south—by train to St. Louis, the rest of the way by stagecoach—one of the sisters found the San Antonio heat unbearable, and persuaded her husband to move to New York. The other—my wife's grandmother—and her husband stayed on in Texas. She also suffered greatly from the heat, and often spent the hottest hours of the day in the comparatively cool cellar of her house. Her cook's husband, pastor of a San Antonio Negro church, discovered that she was literarily gifted, and he persuaded her to devote part of her cellar solitude each week to the composition of a sermon, which he would deliver the following Sunday. She had always possessed a naturally flowery style, both spoken and epistolary, and, thanks to the pastor's requirements, it lost none of its flamboyancy in Texas.

After several years, she, too, wearied

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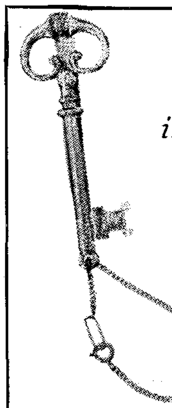

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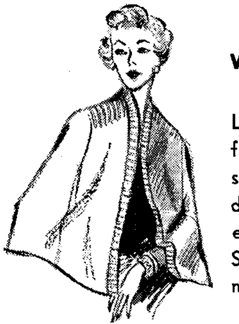

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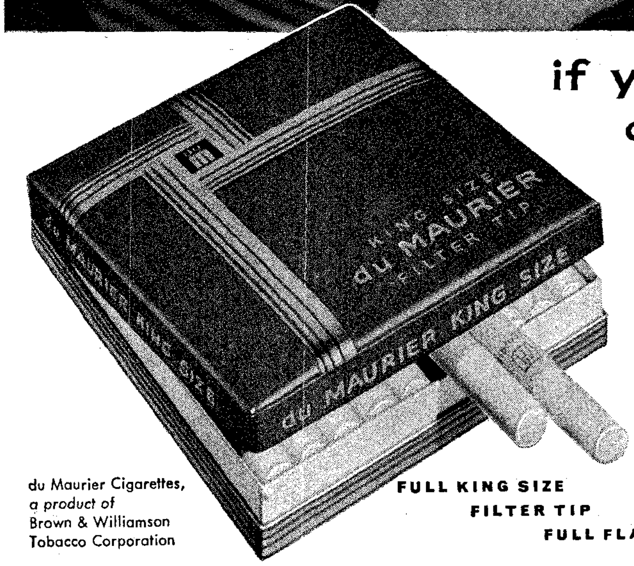
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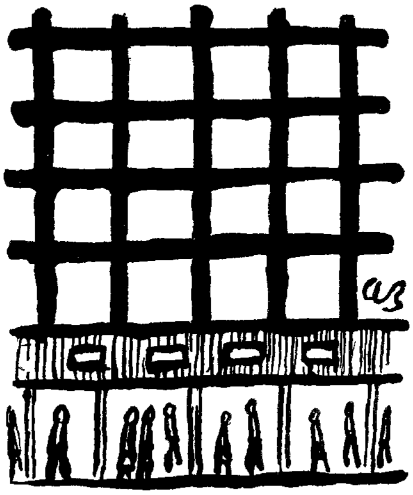
of life in the South, and she and her husband followed the other couple to New York. Here they lived in a brownstone house at 12 East Eighty-first Street. The house still exists. It now has a brick façade, added by later owners. It was one of the first brownstones to be so "improved." When my wife's grandmother inhabited it, the ceilings of the parlor were painted with clouds and cherubs, and the gilt chairs and sofas below them were upholstered in "tapestry" depicting scenes from "Lohengrin." Unlike many of her contemporaries, she did not consider such rooms out of bounds for children; children were even welcome to open the doors of the curio cabinet and finger, there, a set of miniature gold-filigree furniture, which included a sedan chair complete with lady passenger. And it was amid these elegant surroundings that the children of the family listened to her storytelling specialty, the folk tales of the brothers Grimm. Occasionally, even today, my wife and I meet, out at dinner in somebody's house, an elderly lady or gentleman who recalls with shudders her bloodcurdling rendering of "The Wolf and the Seven Little Kids."

One autumn, my wife's grandmother returned with her family from a year in Europe (bringing with her a dozen or more dresses by Worth and other Parisian couturiers) to find that the house, which everyone had supposed vacant during their absence, had been occupied, at least throughout the summer months. All the linen, all the silver, and all the lace—she loved lace and used it in cascades wherever possible—were gone. On the ceiling-high mirror in the front hall was written, in candle wax, "Thank you for your perfect taste and your summer's hospitality." Regrettably, someone had allowed the burglary insurance to lapse. In addition to the Grimms' tales and a florid English style, my wife's grandmother had at her



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command an endless stock of German proverbs. When the extent of the uninsured loss was revealed to her, she dryly and debonairly quoted a proverb that no one had heard before—one that, translated, ran, "From each according to his means; to each according to his needs." Her family—and, indeed, she herself—were quite surprised when someone discovered that it came from the works of Karl Marx; she was unable to say where she had acquired it.

When her husband, my wife's grandfather, was seventy, his sons and sons-in-law clubbed together and gave him a black buggy with yellow wheels. Thereafter, his grandchildren had many a delightful Sunday-morning drive with him along the Harlem River Speedway. His coachman, who on weekdays drove him to his office and back in a sober closed carriage, sat on the buggy's small rear seat, his arms folded, as they skimmed along, the old gentleman holding the reins. As they went, he told stories about his early days in San Antonio—tales of cowboys and holdups, and of bears crashing into his garden in the middle of the night. His grandchildren thought of him almost as a hero of the Alamo, though I believe that at no time, even when his listeners were their youngest, did he conceal the fact that, while a Texan, he had been in the drygoods business.

MY wife's mother, as a young girl, enjoyed two things particularly: visiting her favorite cousins at their country house, in Mount Morris Park, and listening to her mother's storytelling. At an early age, she resolved to perfect herself in German. She had heard her grandparents converse now and then in that language, but in her own home it was employed only by her mother, when uttering proverbs. So my wife's mother studied German at Miss Brackett's school, and when she was sixteen she set herself a rule; she was a passionate lover of English novels, but she vowed never to read one without reading a book in German next. This rule she adhered to for several years. By the time of her marriage, she had acquired an enormous repertory of German, and other, tales. She and her husband bought a brownstone house at 63 East Eighty-fourth Street, and there she told these stories to her children, while her mother continued to tell the Grimms' stories on East Eighty-first Street. Perhaps because her mother had always overused German proverbs, this was the one form of literary expression that was anathema to my

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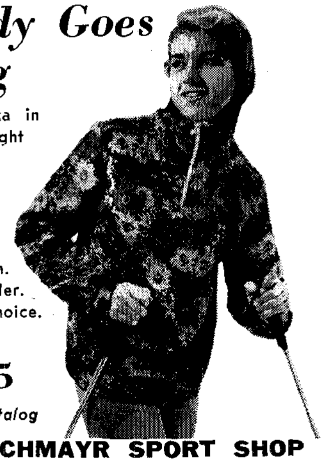

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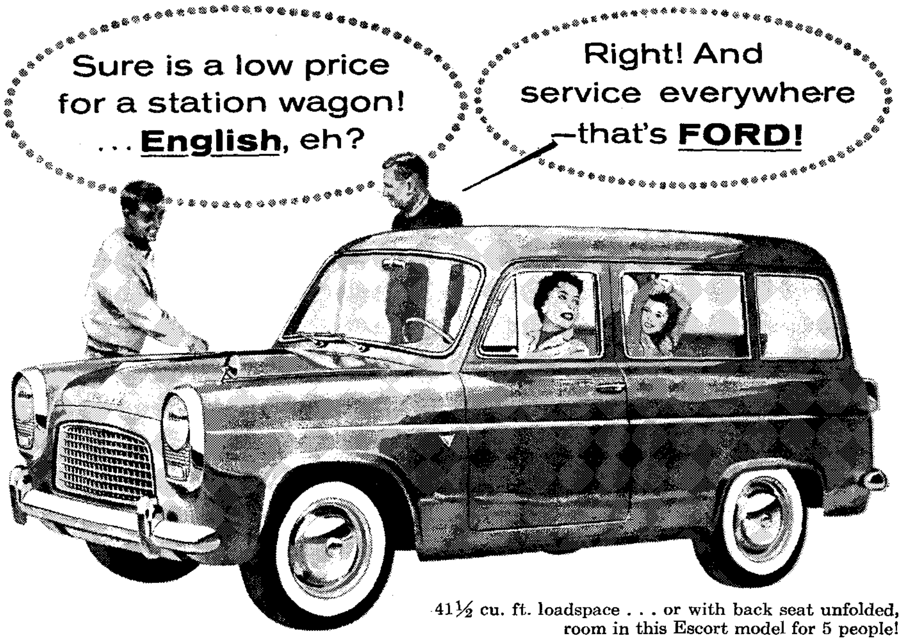
mother-in-law. "Those people have a different smug saying for every conceivable contingency in life," she used to remark with annoyance. Occasionally, she would utter one herself, always with an air of wry amusement at its pompous patness.

My wife (later one of the habitués of her grandmother's story parlor, and one of the Sunday-morning passenger-listeners in her grandfather's buggy) was born in the house at 63 East Eighty-fourth Street, between Park and Madison Avenues. Neither the house nor its address now exists. The Regis High School spreads over the site. My wife and her brothers and their friends felt no hesitation about playing in the block, even though it was not then specifically marked, as it is today, "Play Street."

While my wife and her brothers were still small, their parents moved from East Eighty-fourth Street to 37 West Ninetieth Street, off Central Park West. (This house, too, has disappeared, and its address along with it. An apartment house is on the site.) The move was considered adventuresome. There were solid rows of houses on Ninetieth Street as far west as Columbus Avenue, but beyond that there were gaps. The rocky lot at the northeast corner of Amsterdam, with its wooden shack and its grazing goats, represented a way of living, my wife and her brothers felt, superior to their own. Their own took for granted the services of three seventeen-dollar-a-month Irish maids, whose normal rising hour was 5:30 A.M. Clara, the laundress, washed not only the linen but the windows. For Sunday-night supper, my wife was sometimes sent out to buy fresh rolls and pickles at Enoch's Delicatessen, on Columbus Avenue. In warm weather, she always bent down for a quick look under the swinging doors of the saloon at the southwest corner of Columbus and Ninetieth. She regretted that she was never sent there to have the household beer can refilled; that errand was always entrusted to one of the maids. "Farther west was largely Irish," my wife says about Ninetieth Street beyond Columbus. "Half the children who came to the door on Halloween, asking for pennies, spoke with a brogue. Of course, they were all dressed up in tatterdemalion finery. Some of the costumes showed a lot of imagination." The maids, who had a downstairs sitting room, entertained their friends—and often the children of the house—by playing on a phonograph with a horn like a huge morning-glory the records of Irish jigs and bal-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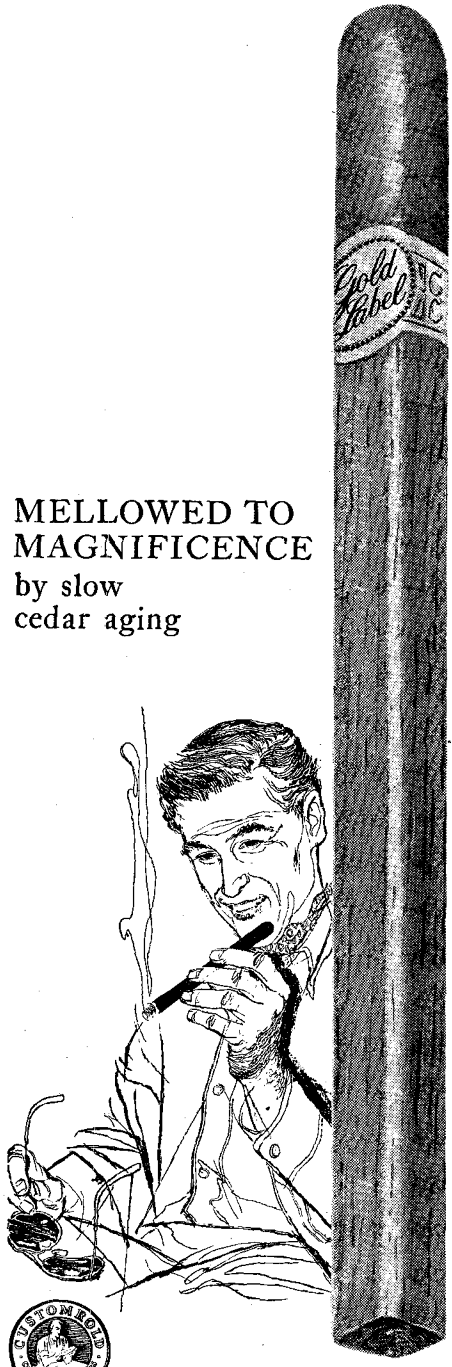

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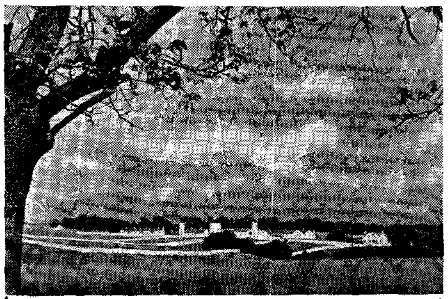
lads they had brought from Ireland. Sometimes they supplemented these with tales of their own.

NOT very surprisingly, perhaps, when my wife went to normal school, she specialized in storytelling. On her graduation, she was employed by welfare organizations to tell stories in settlement houses—chiefly to groups of children then known as court cases. These were neighborhood youngsters who had been, or whose parents had been, in difficulty with the law. Now and then, she was asked to tell stories in a hospital. Some of the children's wards included defective children, in those days, and for that reason were kept locked. The nurse in charge would lock my wife in, and come back for her at the end of the session. Sometimes there were a few sick prostitutes locked in, too—"because," as a nurse once said, "they have to be locked in someplace."

Once, on an afternoon shortly before Christmas, when my wife arrived at one of the settlement houses to give a special program of Yule tales, she found her audience larger than usual, augmented by a number of uninvited teen-age youths whom she had never before seen. Quite a few of these, she noticed, were carrying knives. Before beginning her first story, she announced that all knives were to be placed, for the duration of the program, on the table at which she sat. The adolescents courteously complied, and then listened to the tales with a demeanor no less rapt and respectful than that of the others. When the program was over, my wife induced them to stay on for one more story, "just for themselves." This, she felt, gave her regulars a fair chance of reaching home unscathed.

When I first knew my wife, she had already changed her profession, but occasionally I heard and saw her tell stories impromptu to youthful groups, usually composed of her nieces and nephews and their friends. The rapidity with which the children invariably fell under the spell of legend and folklore struck me as uncanny. The moment she began, there would be an instant, utter hush, and the sight of all the young faces staring intently at the storyteller always touched me—it was such a tribute to some eternal aspect of the telling of tales.

IT is strange how, even though my wife is no longer a professional storyteller, the stories she used to tell keep cropping up, bringing responses from



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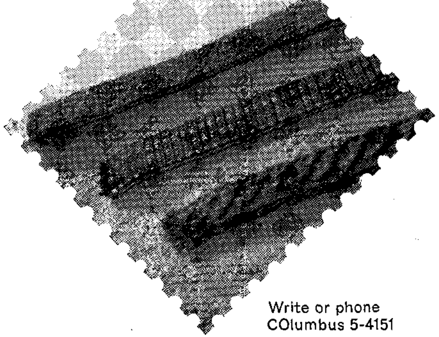

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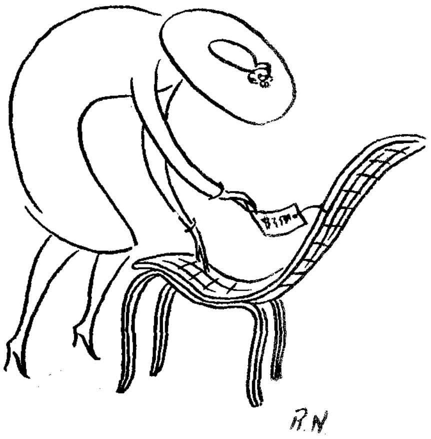
all kinds of people. It usually happens quite unexpectedly. There was an impromptu storytelling session just last Halloween, in our apartment; we live in a great big place, with hundreds of other families, on the East Side, not far from where my wife was born. Our doorbell hadn't rung during dinner that evening, and we were beginning to think there would be no children's visits for "trick or treat;" if so, it would be the first Halloween without them in all our years in New York. Then, just as we were leaving the table, there was a peal. A group of four children was at the door. Despite their various disguises—bought costumes, they were, every one of them—I had no difficulty in recognizing the children as junior co-tenants whom I had often glimpsed in lobby and elevator. They trooped into our foyer, and we handed out the nickels that they certainly didn't need, and then apples. When the apples appeared, one diminutive female spook lamented, "My pockets are so full of apples already I'm afraid I haven't room for this one."

"Would you like a story instead?" my wife asked.

Instantly the spook put her apple down on a table, and she and the others arranged themselves on the parquet floor, their masked faces upturned. The well-known hush fell. My wife chose a very brief tale; she knew they had other calls to make. She told them "The Monkey and the Jellyfish." When she had finished, there was a pause. The pause grew longer. Then one of the other masked listeners—this one clad in buckskin and feathers—reached up and tentatively laid his apple, too, on the table. My wife then told "The Travelling Musicians." After that, two more apples were placed confidently on the table, and two more short tales were told. "I guess that's that," my wife said then. "Everybody will be wondering where you are." The visitors wordlessly



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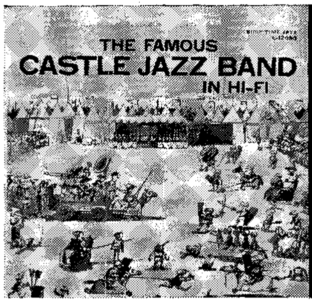

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got to their feet, and only when they had filed out through the front door, which I had opened for them, did they burst into shrill thank-yous. Their voices streamed behind them as they disappeared toward the elevator.

Last year, my wife and I went to a cocktail party where we met a handsome, black-haired young man, introduced by our host as being from Oklahoma. "Are you a Chippewa?" my wife asked him, sociably. He nodded. "Then you must know my favorite Indian forest story," she said. " 'The Man Who Married the Moon.' "

"Not by that title, but tell it to me, and I'll tell you if it's one of ours," he said.

It was. My wife faltered a few times in the telling, being rusty, but the young man put her right each time. It was a curiously primeval antiphony to listen to, up there, high above Park Avenue. They finished in triumphant unison: "Then he found the girl whose face he had watched so many nights in the moon, and *he never came back to earth*." Quite a few of the other cocktail guests had gathered round to listen, and they seemed to find that ending delightfully happy and satisfactory.

At another party—a dinner, this time—there was a young woman who said proudly that her father had been a mighty teller of Irish tales. When my wife said that she, too, had told Irish stories, the young woman looked at her with mistrust. "Did you tell 'The Bee, the Harp, the Mouse, and the Bumclock'?" she demanded.

"I did," my wife said.

"Well, when you got to the part about the pans and the pails, what did you do with your hands?"

"I did this with them," said my wife, making a crisscross gesture.

"Bless you!" said the young woman. "There are those who always do this"—she made a different gesture—"and that's dead wrong, as you well know."

And then, one morning last winter, one of the handymen of our apartment house came to make some repairs, and told my wife apologetically that some of the things she wanted him to do were impossible. "Too bad you're not a Buddhist with an elephant," she said to him wistfully. "Everything is possible to a Buddhist if his elephant's the right one. Do you know the story called 'The Well-Trained Elephant'? It was white, and it could do all kinds of things, even when it was standing on one leg."

"I don't know the story, but I am a follower of yoga," the man replied

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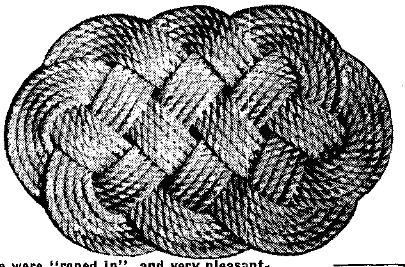

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with dignity. "I stand on my head every morning."

"I've never seen that done the yoga way," my wife said. "Would it be disrespectful if I asked you to show it to me?"

"Not at all," said the handyman, "if you don't tell the superintendent."

My wife asked his permission to call in the maid, who she knew would be interested, and, before the two ladies, the handyman placed his hands and forearms on the floor, unfolded upward gracefully and slowly, and was soon standing on his head, chatting amiably about the diet he followed and about what a shame it was that his wife was of too impatient a nature to learn the yoga positions that he found so beneficial.

"He stayed there on his head at least five minutes," my wife told me admiringly when I came home that night. "He seemed utterly relaxed. He didn't even get red in the face. Then he did all kinds of things for me around the house. Extra things—things I'm sure he'd never have done if he hadn't first stood on his head. Not as many as if he'd had the Well-Trained Elephant to help him, naturally. He couldn't hope to—I told him this in consolation, because he looked so unhappy at not being able to fix the faucet perfectly—because in the story, of course, the elephant turns out to be Buddha himself." —Francis Steegmuller

•

The man in the basement of Robinson Hall has taught men of the College all about the outdoors for some 20 years, and he has never yet lost the contentment and happiness that commuting with nature brings him.—*The Dartmouth.*

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Without, naturally, losing pictorial meaning, Ronnie Elliott has brought mysticism to painting and not painting to mysticism. By this I mean that her painting is not mystic, but it is her mysticity which *is* painting. Hence, her pictures are . . . —*Dario Suro, quoted in a bulletin from the Rose Fried Gallery.*

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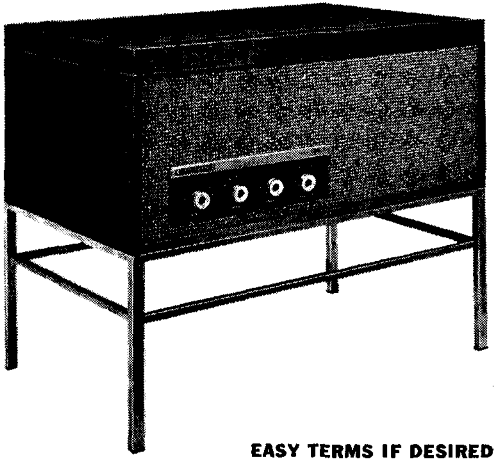

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

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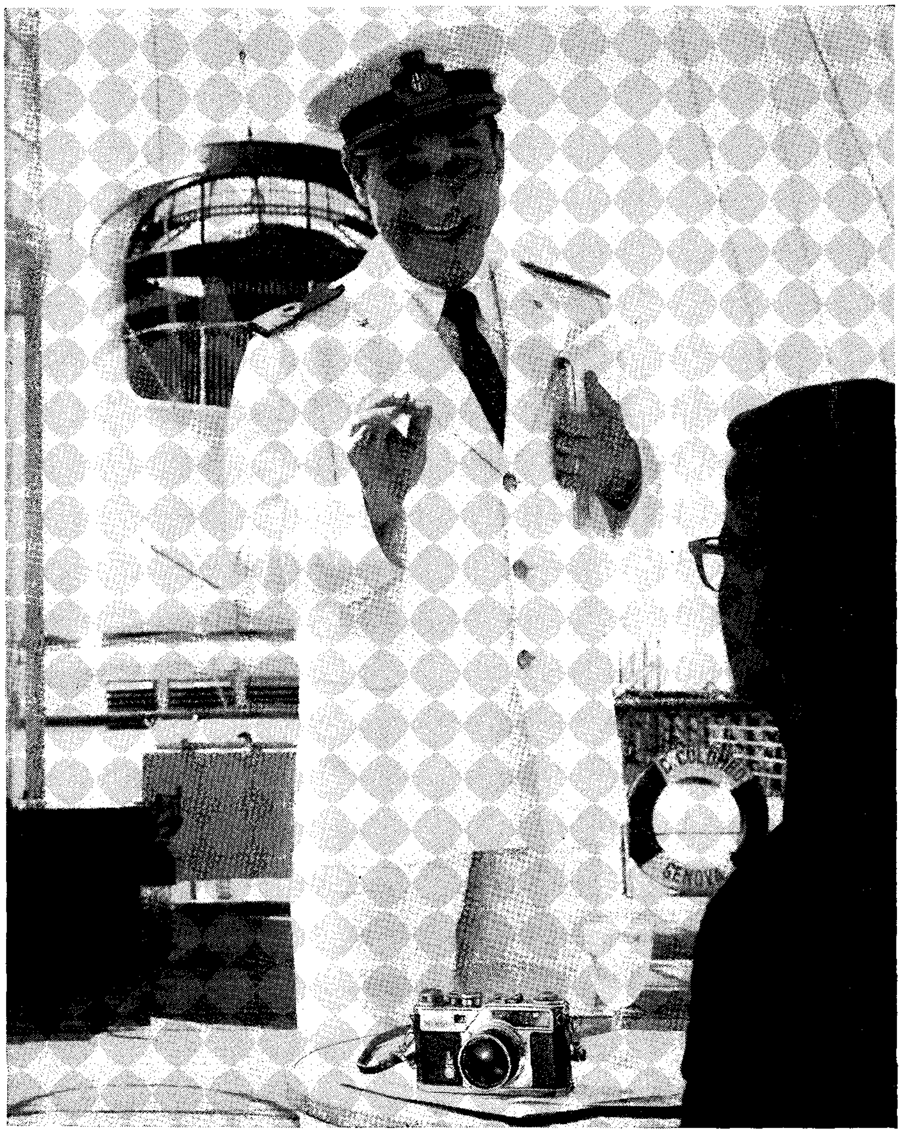
ONE of these days, perhaps, some gifted historian will undertake to explain how and why it was that the past month turned out to be a period of upheaval and unrest in most of the countries that have asserted national sovereignty since the end of the last war. In Asia, three of them gave up—temporarily, at least—the struggle to maintain free institutions and passed into military dictatorship. The President of Pakistan, a soldier named Iskander Mirza, said he had come to the conclusion that democracy couldn't work in a country where eighty-four per cent of the people were illiterate; he therefore abolished democracy. He suspended the constitution, dissolved the Parliament and the Provincial Assemblies (in one of them, the Deputy Speaker was recently killed by flying microphones, desk tops, inkpots, and other artifacts of parliamentary government, in the midst of a brawl on the floor), outlawed all parties, arrested many politicians, and turned the state power over to General Mohammed Ayub Khan, the head of the Army. In Burma, the Premier, U Nu, a gentle Buddhist philosopher and the Burmese translator of Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People," said that the chaos and corruption in the country were more than he could cope with; he put the Army in charge and made arrangements to turn his own job over to General Ne Win, the commander-in-chief of the Burmese defense forces. In Thailand, where the military had several times seized power in the last few years but where the constitution had remained in force, Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat, who had just returned home after spending almost a year in London and New York undergoing treatment for cirrhosis of the liver, took over the government and junked the constitution—justifying his action by citing the need to "build a stronger bulwark against Communism and to drive Communist elements from the country." While the lights were going out through much of Asia, a small one was turned back on in Ceylon, whose Prime Minister, S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike, voluntarily relinquished certain powers of censorship, arrest, and seizure that had been granted him some time back to deal with racial disturbances. But the Prime Minister himself was not sanguine about the future of democracy in Ceylon or elsewhere in the Orient. "I have always had doubts whether the system is quite suitable to some of our countries," he said. In Iraq, where a bloody palace revolution took place last July, there was an attempt at another one, and the government of Lebanon, which had received protection from the United States Marines after the Iraqi revolution, came very close to collapse. In Indonesia, Ghana, and Tunisia, where the rulers are eloquent in their professions of democratic and liberal sentiments, severe repressive measures were taken against critics and opponents of the regimes. The Jakarta authorities decreed that henceforth no one could start a newspaper without the approval of the Jakarta military command. Kwame Nkrumah, the Prime Minister of Ghana and a man often described as an African Thomas Jefferson, banned public meetings of the opposition party, on the ground that such meetings "might provoke ill-disposed persons to indulge in breaches of the peace." In Tunisia, President Habib Bourguiba, another leader widely admired as an evangel of a free society, had the leading opposition paper put out of business. (The paper had accused Bourguiba of holding a political trial of a former Premier, who had been charged with "treason" because he helped the old Bey of Tunis flee the country with all his jewels.) "Freedom is dangerous," Bourguiba said. "The state and its existence are essential before everything else. All this preoccupation with liberty is not serious. . . . I am creating a nation."

WHILE some of these melancholy developments were being announced and others were in the making, I had the luck to find myself on the Isle of Rhodes, in the eastern Mediterranean, attending a series of discussions by informed and eminent persons—the

"All I really need is a good talking to."

majority of them public officials or leaders of opinion—from the countries that were the scene of so much turbulence. These discussions, which were officially and ponderously called "An International Seminar: Representative Government and Public Liberties in the New States," were planned and managed by the Congress for Cultural Freedom, a worthy organization, anti-Communist and generally libertarian in outlook and associated with no government, that has its headquarters in Paris and exists largely for the purpose of encouraging discourse of this kind. Some forty people, mostly from the so-called new states but including a few from democracies that have been in more or less successful operation for a longer time, talked together, or made speeches at one another, for a week and a day in the Hôtel des Roses, a seaside resort built by the Italians during their occupation of Rhodes before the Second World War and now mainly patronized by prosperous German vacationers. The costs of the gathering were generously met by the Ford Foundation, itself a new and awesome sovereignty in the world.

The seminar was organized back in the late winter and early spring, when it could hardly have been guessed that the talk would be punctuated by bulletins that would seem to make a good deal of what was being said academic. (The announcement that the Army had taken over in Pakistan came only a few hours after a Pakistani told the gathering how fortunate his country was in having an Army whose officers hadn't the slightest interest in politics.) Nor could it have been guessed that the meetings would be held a few days after the arrival in the family of nations of a spanking-new member, Guinea, which had liberated itself from the French Union by voting to reject the constitution that General de Gaulle offered as a charter of order and liberty for the Fifth Republic and the "French-African Community." But the organizers knew well enough that the new states were having their troubles as well as their triumphs, and that these troubles were being shared, willy-nilly, with the old states. (The term "new states," incidentally, satisfied no one, and the Persians, Siamese, and Egyptians who were cast as representatives of "new" sovereignties could hardly have been more uneasy than the "old" Americans, cast as avuncular, ripe-with-experience types.) And they knew, too, that if present trends continue through the next ten or fifteen years, there will be an even greater proliferation of sovereignties than occurred



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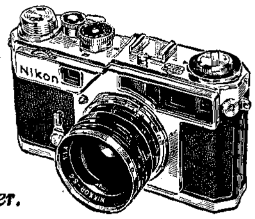

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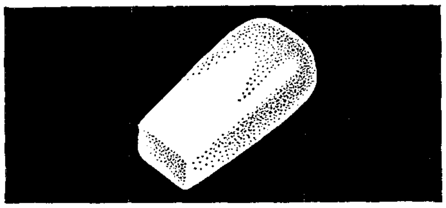

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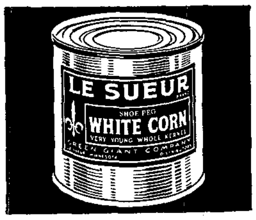

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in the last ten or fifteen. By 1970 or thereabouts, Africa could easily have more representatives in the United Nations than the entire Western Hemisphere, and Asian irredentism could just about double the number of nations on that continent. The Cultural Freedom people thought, in good Western fashion, that it might be helpful if some of the formidable intellects from the present new states were seated, along with a few from the older states, at a baize-covered table, provided with a moderator and an agenda, and given eight days in which to talk.

Rhodes, which lies only fourteen miles off the coast of Turkey and affords a magnificent view of the coastal ranges of the Anatolian Mountains, was chosen as the site for the seminar partly because it is more or less conveniently situated for the new states and partly because it is an agreeable place to be in mid-October. The fact that it was allied, a few millenniums back, to the Athenian democracy was no doubt an extra inducement, even though the government that now has Athens as its capital and Rhodes as its easternmost province is not a particularly shining example of either representative government or public rights. Midway in the seminar, the Athens radio and newspapers brought the participants the news that two Greek editors had been clapped into jail for the novel offense of "misinterpreting" a newspaper article by Joseph Alsop. However, this did not prevent innumerable allusions to the glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rhodes, and the great charm that the Platonic ideal of philosopher-kings held for a group of political intellectuals.

The Congress for Cultural Freedom is more interested in philosophers than in kings, and in the Western nations it is easy to tell one class from the other; indeed, it is almost impossible to confuse the two. In Western Europe, intellectuals may find their way into government a trifle more often than they do in this country, but, by and large, the rule in the West is that intellectuals and politicians stay out of each other's way. Of the fifteen or so Europeans and Americans at Rhodes, only four had any official connections. These were the Right Honourable John Strachey, M.P., a son of Bloomsbury who has a Labour constituency in Dundee and was Secretary of State for War under Clement Attlee; Frode Jacobsen, a member of the Danish Parliament and a sometime Cabinet Minister; Judge

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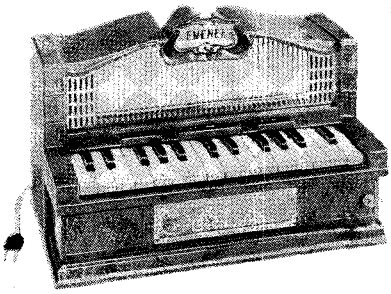

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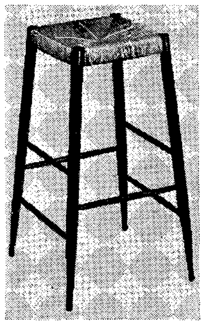

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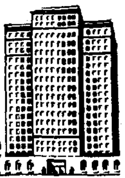

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Charles Wyzanski, Jr., of the Federal District Court in Massachusetts; and Gunnar Myrdal, the famous Swedish economist and sociologist (and the author of what is often said to be the most comprehensive study ever made of race relations in the United States), who has now and then worked for his own government and for the United Nations, and whose wife is at present the Swedish Ambassador to India. There were four other Americans, three Frenchmen, and one Italian (the novelist Ignazio Silone), none of whom held either appointive or elective office, and none of whom, as far as was known, had political aspirations.

In most of Asia, the Middle East, and Africa, though, things are very different; scratch an intellectual in those parts of the world and the chances are better than even that you will find a politician—possibly a President or Prime Minister, almost certainly a member of, or candidate for, Parliament. There are at least two good reasons for this. One is that the independence movements have been mostly led by intellectuals, who thus find themselves on the ground floor when nationhood is achieved—as men like Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, and the Adamses did in the early days here. The other is that illiteracy is so widespread in most of the areas that have become or are about to become self-governing that any man of any education has to be pressed into service *pro bono publico*. In fact, the scarcity of competence is so great that a good many new states have had to hire foreigners to get things going for them. For instance, one participant in the Rhodes seminar, a seminarist from Tunisia, was Cecil Hourani, a man of Lebanese-Arab ancestry who was born in Manchester, was formerly an Oxford don, and at present plays a Harry Hopkins-Sherman Adams role for President Bourguiba. The Israeli intellectual was the journalist Moshe Sharett, a former Foreign Minister and Prime Minister, and at present a member of the Knesset, Israel's Parliament, while the man from the United Arab Republic was Ibharim Abdel Rahman, an astrophysicist who serves President Nasser as secretary-general of the National Planning Commission in Cairo. (After the opening session, neither of these showed up when the other was present.)

The people invited to the seminar were chosen not for their political attainments but for their presumed ability to participate in a free and rational discussion of the state of democracy and

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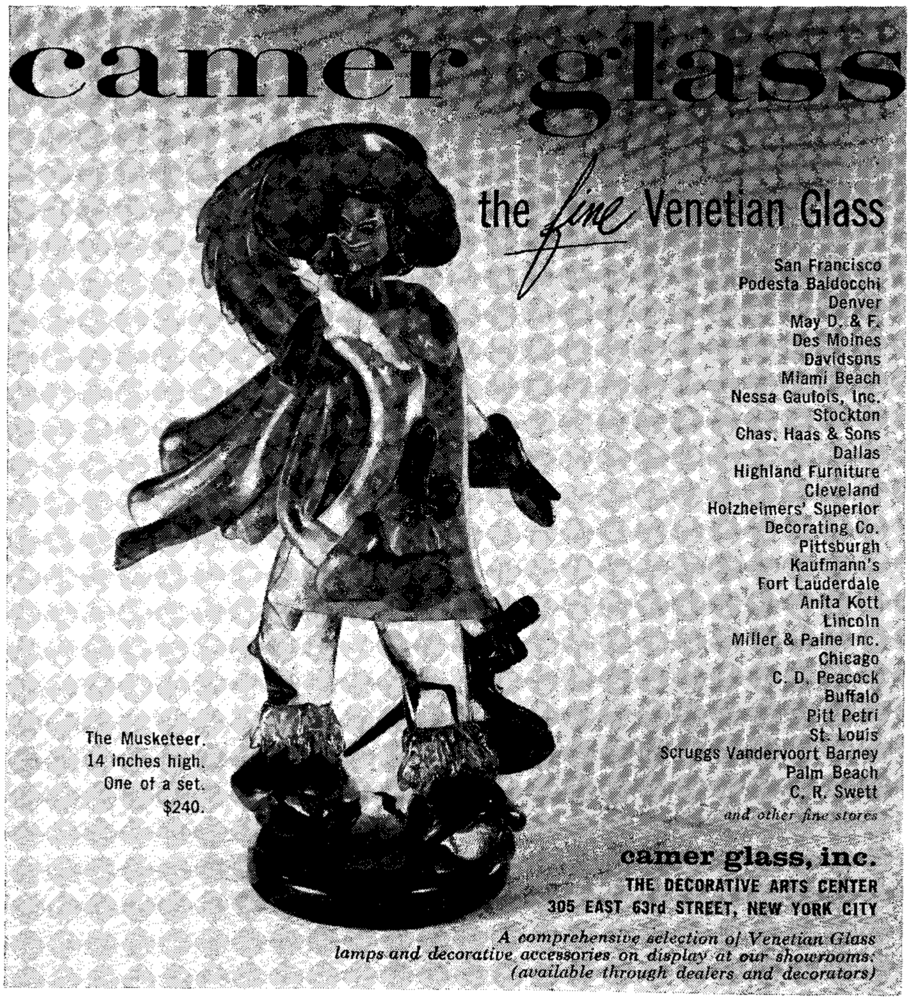

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liberty in the countries they came from. But in the new states the men who have the intellectual equipment for such a discussion almost invariably turn out to be either running the show or hoping to run it soon. It was largely on this account, I think, that the seminar failed to provide anything very striking in the way of polemics. One thing it did provide was evidence that the doubling in brass of the intellectuals itself constitutes one of the major problems for the new states. The Westerners, lacking political responsibilities and political hopes, could speak with detachment of the societies they represented; only a few of the non-Westerners could do so. This first came to light when an Indian politician with an iconoclastic turn of mind—Minocher R. Marsani, a former mayor of Bombay, and a member of the Indian Parliament who is reported to be among the sharpest of Mr. Nehru's critics—said that in the course of a visit to Brazil a few years ago he learned that the Brazilians had established literacy requirements for the exercise of suffrage; the thought had then crossed his mind, he said, that his own country might have given some thought to this possibility when its constitution was drawn up in 1949. Mr. Marsani did not say that he opposed universal suffrage; he said merely that he had been struck by the fact that the idea of limiting the franchise to people who could read and write had never even been examined by the founding fathers of Indian democracy. The effect of these observations on his compatriots and on certain other Asian and African politicians was roughly comparable to the one that might be produced in the Congress of the United States if someone took the floor to recommend that all members of the American Legion, the A.F.L.-C.I.O., Rotary International, the League of Women Voters, the National Grange, and the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian Churches should be stripped of the rights of citizenship. Illiterates constitute about eighty-five per cent of the population of India, and are thus an enfranchised bloc a good deal larger than the combined membership of these respectable American organizations. One after another, the highly literate Indian participants, reinforced by allies from other countries where illiteracy is widespread, rose to denounce Mr. Marsani's heresy and explain what splendid citizens, what wise electors, what shrewd judges of character, what incorruptible spirits the illiterate peasantry were. The speakers were not content to point out that there

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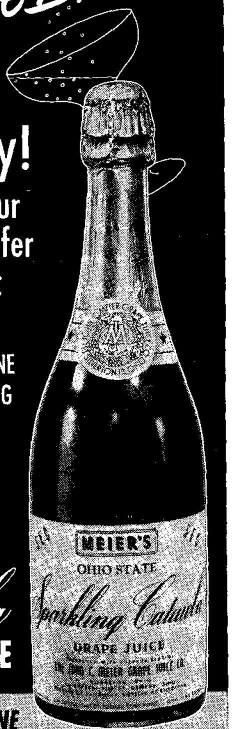

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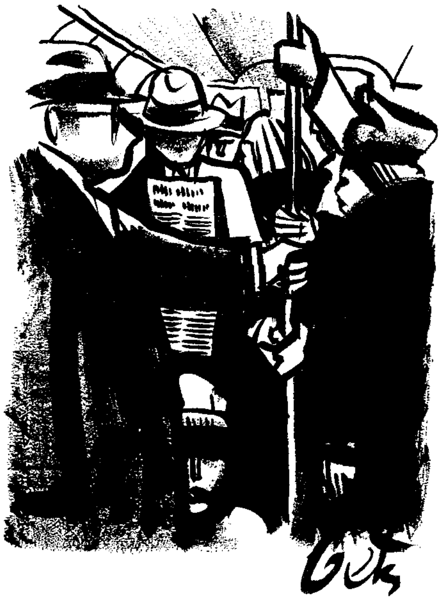
could be educated boobs and men of unlettered wisdom; they were trying to suggest that it was unfair and undemocratic to make any correlation between judgment and knowledge, and they carried this so far that an impressionable observer might have drawn the conclusion that a convocation of some of the world's most highly trained intellects was advancing the argument that illiteracy was a blessed state indeed, and that the world would be better off if only it were more widespread. Some unimpressionable onlookers drew the conclusion that few democratic politicians, Eastern or Western, highbrow or lowbrow, from new states or old, will ever allow themselves to be put in the position of questioning the virtues of any sizable bloc of voters—certainly not a bloc that is eighty-five per cent of the whole and about three hundred and twenty-five million in number.

At Rhodes, moments of candor and self-criticism were rare, and most of them were provided by Westerners. Robert M. Hutchins, the former president of the University of Chicago and now the president of the Fund for the Republic, drew a portrait of American society not "with warts and everything," as Cromwell wished to be drawn, but with warts and almost nothing else, and in a brief talk on political parties Ignazio Silone seemed to be saying that in the West—and, by implication, everywhere that Western practices are followed—all mass parties must come to approximately the same bad end as the monolithic, doctrinaire, intellectually corrupt Communists. It was not that the men from the new states were complacent about the way things were going back home; it was, instead, that they preferred to dwell on the ob-



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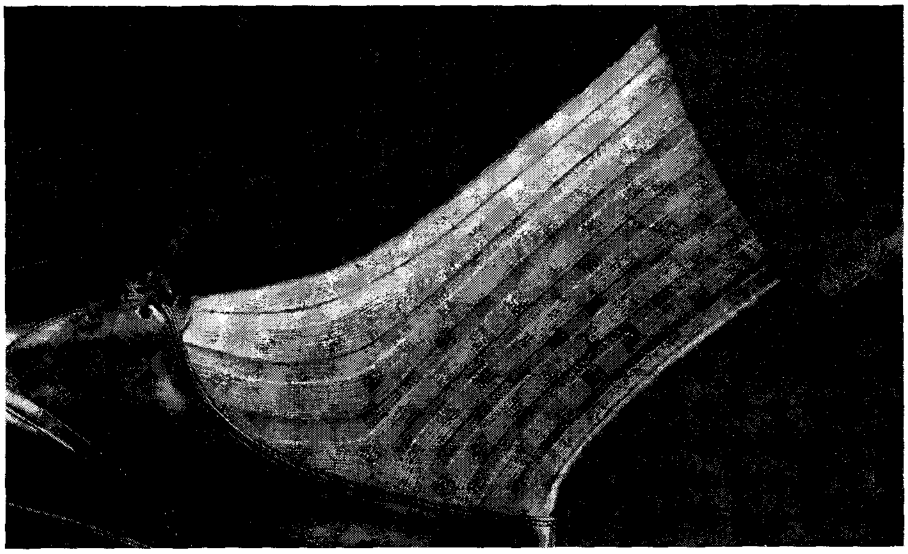

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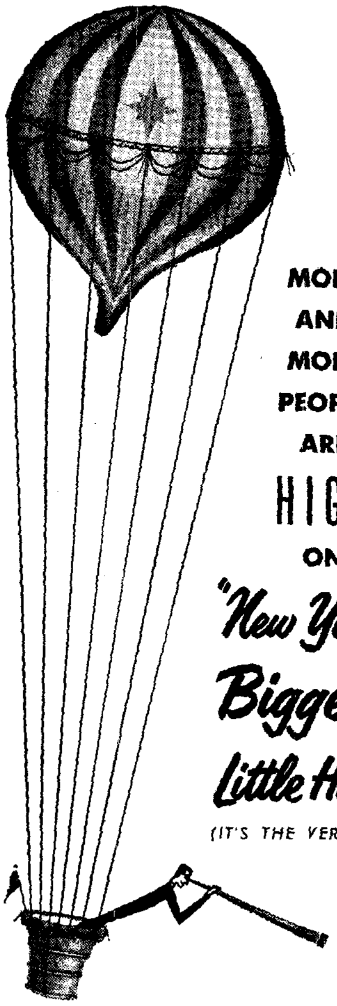
stacles placed in their way by such large, unmanageable forces as history, tradition, and the uneven distribution of natural bounties rather than to discuss difficult but conceivably assailable problems like the scarcity of educated men and women, and the need that democratic societies had for the kind of critical and analytical minds that were so obviously in short supply even at this select gathering. Edward A. Shils, an American sociologist who acted as chairman of the seminar for most of its meetings, wrote a brilliant paper on this very subject, which was circulated to the participants—a paper arguing that democracy and public liberties can hardly exist unless there are, outside the state apparatus, a number of people dedicated to the job of examining and appraising the workings of the apparatus. The argument aroused little interest or sympathy; in fact, a session devoted to discussing it was sidetracked by an impromptu and interminable exposition of Islamic polity by a learned Lebanese who lectures on such matters at Oxford—the brother, as it happens, of the Lebanese who is the strong right arm of the President of Tunisia. (Oxford was a great presence at the seminar; it had sons on hand from many countries, and they made as distinct a fraternity, socially and intellectually, as the Americans, the French, or the Indians.)

A few non-Westerners attempted hard analysis and criticism, but they met with little success in inducing others to undertake this exercise. The most notable attempt was made by a Siamese named Kukrit Pramoj, a Bangkok publisher and a prince of the ruling house, who had barely managed to make the seminar, having been acquitted only a few days before of charges of sedition and libel over some unflattering observations about the American Ambassador. Prince Pramoj, an old Oxonian himself, was a worldling beside whom most of the other participants seemed like so many Dr. Panglosses. He delivered himself of some home thoughts from abroad, whose tenor was that democracy (an ideal he respected as much as anyone else at the meeting) had in his country just about succeeded in wiping out public liberties—such as free speech and a free press—that had been fairly secure under an absolute monarch; in fact, it had merely led to the replacement of one absolute monarch by two hundred of them. Representative government, he said, could have little meaning in a country whose people had not accepted or had not grasped the idea of a conflict of economic interests or of



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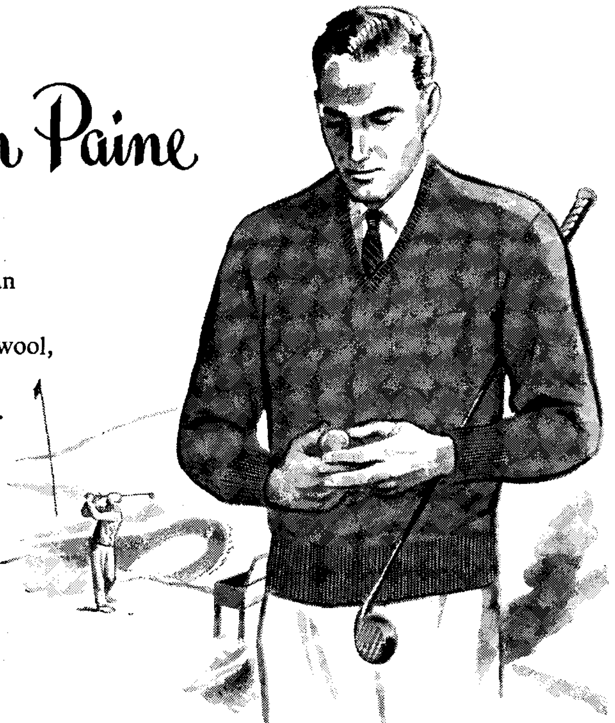
a conflict between private and public interests. There are, he said, about thirty parties in Thailand, practically all of them coöperatives or benevolent associations for politicians. He pointed out that Thailand's situation is a bit different from that of the former colonies. Illiteracy is not above thirty-five per cent, which means that there are a good many people qualified by schooling, if not by devotion to the general welfare, for political jobs. And just about everyone wants a political job, he declared; the arrival of democratic politics in Thailand was like the arrival of television or air-conditioning in an industrialized country—it opened up an entirely new field for employment and money-making. Since the politics were mostly concerned with nothing political (there simply can't be thirty different approaches to the problems of Thailand), they turned out to be mostly about money-making. Representative government, he said, had developed into organized corruption, and when public liberties got in the way of this important enterprise—as when someone risked giving offense to the American Ambassador—the tendency of the state was to deny them.

At the conclusion of his talk, Prince Pramoj, who had manifested a great impatience with the oratory and pedantry that characterized much of the seminar, threw out a challenge to the other participants from the new states to put aside hopes and distant prospects for the moment and describe, as factually as they could, the present condition of democracy and freedom in their countries. He said that this would redeem for him the long trip to Rhodes and the long days of sitting in a hotel ballroom listening to talk. He was roundly applauded, but no one rose to accept his challenge, and the discussion quickly soared back to the high level of theory and historical perspective from which he had dragged it down. (Later in the seminar, a newly arrived Burmese lawyer and journalist, Dr. Maung Maung, spoke in the same spirit as Prince Pramoj, but not in response to his challenge.) At the instance of Mr. Strachey, the left end of the Oxford team, a good deal of time and huge stores of heavy irony were spent in pursuit of the question of whether there existed in the new states the "class struggle" that Mr. Strachey (though no longer as pure a Marxist as he was twenty years ago) still regards as the first fact of life in the old states. Now and then, there were promising starts at discussing how far essentially Eu-



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ropean institutions, such as common law, could or should be adapted to non-European cultures. There was always someone ready to remind the Europeans and Americans that their ideas of right and wrong and good and bad were not the only ones in the world of men, but there was very seldom anyone who could be specific in making distinctions. At one point, a noted specialist in African affairs said flatly that much of Negro Africa found the system of law introduced by the British repugnant to the local perceptions of reality. M. Raymond Aron, the distinguished columnist of *Le Figaro*, of Paris, and a man who made a large contribution to the seminar by repeatedly asking "How?" and "Why?" and "Where?" and "When?," said that this piqued his curiosity; he wished to be set straight on exactly what perceptions the man was talking about. The specialist said that it wasn't easy to think of an example just then, but that one would surely come to him. In a moment, one did: An African villager who discovers that the tracks of a missing domestic animal lead directly to the pen of a neighbor, he said, cannot follow the principle of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence that holds a man innocent until he is proved guilty; he will assume the neighbor's guilt, leaving it up to the suspect to prove his innocence. One had the feeling that if the difference between cultures went only this far—that if African villagers held roughly the same view of things as Wyoming ranchers—then one man's meat would be another man's meat, Anglo-Saxon democracy would be a universal value, and life would be quite simple; on the other hand, however, one had the stronger feeling that life was not this simple, that the example did not exemplify but showed, perhaps, only the difficulty of putting profound differences into words at an international conference paid for by the Ford Foundation, and that possibly the very notion of trying to get at the truth by seating a lot of people around a table in a first-class hotel was culture-bound and foolish.

Yet the worldling Prince Pramoj did not succumb to such doubts. Twice more he challenged the seminar to deal with concrete problems. Once, after a lush bit of rhetoric by a French West African named Thomas Diop on European and American inhumanity to the darker-skinned peoples of the earth, he said that his "boredom would be relieved" if he could receive an encouraging report on the steps being taken to eliminate class and caste and color dis-

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tinctions in the parts of the world not dominated by Europeans and Americans. And on another occasion he raised the question of whether certain groups of people that had achieved, or were soon to achieve, nationhood were not too small and too poor for so difficult and costly an undertaking. Africa, he said, seems well on its way toward being cut up into a host of nations (many of them no larger in population—and, in some cases, in size—than Connecticut or New Jersey), with each, unless fashions change greatly or history stops repeating itself, striving to maintain an army, a navy, an air force, foreign embassies, and, in time, no doubt, an atomic-energy establishment. Does it all make sense, he asked. No one answered him directly, but an answer emerged: Sense or no sense, this is what the people seem to want. A Nigerian spokesman, after hearing Moshe Sharett proudly describe the way the Israelis had used their Army as an educational institution, said that this was exactly what his countrymen planned to do after 1960, when they would achieve independence. The armed forces, he said, would not be a bunch of idlers; when the troops were not defending the fatherland, they would be learning to read and write and operate lathes and drive tractors and repair sewing machines, and so forth. At this point, someone propounded an extraordinary question: Would it be necessary for Nigeria to *have* armed forces? The spokesman—Mr. Ayo Ogunsheye, director of the department of extramural studies at University College, Ibadan, and one of the most interesting speakers at the seminar—said that of course the country would need armed forces. What for? To protect the frontiers. But Nigeria will be completely surrounded by French colonies and a United Nations trust territory; is France likely to attempt to subdue an independent Nigeria in the world of 1960? Probably

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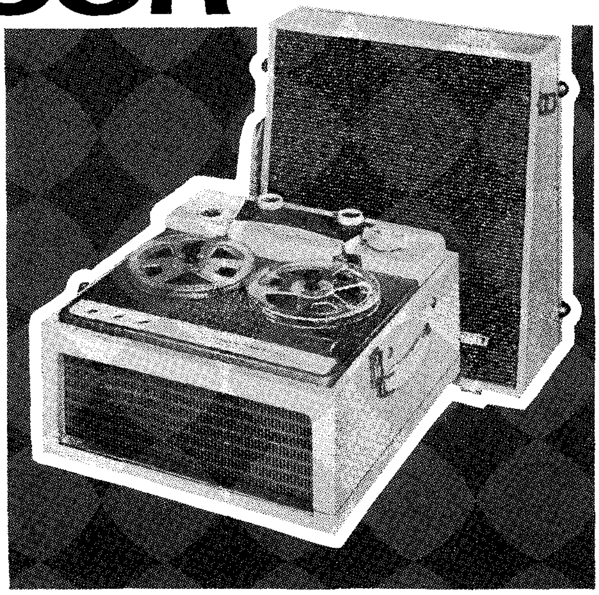

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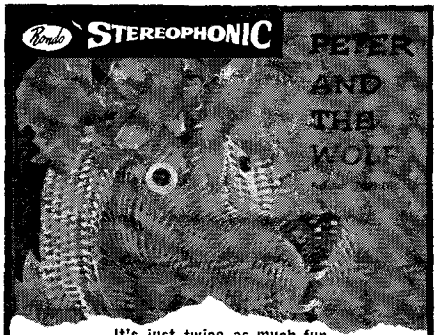

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not, Mr. Ogunsheye said, but, after all, an army is an attribute of nationhood; every nation has one. Not Costa Rica, it was pointed out. Mr. Ogunsheye was unmoved. The Tunisian Mr. Hourani came to his aid. He remarked that an army needn't be such a great expense, because it isn't really necessary to arm every soldier. The Tunisians, he explained, have a fine army with only one rifle for every four riflemen. Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, of Harvard, rose to suggest that in time the new African states would prove themselves capable of cultivating the tensions and hostilities that Europe had so brilliantly achieved and that made the maintenance of armies seem so worth while. Mr. Louis Fischer, an American journalist who has made something of a specialty of the new states, said that he found Mr. Ogunsheye's attitude entirely understandable. "A gentleman needs a necktie," Mr. Fischer said.

THE seminar touched only lightly on the questions that seemed—from what may be the narrow and parochial point of view that came naturally to at least one American—to be the most important ones for the new states. The new states are mostly in what we used to call "backward regions" and now call "underdeveloped areas"—though for several, particularly in the Middle East, "overdeveloped" might be a more accurate term. They are poor, and at the present time their prospects for riches are not great. The United States, in contrast, had a virgin continent to develop, and there are parts of it that remain virgin to this day, thousands of years after much of North Africa and Asia was—agriculturally, at any rate—worked almost to death. The United States is only now feeling the first faint tremors of the population explosion that is rocking many of the new and burgeoning sovereignties; while we have the technology to cope with it for a century or two, at least, there are grounds for suspecting that it is already beyond control in certain parts of the world. We achieved national unity (though not without a hideous war that, if it had been fought with modern weapons, might have destroyed us altogether) because we had plenty of time in which to assimilate aliens and teach them our language, and because the aliens were persuaded to come to us by their admiration for what we were doing. This nation grew organically; the majority of the new states achieved mere growth long ago, far in advance of nationhood, and in most cases they

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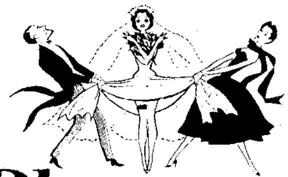

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now seek to achieve unity within boundaries that were never intended to be national ones but were merely drawn to mark off the outer limits of some European empire's power or interest. Many of the new states—even the minuscule ones—lack so much as a common tongue. If the characteristics of a nation are common loyalties and a common language, then India, which, of the lot, appears to have the most representative government and the widest public liberties, should be not one nation but a dozen—and, in the opinion of some authorities, it may be, one sad day. In the continental United States, there have never been very many people who, if asked what temporal authority their loyalties were pledged to, would answer anything but "the United States." In India, on the myriad islands of Indonesia, in nomad Iraq, and even in little Ghana, there are vast numbers of people who have little awareness—if they have any at all—of the fact that they are nationals of the recognized governments of those territories. The United States had a hundred years in which it ignored and was largely ignored by the rest of the world; the new states are under enormous pressures, both Communist and anti-Communist, to take part in the world struggle for power.

It could only be hoped that one American's view of the prospects of the new states was as myopic as some of the people at the seminar must have thought it, and that American experience was not as relevant as it seemed.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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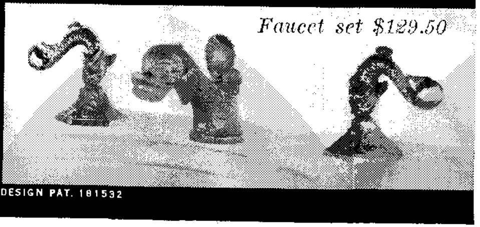

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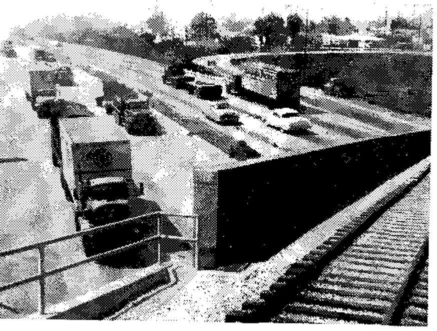

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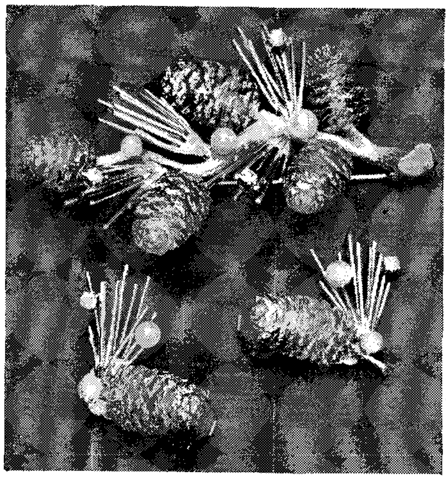

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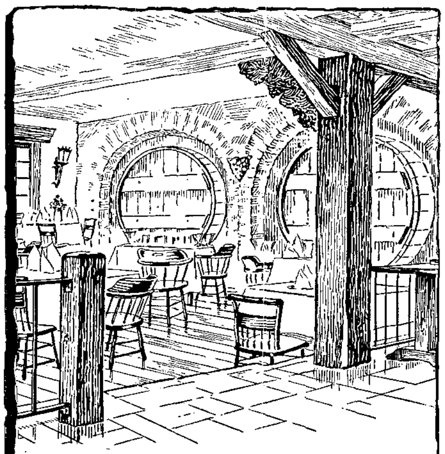
Marine Life

"IN LOVE AND WAR," produced by Jerry Wald, directed by Philip Dunne, written by Edward Anhalt, and based on a novel by Anton Myrer, is an attempt to interest us, with all kinds of CinemaScopic flourishes, in the doings of a trio of Marines during the Second World War. The makers of the film have tried hard to probe the psyches of their principal characters, but their findings, I fear, would be regarded as superficial even at a séance of phrenologists. The Marines, when we first encounter them, are spending a night in San Francisco, their home town, prior to taking off for the Pacific battlefront. One of them, played by Robert Wagner, is a slum product whose home life has not been happy; another, played by Bradford Dillman, is a wealthy Nob Hill type whose home life hasn't been happy, either; and the third, played by Jeffrey Hunter, is a veteran Marine who was bred around Fisherman's Wharf and has had the best domestic shake of the lot. In the course of their last evening in the United States, Mr. Hunter decides to marry his favorite girl (Hope Lange), which seems only fair, since she is with child by him. Meanwhile, Mr. Dillman and Mr. Wagner are having a much less auspicious time of it. The former is unfortunately affianced to a lady addicted to the bottle (Dana Wynter), and the latter dotes on a childhood sweetheart (Sheree North), who presently begins to think that he isn't her dish at all. Her change of heart occurs when Mr. Wagner, during a farewell party in her apartment, starts sounding off in lunatic style about his religious confusion, whereupon his buddy Mr. Dillman knocks him cold and Miss North renounces him. Then, to round everything off, Miss North's Hawaiian roommate (France Nuyen) proceeds to replace Miss Wynter as the girl of Mr. Dillman's dreams. After that, it's away to the war, and in the course of it quite a bit of combat footage unreels, none of it unusual. But by way of brightening things up, Mort Sahl comes along as a leatherneck and delivers some fairly lively lines. It would seem that what



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the Messrs. Wald, Dunne, Anhalt, and Myrer are out to demonstrate here is that sex as well as war can be hell. They may be right, but their thesis as presented here is thin stuff indeed.

GÉRARD PHILIPE has a high old time chasing all kinds of accessible women in the French film "Pot Bouille." Based on a novel by Zola and directed by Julien Duvivier, this movie, nominally about a young man anxious to make his way in the world, consists of one affair after another, but M. Philipe handles his pleasant assignment with great good humor, and Danielle Darrieux, who turns up as the one woman able to keep her head in the face of his blandishments, is as charming as ever. There isn't anything very original in the script, which was written by Henri Jeanson, but the old amorous ingredients are still pretty effective.

"DREAMING LIPS," a German film, presents O. W. Fischer and Maria Schell, a pair of very competent actors, in a tale about a celebrated violinist and his wife, whose marriage gets all fouled up when the lady takes up with a chum of her husband's. Based on a play by Henry Bernstein entitled "Mélo," the movie is a dreary item that gives neither Mr. Fischer nor Miss Schell a chance to show any versatility.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

CREWE, ENGLAND, Oct. 13.—A water rat burrowed through the embankment of a canal near here. The bank caved in.

About three million gallons of water rushed through the 40-foot gap, drained the canal dry for seven miles, swept away something like a million fish and carved a 20-foot gorge in an adjoining field.

Sixty men with bulldozers will have to work three weeks shifting 30,000 tons of soil in a repair job costing $28,000.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

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•

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DEAR MRS. POST: At a dinner party the other evening, my wine glass was filled to the very brim and fearing that I would spill it all over my hostess's beautiful linen cloth, I leaned over and sipped the first mouthful from the glass without lifting it. After I did this, I felt the critical gaze of several of the guests on me and since then wondered whether I committed a breach of etiquette. Will you please tell me how I should have handled the situation?"

—*The Mirror.*

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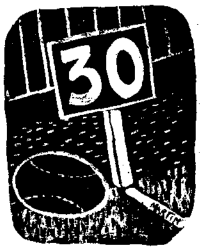
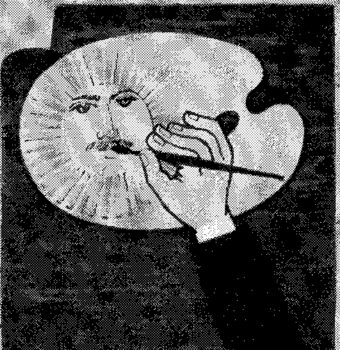


STRAGGLERS returning from Baltimore and the weekend match between Notre Dame and Navy report that it was the sort of event you'd see up at Yankee Stadium on a Sunday afternoon—high attendance, high scoring, and forward passes all over the landscape. Notre Dame, succeeding with fourteen of the twenty-four it threw, and gaining three hundred yards thereby, came out well ahead of Navy, even though Navy succeeded with fifteen of the twenty-six it threw, good for a hundred and ninety-four yards. Notre Dame 40, Navy 20 was the final result of all this.

In the seclusion of the Ivy League, things were (as they have been for quite a few years now) more down to earth—no crowding in the stands, since the matches have come to be regarded principally as family affairs; no vast amount of scoring; and a general feeling that the forward pass is a dangerous novelty. Cornell is an exception to that rule, but then Cornell, which now, surprisingly, seems able to handle all its League fellow-members without great difficulty, is an exception to every rule this fall. The Cornell passing attack, operated by the senior Skypeck and the sophomore Tino, was anything but a dangerous novelty against Columbia on Saturday—it was successful with fourteen out of thirty-three tries, netting two hundred and thirty-five yards, without a single interception. As a natural consequence, Cornell won handily, 25–0. (Columbia, by the way, once a famous exponent of the pass, could make only four of the skimpy eleven it attempted work.) Brown, too, could be called an exception, and a good one, for fifteen of the twenty-three passes it threw against Princeton were successful (a hundred and ninety-two yards was the net), but then Princeton is celebrated for its obtuseness in defending against passes, especially when Sachs is not in the backfield. And Sachs, who was damaged all over again in a practice session with the Princeton freshman team last week, may not be in the backfield the rest of this season. The Princeton ground attack is a thing of beauty—double reverses, triple reverses, adaptations of the end-around play, and what looks like a double reverse but is really a long-de-



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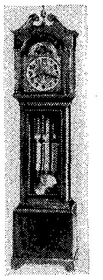

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layed smack at the center of the line. It has to be a thing of beauty, for the Princeton passing attack (one good try out of seven against Brown) isn't much help. Brown had Princeton just about beaten half a dozen times Saturday, only to end up in the rear—Princeton 28, Brown 18.

The aerial warfare in the rest of the League was desultory. Penn beat Harvard, 19–6, with just two effective passes out of six; Harvard had five out of twenty. Dartmouth beat Yale, 22–14, with eight good passes out of thirteen, but only four of Yale's fourteen worked, and Dartmouth got two of the non-working ones. Dartmouth, while we're on the subject, may be a first-half team. Three weeks ago, Holy Cross beat Dartmouth in the third quarter; two weeks ago Harvard beat Dartmouth in the final quarter; and last week Yale was almost up-and-coming enough in the second half of its match with Dartmouth to tie the score toward the end. And while we're on the subject of Yale, it has—or had last Saturday—a new first-string quarterback, Singleton. This young sophomore had acquired considerable renown as a schoolboy performer, but until last week he had been used sparingly; against Cornell, for example, he was sent in several times, but only to punt, although part of his renown is based on his skill as a passer. Yale's second-half uprising against Dartmouth must be to some extent credited to Singleton. Harvard's latest quarterback, Ravenel, played last Saturday—like Singleton—on a losing team, but the regard in which he has been held was not diminished. He is no heavyweight, and one of his specialties, the quarterback sneak, is accordingly not an easy task for him. He worked it with great success against Dartmouth, and on one important occasion Saturday he almost worked it, missing by a couple of inches a first down that could readily have led to one more Harvard touchdown—not enough to beat Penn, mind you, but enough to prove again that this year almost any Ivy League team has a chance of winning right up to the last minute.

—J. W. L.

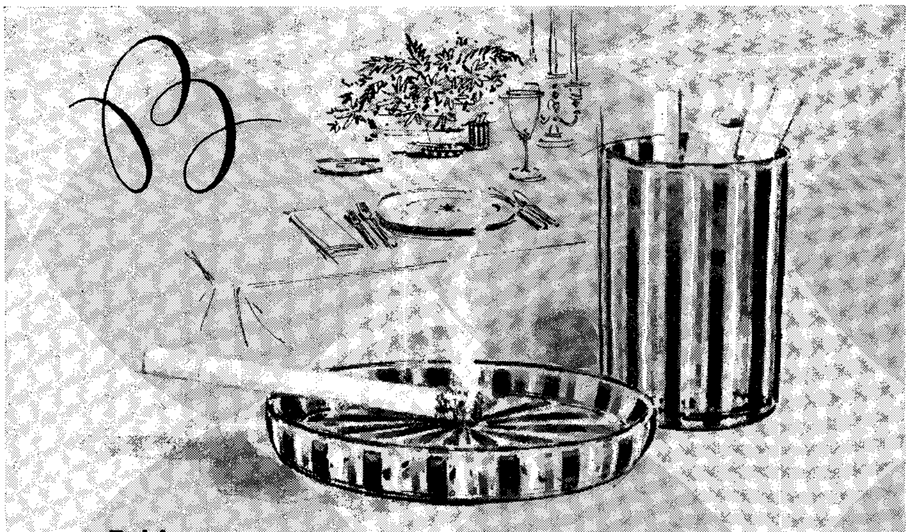
•

To All Employees:

The Employee lounge on the first floor will be closed today and Wednesday for the Blood Bank Program.

The lounge will remain closed on Thursday and Friday too, in order to clean the walls and renovate the draperies and furniture.—*Bulletin from the office manager of a St. Paul firm.*

Those darned beginners!



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LETTER FROM PARIS

October 29

THE sex of the automobile in France—where sex is of the highest importance, especially verbally—has been officially settled. As of the last fortnight, the automobile here is a he instead of a she. This change of gender was proposed a couple of weeks ago by Academician Jean Cocteau to the Académie Française, and accepted, without public explanation of what must have been the valid etymological reasons, in one of its scholarly lexicographic séances, such as led to its great first dictionary, in 1694, and now aim, through slow studiousness, at bringing one out on twentieth-century French, too—possibly around the year 1999, to judge by the rate at which it is creeping through the alphabet. Whatever the Académie decides, however, immediately becomes correct usage. Right after the First World War, the French automobile was already tending to be slightly androgynous, with the 1923 edition of the big, two-volume Larousse dictionary defining it as a feminine noun but adding, "Some make it masculine." These few, if still alive, would have been right in style again talking about *un bel auto* at the Forty-fifth Salon de l'Automobile, which has just closed at the Grand Palais, and where, for two weeks, ordinary Frenchmen tried to pick out *une belle auto* as usual, she having become completely female and increasingly desirable over those intervening years. As one gazes today around Paris—until a few seasons ago a city of open vistas and spacious beauty, now a night-and-day necropolis of inert parked cars on every historic square and nearly every street—it is tragic to ponder the fact that the Salon's natural function is to stimulate the sale of the thousand French cars a day that are being turned off the assembly lines and that absolutely must be sold for the economic good of France and the expanding aesthetic ruination of her loveliest old cities and towns.

France's extraordinary prosperity over the last few years has slackened since spring—understandably, what

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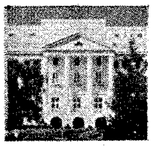

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with all the interim political dramas, though the sag was mostly explained as a matter of transatlantic contagion, picked up from the American recession. Now industrial circles here are worried that France may have a recession of her own if the motor industry runs into a deader-than-usual winter season. French gasoline is the dearest in Europe, costing almost ninety-five francs per litre—about eighty-four cents a gallon. In six years, believe it or not, general retail prices in the Paris region have gone up twenty per cent; French hourly wages have gone up fifty-five per cent, which is easily a mile higher than salaries have risen among the bourgeoisie, who do the car buying here; and car prices have gone up only eight per cent. "Preserve at all costs the health of the French automobile, primordial source of our economic vitality," a financial expert warned his readers in a big morning daily last week. Oddly enough, French cars are also basically necessary for footing the bills of one of the state's major social reforms—the *fonds de vieillesse*, or old-age-pension fund. For the last two years, every French car owner has had to carry with his driver's license a so-called *vignette* that proves he has paid his special tax on the car's fiscal horsepower—a sliding scale according to which, for example, the owner of a little *quatre-chevaux* Renault pays eight thousand francs (twenty dollars) annually, with all the money going to ease the old folks. The export market, which absorbs almost a fourth of all French cars manufactured, is also vital business for the French state. This year, France has already exported to the United States twenty billion francs' worth of her sensible small cars, such as Detroit disdains to make.

As for what turned up at the Salon de l'Automobile itself, the outstanding novelty, according to the French—and even to American drivers of cars here, who really know—was the Floride. At the show, it appeared as a super-chic-looking, elegant, racy two-seater, painted a tasty orange color. The Floride is directed at the American market; is made by Renault, the nation's only nationalized car manufacturer; is an unrecognizable new variety of the famous Dauphine series; was designed by Ghia, the noted Italian bodymaker; and comes in three models: a hard-top coupé, a convertible, and what Renault calls "a four-season convertible," which you can use three different ways. You can drive it with its hard top on in winter, and then, as spring and

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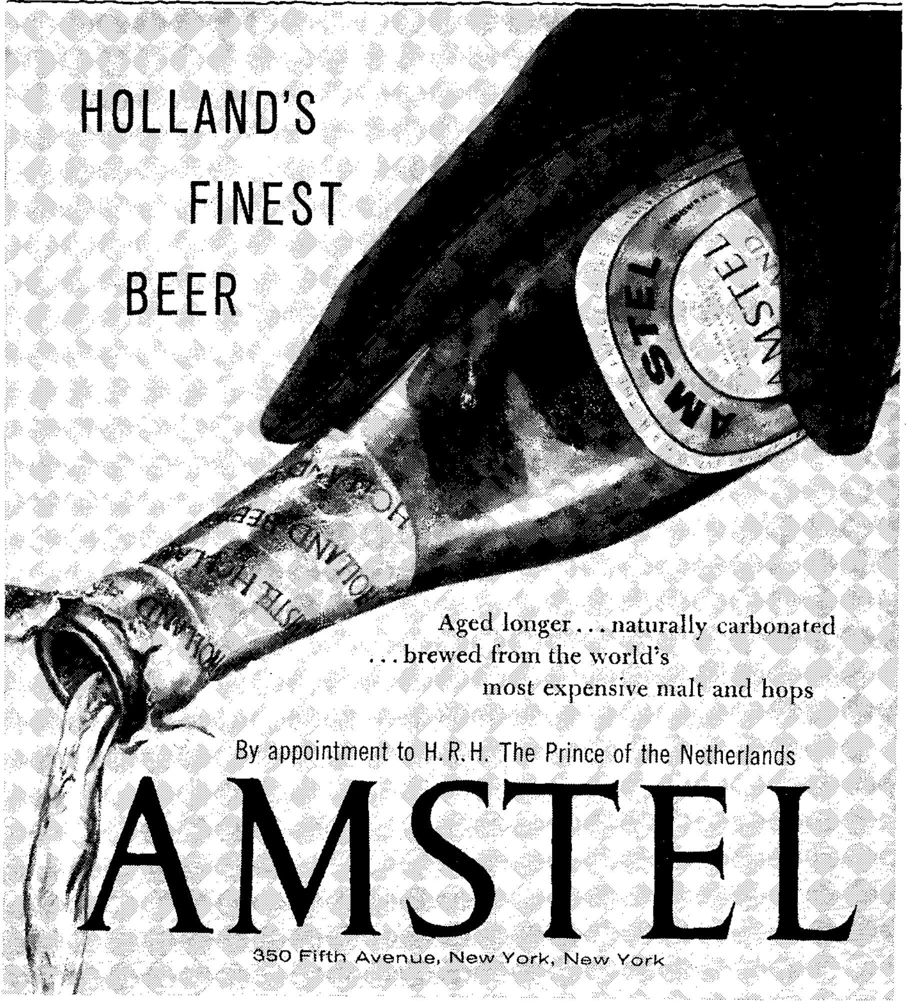

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summer come, you can pick off the hard top and drive it either with no top at all or with a pull-up canvas top that is permanently attached somewhere behind the vestigial back seat—the last strictly for dwarfs and overnight cases. At the Salon, the difference in appearance between the Floride and the latest Volkswagen was the difference between a French woman dressed in Paris and a German woman dressed in Berlin.

As a novel part of the Salon's activities, in the village of Pacy-sur-Eure, ninety kilometres from Paris, at a dangerous curve on Route Nationale 13, one of the most murderous motor roads in France, the Minister of Transport solemnly unveiled a fine new statue of the Virgin, to be known as Notre Dame de la Prudence.

THE winter literary season is now under way. As the publishers recently announced, in what sounds like a warning, one out of every three novels that will be printed in it is by a woman. So far, only one remarkable new volume by either sex has come off the presses—"Mémoires d'une Jeune Fille Rangée," by Mlle. Simone de Beauvoir, which reads like a novel but is an autobiography, based on her private diary, of the conformist first twenty-one years of her life, in her polite Parisian prison of social and Christian obedience to her parents, from which only her precocious young brain and senses at first escaped, via the window of her mind, to soar with grave juvenile questions about God, love, and death. This was the primary compartment of her life—from her birth, on January 9, 1908, among the white-lacquered furnishings of her parents' bedchamber in their superior apartment on the old Boulevard Raspail, to her first meetings with Jean-Paul Sartre in the Sorbonne student cafés twenty-one years later, when her adult life abruptly began. One reason her autobiography is as emotional as a novel is that its basic theme is an individual's struggle for physical and intellectual liberty—the double imprisonment due to her being a well-brought-up upper-class young French female, of a "good but obscure name," with its ennobling particle. It was still that period of the French *culte de la famille* in which nice young girls were reared in the salon, in innocence and stupidity. Her family was halfway between the bourgeoisie and the aristocracy, toward which her lawyer father, as long as his money lasted, leaned by pretension and preference. Thus, what

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imprisoned Simone and her less fractious younger sister, Hélène, was really the leftover nineteenth-century ideas that ruled the upper-class French until long after the First World War, when the twentieth century finally overcame them. In certain fascinating pages of Mlle. de Beauvoir's book, her childhood seems as far back as Marcel Proust's, though not so rich, and never unhealthy. She had high-spirited vitality, was violent, and was prone to what she calls *extrémisme*. Her father, who dominated her by his charm, despised the Republic, liberalism, Zola, and Anatole France, but read aloud to her Victor Hugo poems and Rostand, and also de Gobineau, that pre-Fascist French authority on the inequality of the human races. An anti-Semite, M. de Beauvoir was as convinced of the guilt of Dreyfus as her mother was of the existence of God. It was the disequilibrium between her father's worldly male skepticism and her mother's female piety that early drove the daughter to search for the proofs of ideas and that "largely explains why I became an intellectual." Indeed, at the age of thirteen, leaning one night out of the window of her grandfather's château in the Limousin, and already in love with love and nature, she painlessly lost her faith in God. Even then disillusioned by the lies, hypocrisy, and folly of adults and by the horrors of the war, she reports, "It was easier for me to think of the world without a creator than of a creator guilty of the world's contradictions"—certainly adult philosophical reasoning for the age of puberty. The void left by religion she filled with literature, reading, among other works, George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss," in English, because it also dealt with a case of conscience, and wading through parts of her grandfather's library, including a seven-volume history of the Bourbon Restoration, which turned her

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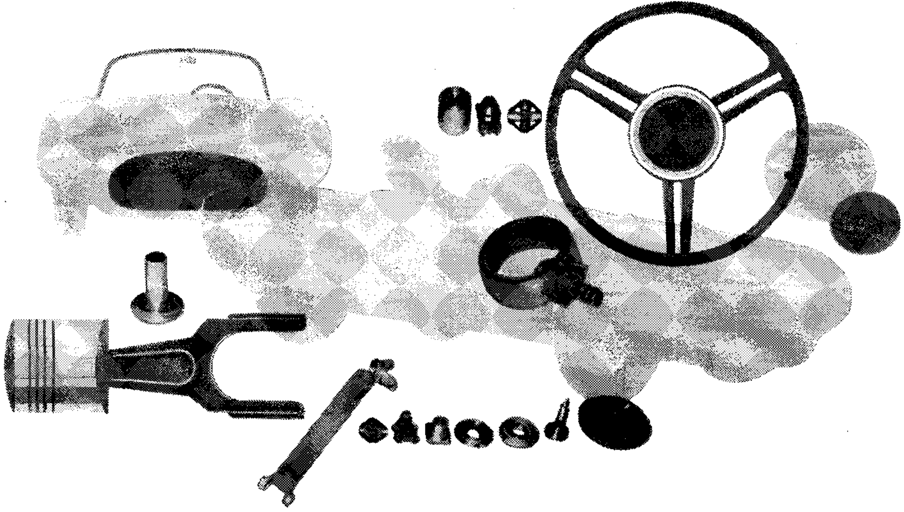

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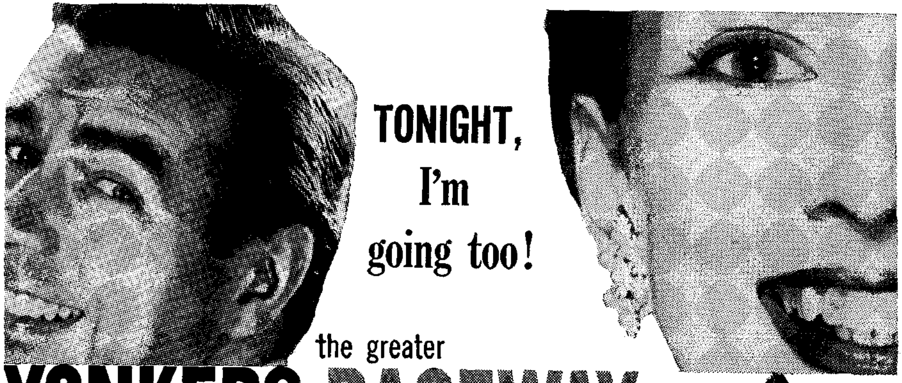

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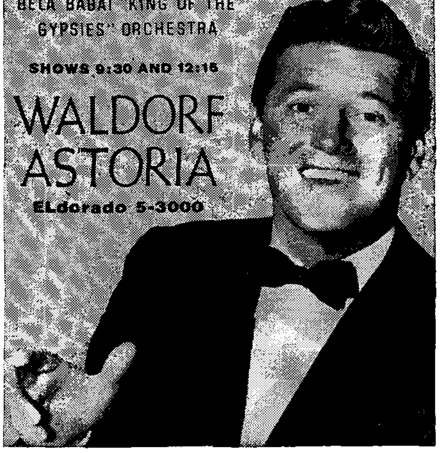
into a democrat. At the age of fifteen, she knew that she wanted to be a celebrated writer.

Now that she has become one, it is her professional writer's talent that makes her autobiography read like a novel, through her elaborate portraits of her family and friends, who seem to become sad minor characters as the fiction of their lives trails along. The *belle-époque* summers at her paternal grandfather's modern château, with peacocks on the lawn and four horses hitched to *le break* for family drives, ended with his death. Her mother's father, a pious banker from Verdun, lost his fortune through crazy investments. Zaza, the girl for whom she had had a passionate friendship since their first schooldays together, died, mad of brain fever, when her bourgeois family opposed her marriage to the man she loved—another female victim of lack of freedom. Cousin Jacques, whom Mlle. Simone had loved and wept over for years, though with no desire for marriage—with her instinct for liberty and feminism, she scorned the position accorded to the French wife—at least enriched her life before eventually ruining his own and dying a penniless sot. That is, he gave her the new, modern France in books that, in her lonely family life, she had missed—Gide, Montherlant, Claudel, Alain-Fournier, Barrès, Mauriac, Cocteau, Jacob, and even Dostoevski, all of which her father loathed at a glance. M. de Beauvoir had long since lost his practice as a lawyer, vaguely going into insurance instead, and as the family finances slid downhill, he warned his daughters that they could expect no dowries and therefore could not marry but would have to earn their livelihoods, after which he regarded them as already *déclassées*, with Mlle. Simone headed for the Sorbonne to become a teacher, and Mlle. Hélène headed for art school. Studying ten hours a day a pell-mell mélange of Greek, Latin, English, Italian, mathematics, philosophy, and logic, and by sheer brilliance cramming four years of university work into three, Mlle. de Beauvoir still had the energy for fits of *extrémisme* in Montparnasse night clubs—Le Jockey, Stryx, La Jungle—with mixed drinks, jazz, wild antics, and the first tastes of liberty, still hidden from her family's ears and eyes. In her last year at the Sorbonne, the three student ornaments in philosophy were Paul Nizan, André Herbaud, and Jean-Paul Sartre—a haughty, hermetic trio, followers of the famous Professor Alain, of the Lycée



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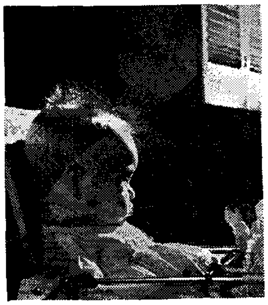

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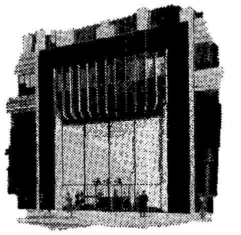

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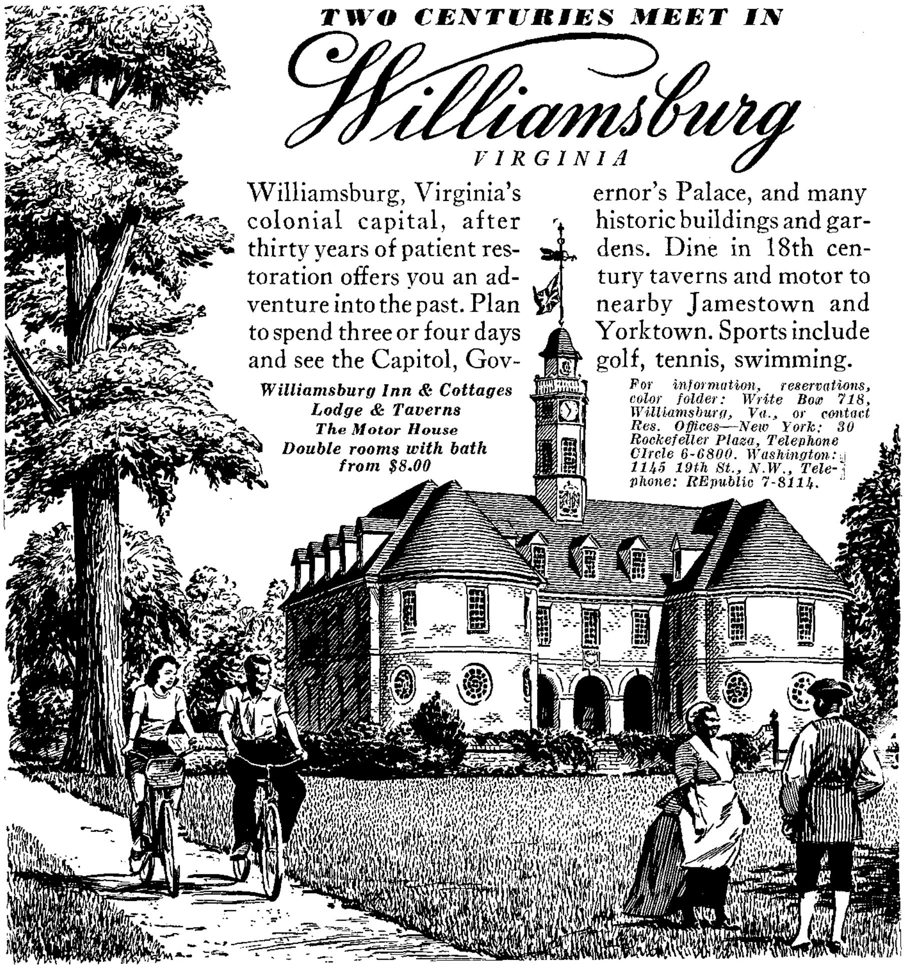
GENERAL DE GAULLE's impressive offer last week to the rebel Algerian Army of a *paix des braves*—a peace for brave fighters—united around him literally every shade of French political opinion, all filled with high hope that at last this dangerous, bloody, bankrupting racial and political small war was coming to an end. The rebels' unexpected sharp refusal—after the previous offer of a cease-fire by Ferhat Abbas, chief of the Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic, or shadow government-in-exile—killed the hope. It also constituted Premier de Gaulle's first setback in his miraculously successful opening month of Fifth Republic leadership. The double disappointment has been acute.

Too little is known by the public here of a second, less pacific statement made by Ferhat Abbas, in Cairo, five days before the General's peace speech. In it, the Algerian leader emotionally said, "For more than a century, Algeria has been like a mouse in a French laboratory, fastened down while the French make experiments on it." He added that on the day when General de Gaulle "is strong enough and has courage enough to say" that the Algerian people are not French, and that their national right to independence is indisputable, then will the Algerian people find it possible to envision some new form of association with France, presumably including that of peace.

So far, part of de Gaulle's courage may have consisted in not putting the future status of the Franco-Algerian association into words—or so certain highly intelligent French observers



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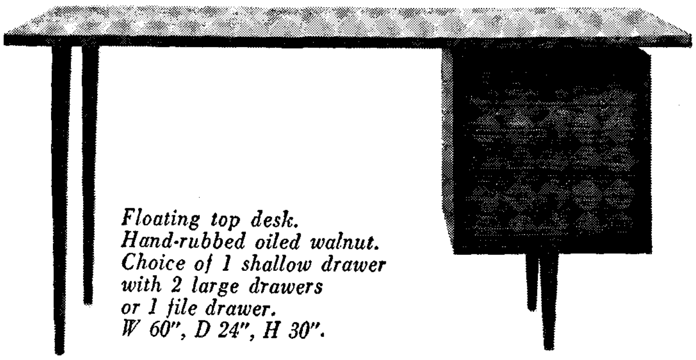

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think, including *Le Monde*. After his famous peace speech, its editorial commented, "Never in the five months [since he came to power] has the General traced the precise lines of Algeria's future. He has avoided doing so not because of a mania for secrecy but out of concern for realism. Disdaining the doctrine of integration, like that of independence, he believes that the future status is simply 'an affair of evolution.' " About his offer of peace itself, *Le Monde*, which has not always admired the General, said, in open admiration, "What was not surprising but was impressive was the nobility of the tone, the humane thinking. Only a man sure of himself, only a soldier, could at the same time have rendered homage to his own army and treated the adversary with honor." Apparently, that was not enough for the rebel Algerian soldiers. The war, which in French official semantics is called "the pacification," will enter its fourth year on Saturday.

—GENÊT

•

Technical texture of the market reflected the crosscurrents of interaction in a kaleidoscopic quiltwork pattern. The belated arrival of the hind-sight investor has served to counter every corrective drive on the downside. It would appear that the DJI 540 target area may well be realized before any steep counteraction to the strong uptrend develops. Dimensional analysis of the present market composition continues to provide technical evidence of an encouraging caliber. It is readily apparent in studying the breadth and depth of the market's structure that it is interspersed with stalwart pillars of as yet unexploited potential. This reinforcement beneath the surface of the list is composed of entire groups of securities which have been subjected to many months of accumulation, and by the brooding nature of their price activity now appear poised for impressive upside break-outs.

Stimulation-momentum-appeal, as combined psychological factors, have made the timing of the downside adjustment an especially difficult task.—*The Financial Forecaster*.

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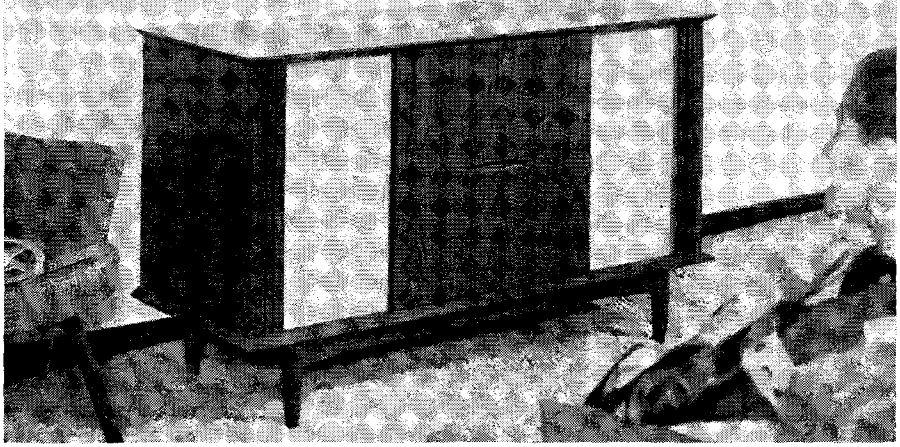

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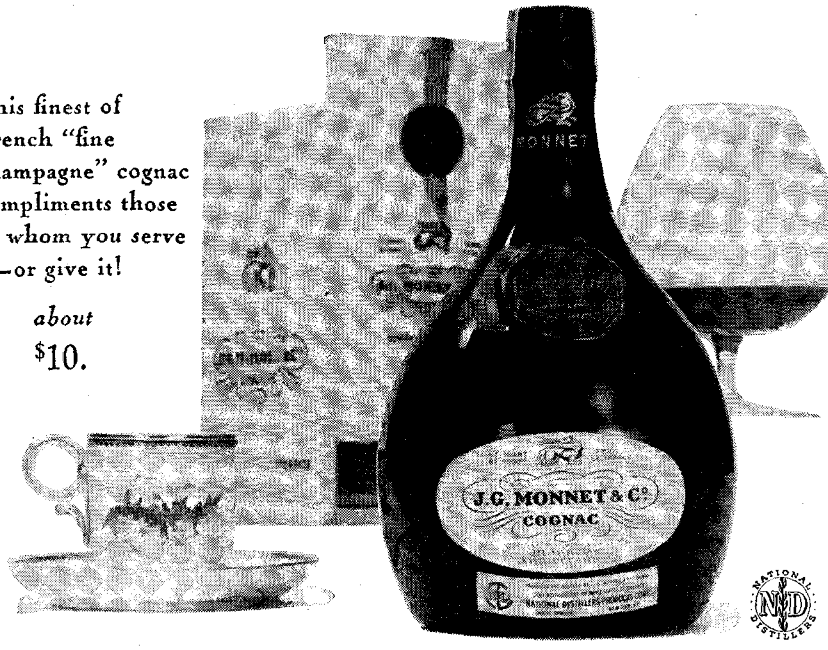

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BOOKS

Lo, the Poor Nymphet

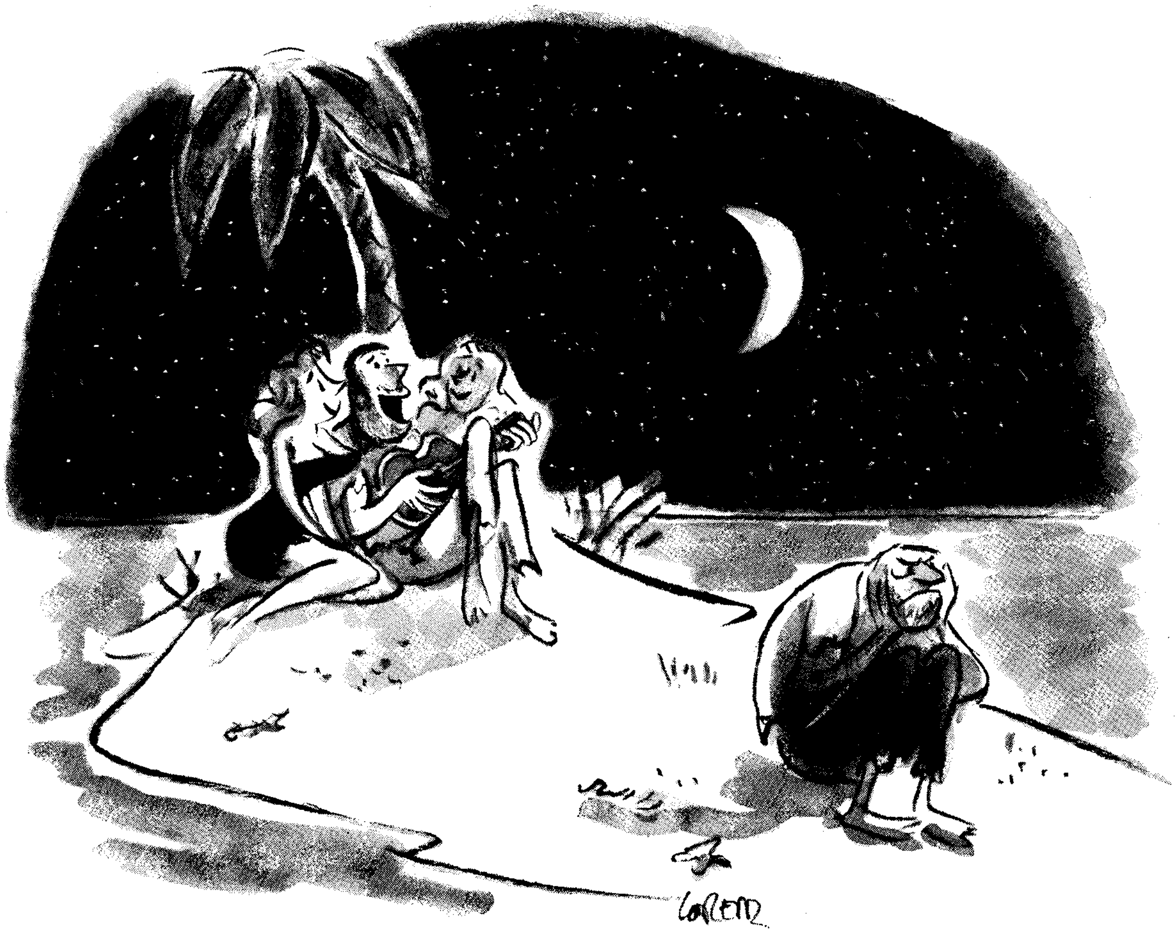
A GIFT for comedy seldom comes to a writer unaccompanied. Usually it attaches to some less endearing quality, such as a tendency to preach and moralize. Sometimes, as in parody, it is coupled with the flinty disposition of the critic. Sometimes, as in satire, it is joined to a spirit of ferocious indignation. But of all such pairings the oddest by far is the conjunction of a sense of humor with a sense of horror. The result of this union is satire of a very special kind, in which vice or folly is regarded not so much with scorn as with profound dismay and a measure of tragic sympathy. Literature is not rich in examples of such work, but certain of Mark Twain's writings come to mind, as does Nikolai Gogol's "Dead Souls." And to this abbreviated list we may now add Vladimir Nabokov's "Lolita" (Putnam).

It is the horrific rather than the comic aspect of the novel that has captured critical attention. This is not surprising, since Mr. Nabokov has coolly prodded one of the few remaining raw nerves of the twentieth century. Accustomed as the modern reader may be to scanning, with perfect composure, those clumps of naughty monosyllables that make up the ordinary "powerful" novel of sexual deviation, he is apt to find himself wholly disconcerted by Mr. Nabokov's restrained and witty chronicle of the lust of a man for a child. Such a lust, it must be admitted, is monstrous. But it must also be understood that the monsters Mr. Nabokov has created belong to mythology or poetry, not to naturalism. They have about them a queer surcharge of meaning, as if they were enormous similes for the insoluble predicaments of life. And while the details of their surroundings—an America of filling stations, motels, and roller rinks—are conjured up with the preternatural clarity of a view through binoculars, the very intensity of this vision admits of no possibility that we are looking at an ordinary world.

The novel purports to be the manuscript of a man who is awaiting trial for murder, and who chooses to crouch behind the pseudonym Humbert Humbert because that name, he feels, "expresses the nastiness best." His tone, however, is not the characteristic whine of the penitent but an artful modulation of lyricism and jocularity that quickly seduces the reader into something very like willing complicity. He was born in France, of mixed European parentage, Humbert begins, and typically adds, "I am going to pass around in a minute some lovely, glossy-blue picture-postcards." His father owned a luxurious hotel on the Riviera, and it was there, when he was thirteen, that Humbert met a little girl his own age, named Annabel, and the two fell agonizingly, shamelessly, and clumsily in love. Only their inexperience and the surveillance of their elders prevented the immediate consummation of this romance, but one day—the last of Annabel's stay—they managed to slip away to a desolate portion of the beach for a brief session of caresses. "I was on my knees, and on the point of possessing my darling, when two bearded bathers, the old man of the sea and his brother, came out of the sea with exclamations of ribald encouragement, and four months later she died of typhus in Corfu."

Although he takes a sardonic view of psychoanalysis and all its works, Humbert is inclined to believe that his blighted romance in that kingdom by the sea has given him a permanent sexual bias toward little girls between the ages of nine and fourteen who exhibit a special fey grace and insidious charm that link them to Annabel, and whom he designates "nymphets." As for grown women:

> The human females I was allowed to wield were but palliative agents. I am ready to believe that the sensations I derived from natural fornication were much the same as those known to normal big males consorting with their normal big mates in that routine rhythm which shakes the world. The trouble was that those



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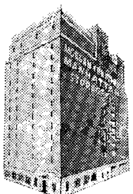

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gentlemen had not, and I *had*, caught glimpses of an incomparably more poignant bliss.

Since society employs a sterner word for this rapture, Humbert Humbert lives a thoroughly miserable life, in which periods of excruciating temptation alternate with residency in the better madhouses of Europe and, eventually, of America. But at last, in a New England town, Humbert comes upon a little girl who seems an absolute incarnation of his lost love, at the sight of whom the intervening twenty-five years of his life "tapered to a palpitating point, and vanished." Her name is Dolores Haze, called Lolita or Lo. Her age is twelve. In a desperate extremity of desire, Humbert marries Lolita's mother, solely to have access to the child during the brief period of her nymphancy. This heroic sacrifice is promptly and abundantly rewarded by the fates, who arrange that the mother should be struck down and killed by an automobile. Humbert's most polluted dream has finally come true.

Not altogether a beast, in spite of his grotesque passion, Humbert determines to dose the child with sleeping pills and achieve his transport by indirection, out of a scrupulous regard for her purity. To his consternation and delight, however, it is Lolita who boldly, directly seduces him. Poor Humbert, it seems, is not even her first lover, for she has been learning about sex at her summer camp, and so assiduously has she studied that she finds her eager stepfather somewhat maladroit. With this demonic orphan in tow, a giddy Humbert sets off at once on an aimless tour of America, stopping at every garish resort, Corn Palace, or zoo that promises to keep the nymphet amused and compliant. But Lolita's appetite is no match for Humbert's:

> There she would be, a typical kid picking her nose while engrossed in the lighter sections of a newspaper, as indifferent to my ecstasy as if it were something she had sat upon, a shoe, a doll, the handle of a tennis racket, and was too indolent to remove.

Inevitably there are quarrels, and inevitably Humbert wins them, for reasons that are made clear in a quietly horrible passage that echoes through the book: "At the hotel we had separate rooms, but in the middle of the night she came sobbing into mine, and we made it up very gently. You see, she had absolutely nowhere else to go."

Ultimately, Lolita does find somewhere else to go. She accepts the protection of Clare Quilty, a playwright

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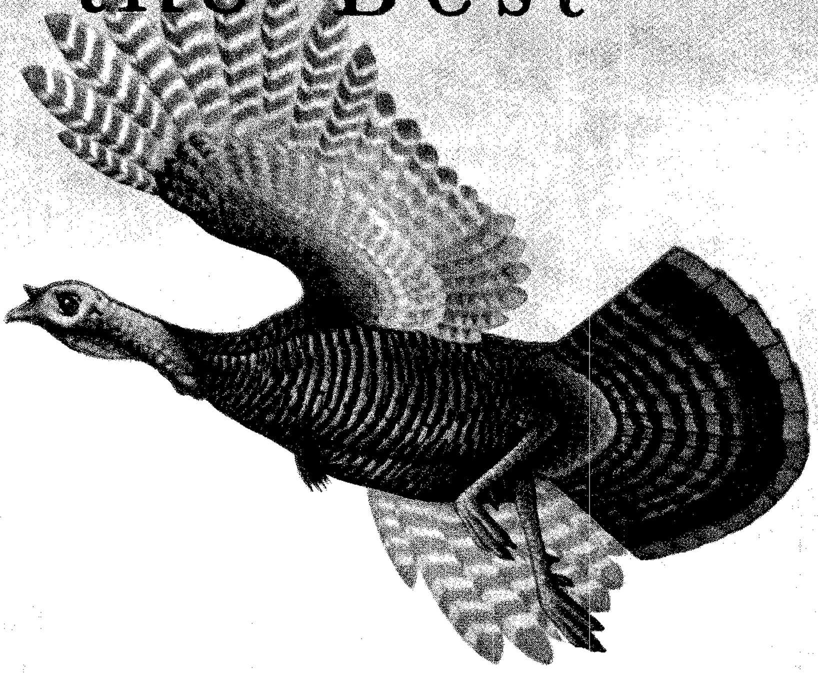

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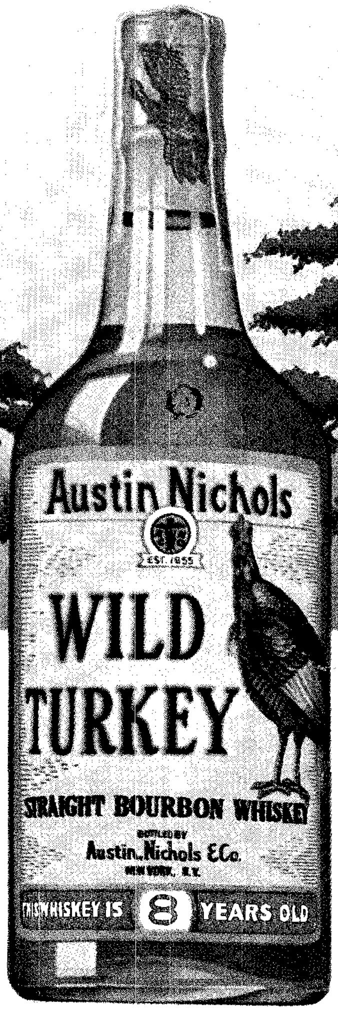
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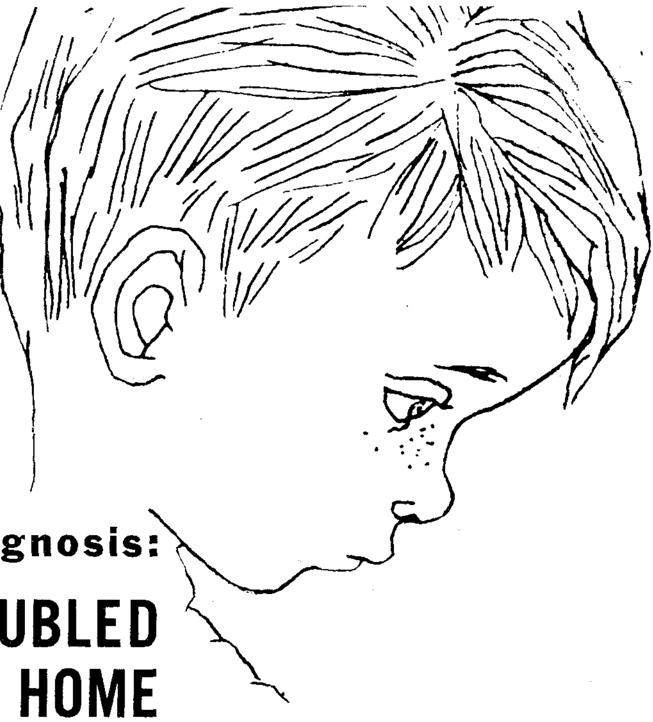
and pervert with whom she has been conducting a secret flirtation. And so dexterously does Quilty whisk her from sight that several years elapse before Humbert is able to locate his wayward nymphet and learn the name of her seducer, whom he has determined to kill. By then, Lolita is no longer a nymphet, being all of seventeen. And she is married, though not to the perverse playwright, who threw her out when she refused to indulge his taste for sexual fancywork, but to a deaf and earnest young veteran by whom she is hugely pregnant. Yet in spite of "her ruined looks and her adult, rope-veined narrow hands and her goose-flesh white arms," Humbert knows "as clearly as I know I am to die, that I loved her more than anything I had ever seen or imagined on earth, or hoped for anywhere else." For her own part, Lolita remembers her bestial step-father without rancor, but she is politely incredulous at his proposal that she leave her husband for him: "In her washed-out gray eyes, strangely spectacled, our poor romance was for a moment reflected, pondered upon, and dismissed like a dull party." And now the real horror of their previous relationship, which Mr. Nabokov has kept in solution, so to speak, by skillful comedy, is at last permitted to crystallize. Humbert realizes that the most miserable of family lives would have been preferable to "the parody of incest, which . . . was the best I could offer the waif."

On his way to assassinate the playwright, he reflects that

> Unless it can be proven to me—to me as I am now, today, with my heart and my beard, and my putrefaction—that in the infinite run it does not matter a jot that a North American girl-child named Dolores Haze had been deprived of her childhood by a maniac, unless this can be proven (and if it can, then life is a joke), I see nothing for the treatment of my misery but the melancholy and very local palliative of articulate art.

But the art that palliates Humbert's misery has not notably relieved the distress of reviewers, most of whom have felt obliged to ask themselves, "Why has the author done this horrid thing?" Some have concluded, rather desperately, that he hasn't done it at all. According to one interpretation, Mr. Nabokov has merely written an allegory of a European intellectual who falls in love with America and discovers, to his gentle sorrow, that the country is still a trifle immature. Aside from the difficulty of assigning roles (who plays New Jersey?), the fact that Mr. Nabokov is obviously capable of writing such



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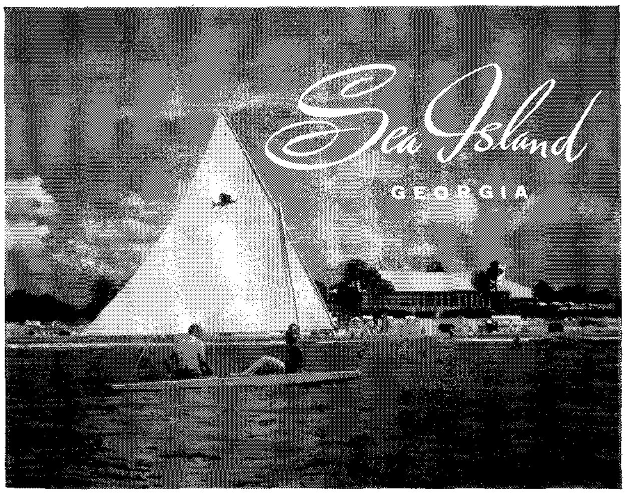

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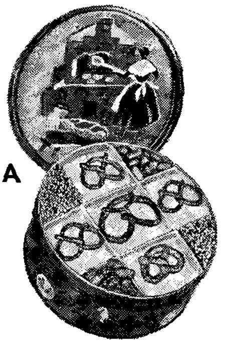

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a story without the aid of a nympholeptic allegory throws considerable doubt on the argument. It has also been suggested, ingeniously, that Mr. Nabokov *really* wanted to write a tale of romantic passion in the grand, or nineteenth-century, manner, and found that the only way to make such a passion interesting to the contemporary reader was to disguise it as psychopathology. If this interpretation is correct, one can only say that Mr. Nabokov has beautifully concealed his disappointment at having to portray his heroine as a child.

In view of the great amount of thought that has been devoted to the question, it doubtless would seem lightheaded to suggest that the author wrote the story merely because he found it fascinating. But perhaps one might plausibly suggest that the artistic (as distinct from the clinical) interest of the novel is all the justification its story requires. For the bizarre relationship of Humbert and Lolita lies at the very heart of the complex and pervasive irony of the book. Sometimes it is an explicit term in the satiric equation, as when Humbert, in a macabre effort to be a good father to his diminutive paramour, immerses himself in wholesome and thoroughly American books on child care. But sometimes the relationship functions invisibly, like one of those strange lamps that scientists and outdoor advertisers delight to use—the kind that gives off no light of its own but kindles a lurid glow in certain pigments. For example, there is a conversation, between Humbert and the headmistress of a girls' school, in which Mr. Nabokov enjoys himself at the expense of progressive education. A mildly satirical point is made by the woman's cheerful prattle about educating Lolita for adjustment to a group life of malts, movies, and hair-fixing parties. But the total effect of the passage depends upon the reader's awareness of Lolita's actual circumstances and Humbert's melancholy account of her "sobs in the night—every night, every night—the moment I feigned sleep." Having previously imparted this knowledge, Mr. Nabokov is able to imply, pleasantly, that the modern educator's sanitary notion of "adjustment to life" leaves the tragedy of life quite out of the calculation, and he is able to do this with the same stroke of the pen by which he indicates the vast distance that separates Lolita from happier children.

Instances of this compound irony might be multiplied indefinitely, for the story of Humbert's journey across

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America is no more a simple chronicle of a wandering madman than is the tale of Chichikov's journey across the Russia of "Dead Souls" merely an account of a roving swindler. A great many aspects of the national life are thrown into high and ludicrous relief at the approach of Humbert and Lolita, and the relationship of the miserable couple is set off sharply by this background of normal American life. The reciprocal flow of irony gives to both the characters and their surroundings the peculiar intensity of significance that attends the highest art. The special class of satire to which "Lolita" belongs is small but select, and Mr. Nabokov has produced one of its finest examples.

—DONALD MALCOLM

FROM the time he first saw the country, when he was seventeen, with Napoleon's conquering and liberating armies, until his last years, as French consul at Civitavecchia, Stendhal had so uncontrollable a passion for Italy that, as Benedetto Croce was to say, even Stendhal's dreams came dressed up as Italy. He constantly visited it, wrote about it, held it up as an example to France. Italy was the embodiment of his own passionate and romantic nature in a world that had forced him to disguise it, and it is this that explains the dominating role of Italy in all his work. Italy, for Stendhal, was more than a pleasure; it was an idea, and it was because of this idea that he enlisted himself in the struggle against the reactionary spirit in Europe after Napoleon's downfall.

The most obvious thing about Stendhal's strength as a novelist is that he always serves an idea. It would have seemed preposterous to him that a time would come when novelists would aim at "truth" for its own sake, as if they were laboratory technicians recording the behavior of another species. Stendhal, although one of the first consciously "psychological" novelists in history, would have suspected that it is only when novelists cease to believe in the importance of ideas, when they come to think of fiction—as so many young writers do now—as wholly psychological, that they become subjective and uninteresting. What saved Stendhal from the obsession with himself to which his erratic and emotional temperament exposed him was the historical fact that he belonged to a revolutionary generation that had come to life under Napoleon and, like Stendhal himself, in Napoleon's armies. After Waterloo—which for him signified the end of revo-

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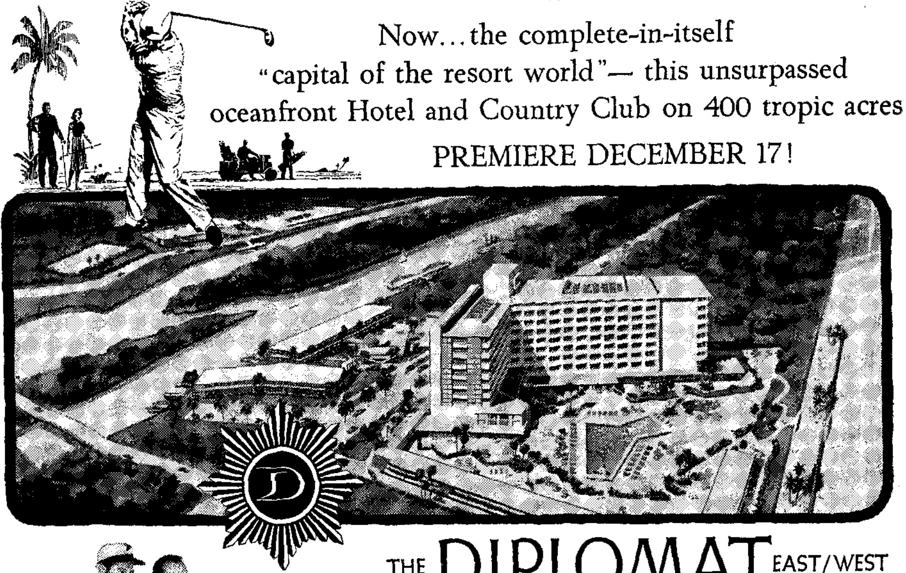

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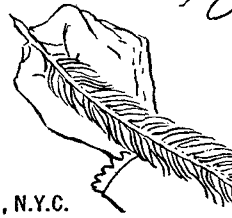

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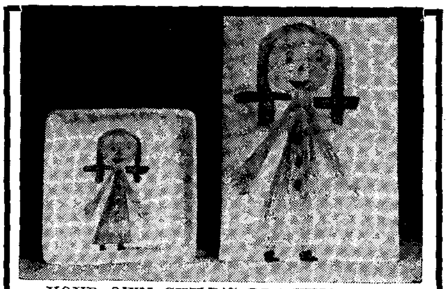

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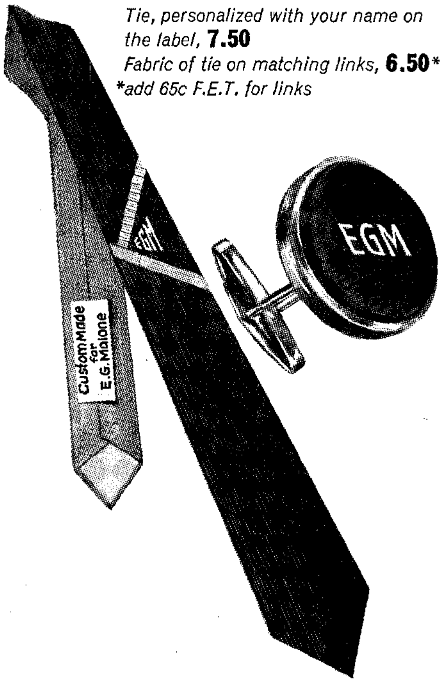

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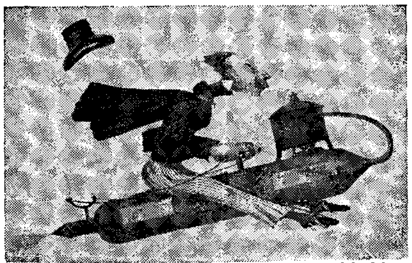

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lutionary Europe—Stendhal could never believe that conservatism in any field was anything but devitalizing. And in this drama of opposition between the spirit of Napoleon and the world that had so fearfully succeeded him, between the imperial tradition of audacity and those who tried to reëstablish the *ancien régime*—"candle snuffers," as Stendhal called them—Italy was, to Stendhal, the most important part of the symbolic landscape of sensuousness, colorfulness, carelessness, joy.

It is this intense and brilliant appreciation of Italy that gives significance to Stendhal's old "guidebook," "Promenades dans Rome," which has been translated into English by Haakon Chevalier under the title of "A Roman Journal" and published by the Orion Press in a large and handsome edition sumptuously decked out with prints of the period. Although "A Roman Journal," like so many of Stendhal's minor works on Italian subjects, would probably have been forgotten if he had not held a winning ticket, as he predicted he might, in the "lottery of fame," the book has a special interest for us, both because it is a portrait of Rome under the temporal rule of the Papacy and because of Stendhal's incomparable sassiness on this subject and every other. Stendhal could not sit down to any book, not even to a guidebook done purely for the money, without making his intelligence and verve felt on every page. The book was written in 1828 and 1829, in a hotel room in Paris, when Stendhal was at a low ebb, broke, and—as usual—at the end of a love affair. He thought a good deal about suicide, and in one year he made seven wills. But such was the hold Italy had on him that even though the book was an astonishingly personal exposition of Rome, it nevertheless served as a useful guidebook in an era when people travelled in Italy on the advice not of Baedeker but of travel books by Goethe and Mme. de Staël. The form of "A Roman Journal," a fictitious day-by-day tour of Rome by Stendhal and a group of friends, is of no particular significance in itself, since Stendhal was the kind of writer who would have intruded his own personality if he had written the Book of Genesis. But it is an indication of Stendhal's longing for his other country that in grinding out his guidebook in Paris he wrote it as if he were actually walking about Rome.

Stendhal's passion for Italy was literally a passion, explicitly connected in his mind with women. Just as he attrib-

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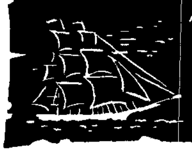

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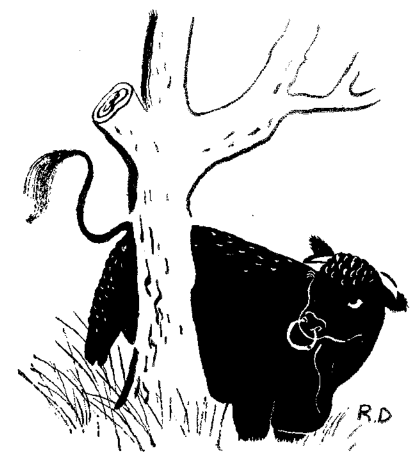
uted to Italian men a libertine boldness that, he felt, bourgeois morals and manners had checked in France, so he identified with Italian women in particular that perfect warmth and tenderness which all his life he sought in an unbelievable succession of love affairs. Stendhal's mother died when he was seven, and from the time he first saw Italy, a young officer excited by the brilliance of Milan, he seems to have personified the country as the face and body of that ripe older woman, permissive, loving, indulgent, whom he portrayed as the bewitching Countess Sanseverina in "La Chartreuse de Parme." And in his other great novel, "Le Rouge et le Noir," a dominant figure is an older woman, Mme. de Rênal, who extends to the young Stendhalian hero a protectiveness that enables him to pursue a woman of his own generation. It has been pointed out by Mr. Frank O'Connor, in a recent book on modern novelists, that if Stendhal associated the softness and ease of Italy with his mother, he identified with France his harsh and despotic father, whom, quite simply, he called "the Bastard."

The most peppery side of "A Roman Journal," as in everything Stendhal wrote about Italy, is the contrast between that country and France, which for him was the contrast between the heart and the mind, between the pleasure principle and the repressive instinct. When he emphasizes "that passionate sensibility without which one is unworthy of seeing Italy," one can guess how many Frenchmen, in his eyes, lack it. He writes that "in Rome, clever people have *brio*, which I have observed only once in a man born in Paris. One sees that the superior men of this country despise affectation. They could well say, 'I am like myself: so much the better for you.' " He cites a cardinal in Italy who, aged ninety-two, is "constantly in society, busy . . . addressing subtle remarks to young women." In



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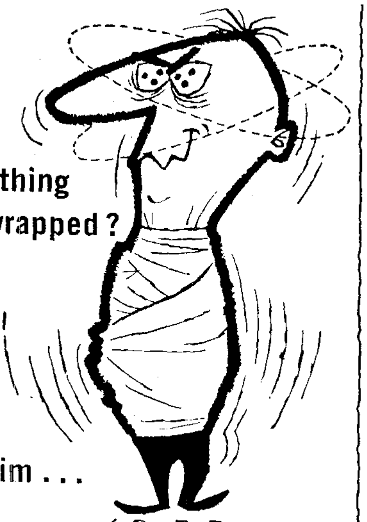

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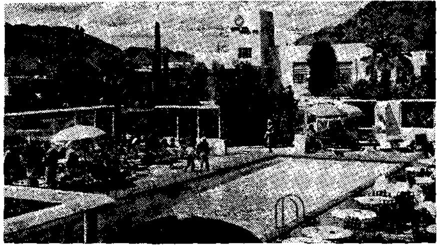

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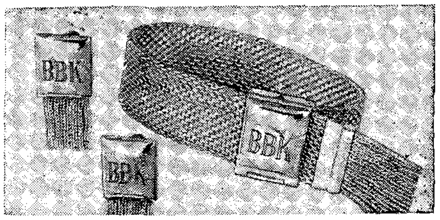

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France, he complains, you have to be solemn in order to succeed, and while the country is moving toward liberty "along an extremely dreary path," there is "nothing of this kind in Rome; everyone is looking for a good time." Frenchmen are petty, care only for public opinion, bother their heads with political nonsense. Italians are bold, indifferent to opinion, swashbucklers—and besides the country is full of real paintings, unlike the art shops of Paris, with their "painted curios." "An Italian who loves a painting *hangs it opposite his bed* so as to see it on awakening, and his salon remains without ornament. Here people want pleasures that are real, and *appearance* is nothing."

Such observations (or, rather, inventions) made up Stendhal's contrast between France, which oppressed him, and Italy, whose greatest charm was that he found it easy to adore what he did not respect. The effect of Italy on all travellers is the effect not merely of the climate and the physical beauty of both the country and the inhabitants but of their supposed primitivism, which has enabled so many writers to describe *the country as if they were on holiday* from tiresome moral restrictions. Although Stendhal had a good deal of contempt for the ignorance in which the Italian people were kept, he was able to write with admiration, with relief, "What can one not dare in a country that has had only a glimpse of modern civilization from May 17, 1809 [when Rome was annexed by Napoleon], to April, 1814 [when it was restored to the Pope]?" That "what can one not dare" was especially exciting to Stendhal, who often wrote about Italy as if it existed chiefly to please his sexual imagination. Like a great many other writers, he openly enjoyed the violence of Italian life. He complained that Christianity had spoiled the "sweet delight" of sitting in the Colosseum and watching wild animals put to death, and that civilization, by "etiolating" the passion and poetry that had once distinguished martyrs in Rome, "will destroy cruelty." The more he despised the self-conscious prudence of so many people in the France of the eighteen-twenties who were afraid of risking further revolutionary upheavals, the more he delighted in the spectacle of the papal city, where corruption and indifference seemed to walk hand in hand. Everywhere else, people appeared to take politics too seriously, but in Rome there was not even a pretense that popular opinion mattered, and in such a climate people looked more color-

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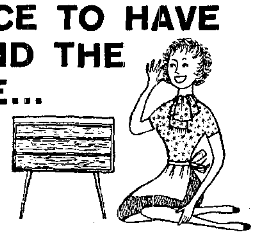

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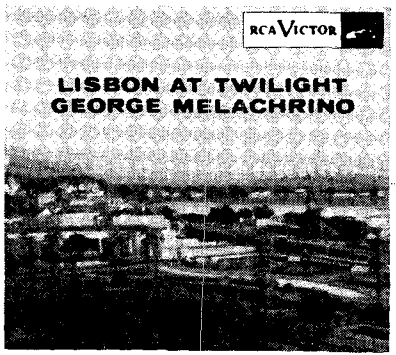

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ful, more passionate, more truly alive. Nowhere in Stendhal's many pages on Italy did his admiration find better expression than in his "the plant, man, is more robust and large in Rome than elsewhere."

From other books of his, one learns that Stendhal actually liked Rome far less than he did Milan, and he described the two cities as women—Milan his special love, Rome "her elder sister . . . a woman of grave, austere worth, without music." But in "A Roman Journal" he shows how much he could suspend his passion for the metropolitan gaiety of Milan and submit fully to Rome, a city so full of historical ghosts, the city that for Stendhal represented the violence and bloodiness of the Renaissance—and that was full of the Raphaels he particularly loved. Rome in the grip of the Vatican dramatized perfectly for Stendhal the extremes of Italian despotism and superstition that seemed to him in such colorful contrast to the self-satisfied common sense of the French. Rome was a city where the dead were carried down the main street late at night, with heads exposed—"an atrocious spectacle that I shall not forget so long as I live, but that makes one think of death, or rather that strikes one's imagination with it, and in this sense a spectacle highly useful to those who reign in this world by making people fear the other." In the leading churches of the city, there had been gravely shown to the faithful a portrait of Jesus Christ painted by the Saviour Himself, the ark of the covenant, Moses' rod, Aaron's rod, the marble table that had been prepared for the sacrifice of Isaac, one of the pieces of silver received by Judas. The Franciscan monks of the church of Santa Maria in Aracoeli, the famous church next to the Capitol, "have the power to attract to their church every year all the devout of Rome and the surrounding countryside by putting on view a doll that is called *il santo Bambino*. This child of olive-wood, magnificently swaddled, represents Jesus Christ at the moment of his birth. This is what is being done in 1829 to pick up a little money, on the spot once revered by the masters of the world as the center of their power."

No one loved the tale of a juicy Renaissance murder as did Stendhal. Although he was describing a tour of contemporary Rome, he reached for every bit of historical gossip or scandal. In the "heyday of poisoning," as he admiringly calls it, "about 1650, it was possible to cut a peach into two halves

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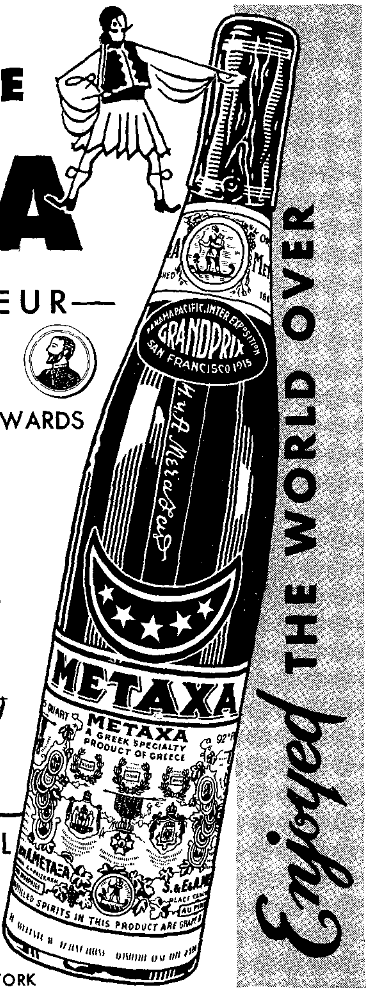

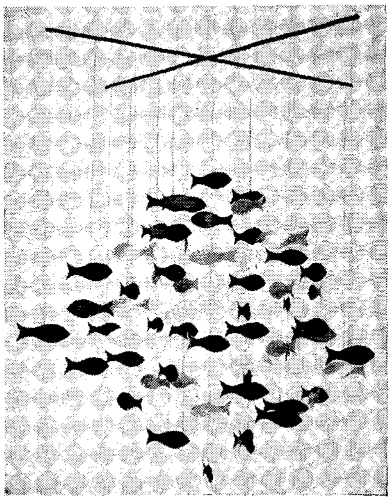

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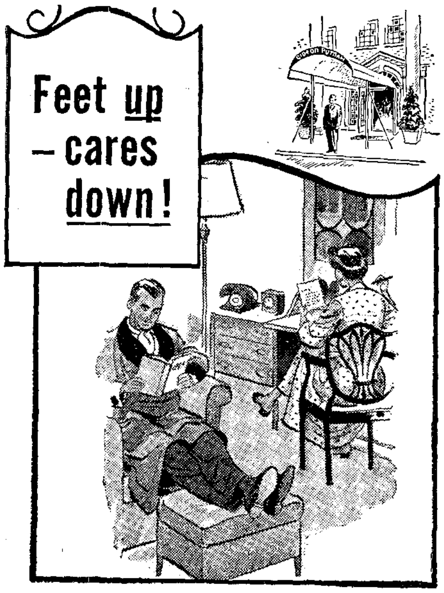
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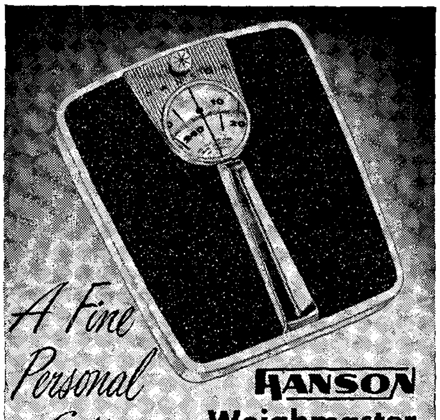

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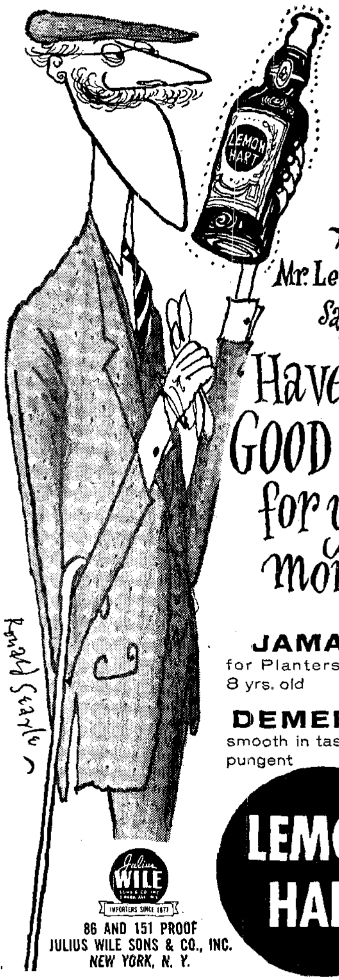
with a gold knife poisoned only on one side. This peach would be shared with the woman who had made one jealous; the half that had been touched by the sound part of the knife could be eaten without danger; the other half was fatal." Stendhal, who praised brigands and highwaymen for their defiance of society, found in authority a defiance of the people that excited him by its very outrageousness. He describes some of the treasures of the magnificent Vatican library, full of manuscripts that the Popes have collected because of their rarity but that at the same time are considered heretical, so in the Vatican library itself there are areas "into which one cannot enter without being excommunicated *ipso facto*." He reports with glee that among the paintings in the Vatican is one showing the assassination of Admiral de Coligny, the leader of the French Protestants who were slaughtered in the St. Bartholomew Massacre. No wonder that once Stendhal got into the swing of things in Rome, he wrote, "If I were not afraid of shocking moral people, I should confess that I have always thought, without saying so, that a woman really belongs to the man who loves her best. I should be inclined to extend this blasphemy to paintings."

The fact that the Pope had temporal as well as spiritual power seemed to Stendhal highly entertaining, an example of the unreal world that had been foisted on Europe by Napoleon's conquerors. But because it was unreal, it appealed to his sense of the absurd. He felt that in Rome he was watching an opera, and although he was an unrelenting critic of existing society, he had such misgivings about the onrush of the middle-class future that he decided to enjoy the revival of the past while it lasted. The antithesis to the squalid magnificence of Italy was the sterile virtuousness of Protestant England and America. One of the funniest things in the "Journal" is his campaign against the English, whom he has standing about Rome like morose savages, and he can never refer to the United States without attributing to all of it the frigid goodness of a Sunday school. Since the disorder and roughness of nineteenth-century New York might have stimulated him, it is entertaining to find him writing that although the country around Rome is infested with bandits and "this country could be civilized in eighteen months by a French or English general, [it] would thereupon be as estimable as it was uninteresting; something like New



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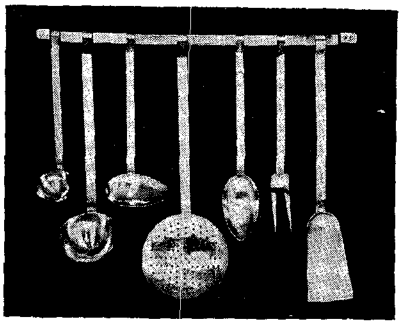

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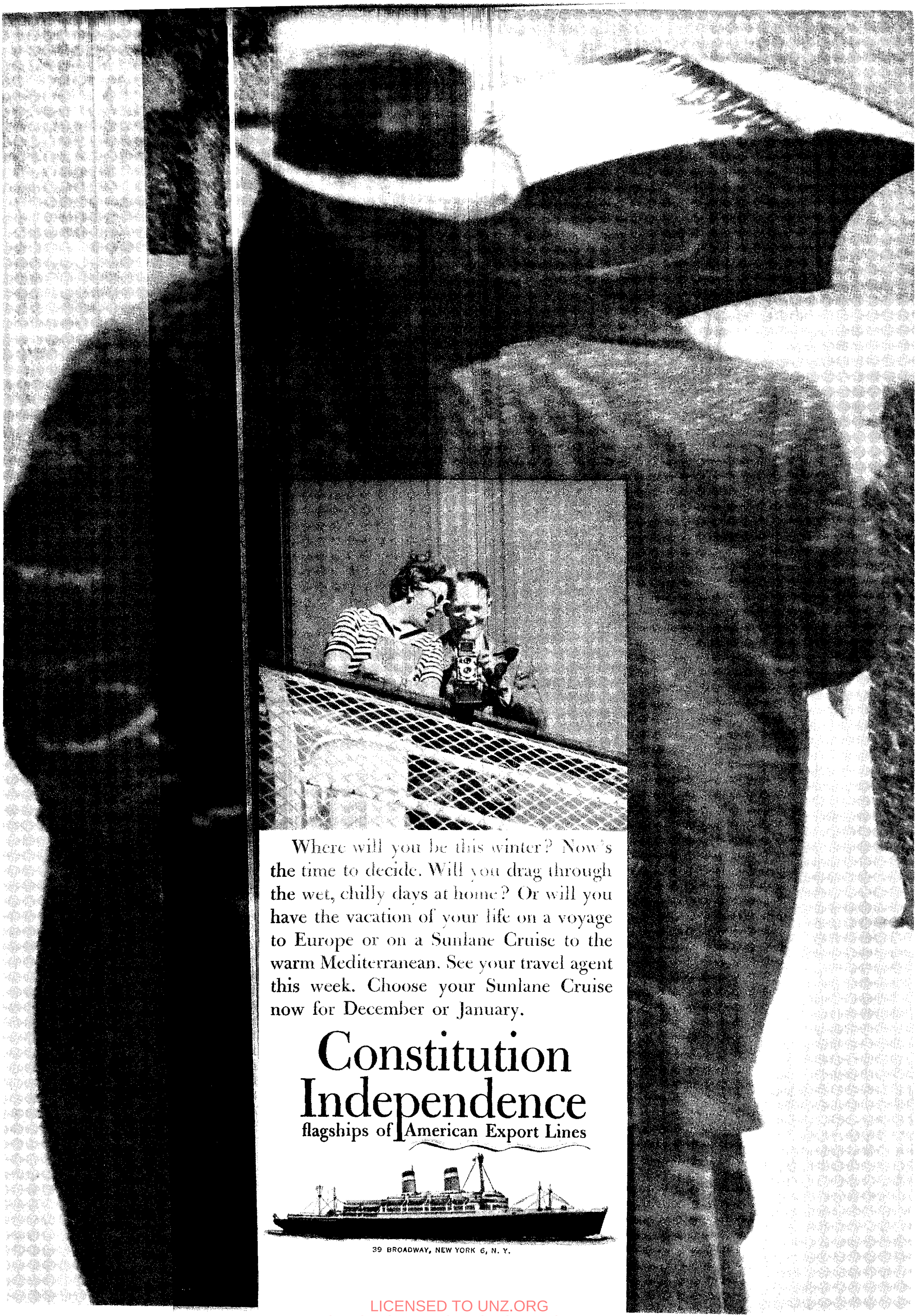

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York. . . . In this highly moral country, boredom would put an end to my existence in a very few months."

In Rome, by contrast, even cardinals come dressed like Bartolo in Rossini's "Barber of Seville"—"a black habit with red braids and red stockings." He has the Pope attending Mass, sitting behind the altar on a throne, sucking at the Saviour's blood with a gold straw. He reports that from the upper stories of the Colosseum "one can look down on the arena and see the Pope's convicts working while they sing." He often describes "this Roman revery, which seems so sweet to us and makes us forget all the interests of active life," and he sees Romans spending "whole hours in mute admiration, leaning on a window of the Villa Lante, on Mount Janiculus." But sensitive as he is to these purely peaceful impressions of "Rome, where the dome of St. Peter's is outlined against the exquisitely pure glow of an orange-hued twilight surmounted high up in the sky by some star that is just appearing," he never allows the Eternal City to blunt his sensuality or to melt his anger at what the world has become. —ALFRED KAZIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

OUR MAN IN HAVANA, by Graham Greene (Viking). A cold, thin, generally fascinating story of a humble English businessman who accidentally becomes a master spy in the British Secret Service. The scene is Havana. The Englishman's name is Wormold, and his business is the sale of vacuum cleaners. He has a romantically lovely and alarmingly intelligent daughter of seventeen, and his best friend is an old, frightened, and very courageous German. The end, which takes place in London, is in keeping with the plot, which is ironic, fantastic, and, in Mr. Greene's talented and contemptuous hands, plausible.

A CROWD OF VOICES, by Richard Lortz (Bobbs-Merrill). The story of a family of grown-up children (the youngest is nineteen) in whom reason and understanding and humor flourish, but not quite enough to withstand the pull of the two forces—common memory and an irresistible mutual resentment—that hold them forever together and forever at odds with one another. These are the Addamses, and they are well-to-do because of the efforts of Dennis, the eldest, who manages their in-

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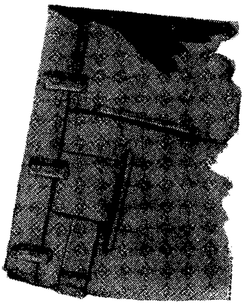

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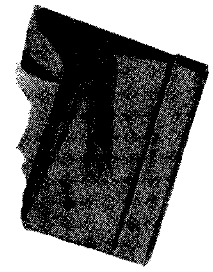

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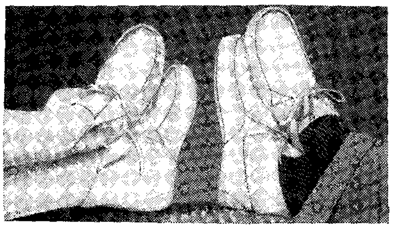

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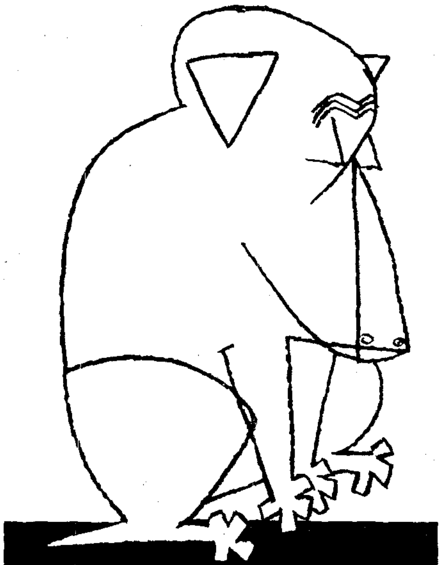

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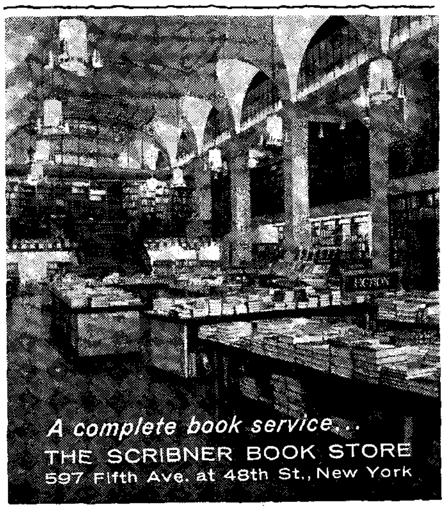

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herited property and makes it pay. Dennis, who is ugly, virile, fatherly, and affectionate, is married to a beautiful, self-absorbed shrew and has two uncared-for, cheerful children. Martin, his brother, is a spoiled, handsome baby in his early twenties who is alternately cherished and punished for his monopoly of the family talent, which is playing the piano. Julia, the youngest, worships Martin and shares his resentment of Dennis, on whom they both depend in childish complacency. All these people and their servants live in a comfortable house on a large and beautiful neglected estate. At the end of the flower garden, in a summerhouse, lives Mr. Addams, their father, who pretends to senility in order to avoid having to contend with his exhausting offspring. Mr. Lortz's publishers have tagged his work "a novel of a family in conflict." What Mr. Lortz has actually written is a description of some people bound together in an emotional impasse so absorbing to them and so agreeable to their essentially passive natures that they will never break out of it, *however much they may* rail against it and pretend, like children looking for extra attention, to run away from it. This first novel is solidly and seriously plotted, and is written with a deliberate, skillful artificiality that is charming. It is altogether a most stylish and lively work.

THE LONG DREAM, by Richard Wright (Doubleday). A facile, mechanically written story of a Negro boyhood in Mississippi. Fishbelly, whose father is an undertaker and, by almost any ordinary standards, an affluent man, experiences all the injustices a Southern Negro child can suffer, carrying a full burden of fear until, at the age of nineteen, he sees at last what he must do in order to escape the deadly weight of his heritage. The time is the recent past.

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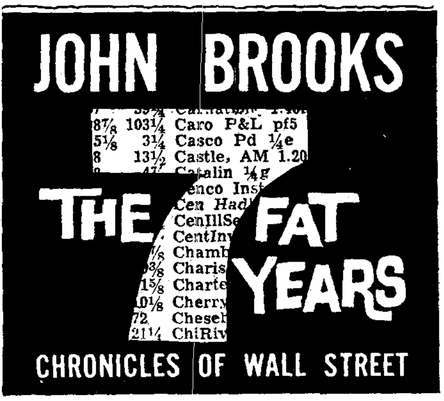

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kind or another, he is in a mood that—at least for him—approaches mellowness. He criticizes left, right, up, and down, sometimes with brutal candor; still, he admits that on occasion he, too, has blundered, and both his accusations and his confessions are fascinating. Parts of his story—his description, for instance, of exactly how he took command of the Eighth Army not long before the Battle of El Alamein and poured his own astonishing courage into the hearts of tired, discouraged, dusty soldiers—are, simply, classic.

THE SEARCH FOR GOOD SENSE: FOUR EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHARACTERS, by F. L. Lucas (Macmillan). "I believe that one should be as difficult about what one admits to one's brain as the American authorities about whom they admit to the United States," the author, an English critic and Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, observes in an introductory examination of the eighteenth-century mind. "It seems to me, then, mere common sense never to . . . read a book without asking, 'Is it worth the amount of life it will cost?' " With this challenge ringing in our ears, we edge alertly into the panel of biographical studies of Samuel Johnson, James Boswell, Lord Chesterfield, and Oliver Goldsmith that follows, and emerge some three hours later quickened in mind, replete with delight, and (for all our familiarity with Boswell's "Life" and "Journals," with Chesterfield's "Letters," and with Goldsmith's numerous self-revelations) rich in new illumination. A blue-chip investment.

THE "OFFICE": THE STORY OF THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE, 1919-51, by John Connell (St. Martin's). A lively anecdotal and critical history. Some problems in running the Foreign Office, such as the relation-

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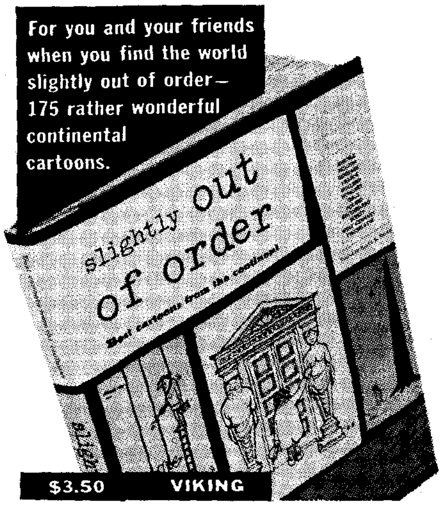

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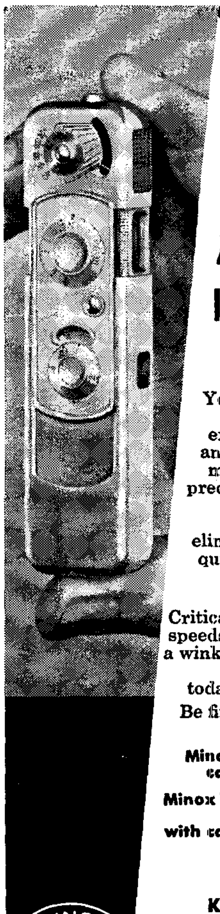
ship between the permanent staff and the political chief, seem to be perennial and perennially unsolved, and on this delicate subject Mr. Connell lays down no rules; he merely records, for example, that Neville Chamberlain's disastrous foreign policy was carried out despite the advice of Foreign Office experts, while Ernest Bevin's Middle Eastern policy failed because it was based on expert advice, all bad. Another perennial problem—staffing the department—has required some new solutions. The Foreign Office first began recruiting young men from outside the upper-upper class in 1919 (". . . My God, fancy a Labour Minister in the Foreign Office!" Lord Curzon wrote in 1923), and in 1951 the security check finally supplanted the social reference as a method of choosing young diplomats—a step forced on the Foreign Office not by the misbehavior of poor boys but by the flight of Burgess and Maclean, traitors from impeccable social backgrounds. Mr. Connell is an engaging writer, who instructs, narrates, and entertains with great skill.

THE WISEST FOOL IN CHRISTENDOM: THE REIGN OF KING JAMES I AND VI, by William McElwee (Harcourt, Brace). A properly objective but not, for an admirable change, altogether unfriendly biography of Mary's son and Elizabeth's heir and successor. The author, an English historian who teaches at Stowe School, admits that James was something of a slob, and he ticks off his faults—laziness, gluttony, and alcoholism; grossness in speech, behavior, and appearance; self-righteousness; and, when he exchanged the poverty of Scotland for the comparative opulence of England, an almost incredible extravagance. (In the first four years of his reign, James ran up a personal jewelry bill of ninety-two thousand pounds.) On the other hand, he also concedes and demonstrates James's virtues—intelligence ("He had a better brain than most of his ministers, and a better understanding of what went on beyond the shores of England"); a cheerful, easy common sense; and a high degree, for his time, of religious tolerance. As James observed himself, "I will not say I have governed as well as she [Elizabeth] did, but I may say we have had as much peace in our time as in hers." It should also be recorded that Mr. McElwee has an excellent feeling for style and



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BLOCKADE RUNNERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, by Hamilton Cochran (Bobbs-Merrill). A history of the Northern blockade of the Southern maritime states during the Civil War, written with an eye for drama and color. The men who skippered the fast shallow-draft ships that ran munitions and other articles through Mr. Lincoln's blockade were a picturesque lot; some of them were patriots who would risk anything for the Rebel cause (although even when they were caught red-handed by the Union Navy, nothing much happened to them), and many others, including a surprising number of officers in the British Navy, were simply out for the profits, which were staggering, and for the fun of the thing. Mr. Cochran tells many stories of chases at sea, hairbreadth escapes, and ingenious stratagems to outwit the Northern warships. In the end, of course, ways were found to make the blockade really work; these, combined with the ruin of Southern credit in the international market, meant the end of the high jinks, but by then a good many of the blockade runners were handsomely fixed for life. Illustrations.

THE SHOOK-UP GENERATION, by Harrison E. Salisbury (Harper). An unpadded expansion of the author's instructive series of articles on the causes, nature, and possible control of organized juvenile delinquency in New York City and elsewhere (including Russia, Poland, Hungary, and Holland) that appeared in the *Times* last March. Much of the material is, of course, lurid to a degree (fighting techniques, drug addiction, group sexual practices), but Mr. Salisbury, while understandably determined to retain our attention, picks his way through these temptations with taste and dignity. He also resists the equally strong temptation to find an easy victim in the home, the school, lack of religious training, or the temper of our time—although he makes it plain that all these are relevant factors—and he has some extremely interesting ideas on such subjects as universal education, child-labor laws, the traditional three-month summer vacation, and the architectural horror of most low-cost public housing.

THE PROUD POSSESSORS, by Aline B. Saarinen (Random House). This is a set of studies, by the associate

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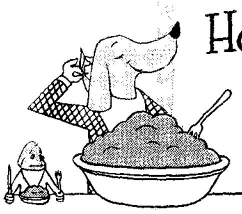
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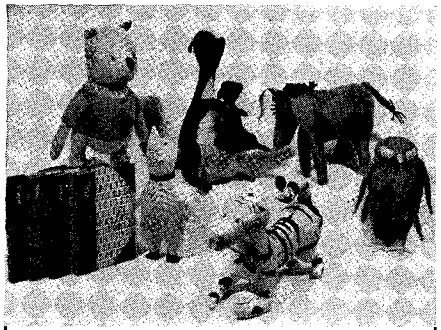

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art critic of the *Times*, of the art-buying careers of some Americans for whom "the collecting of art was a primary means of expression." All Mrs. Saarinen's subjects—a group that includes such disparate figures as J. P. Morgan and Peggy Guggenheim—have been pace-setters; they have influenced the world's art markets and, through gifts to museums, the taste of millions of Americans who want to look but can't afford to buy. An easy, unpretentious record of Americans learning to understand a great many kinds of beauty.

A CASE HISTORY OF HOPE: THE STORY OF POLAND'S PEACEFUL REVOLUTION, by Flora Lewis (Doubleday). An account of four years (1953-57) during which Poland moved from unmitigated despair to qualified optimism. Miss Lewis, an American correspondent who has spent enough time in postwar Poland to be able to evaluate the changes that occurred in this period, traces the series of events that followed Stalin's death and shows how, little by little, the very worst Russian pressures have been taken off the country's economy and the very worst Communist pressures off her people. She is clearly delighted by every scrap of liberty the Poles have won, and especially by the fact that they are now free at least to ask themselves whether a Communist society can be anything but a brutal, bloody nightmare.

JOHN DEWEY IN PERSPECTIVE, by George R. Geiger (Oxford). A sympathetic study of Dewey's ideas, with the aim of rehabilitating his reputation at a time when, Professor Geiger says, "almost every fundamental part of his philosophy seems also to have been misperceived, [and] vulgarization and stereotyping have just about taken over." The author says little that is startlingly new, but he sometimes puts things very well, as when he remarks, "If 'experience' is the key signature to Dewey's philosophy, 'thinking' is the very melody itself."

THE ART OF POETRY, by Paul Valéry, translated by Denise Folliot, with an introduction by T. S. Eliot (Bollingen Series XLV-Pantheon). This, the second published volume of a projected fifteen-volume edition of Valéry's collected works in English, will eventually stand as the seventh volume of the series. Since so many of Valéry's theories about the nature, structure, and function of poetry underlie current critical

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writing in England, America, and Western Europe, this complete collection of his essays on the poetic art is extremely valuable, and a translation as competent as the present one has been long overdue. Valéry's early (1889) and anti-Romantic definition of the modern poet as "almost an algebraist, in the service of a subtle dreamer" has become widely accepted as poetry has moved into its twentieth-century development, and Valéry's own poetic practice incorporates his theory in the most striking way. Eliot, in his preface, points out the dangers, as well as the virtues, of Valéry's approach, and warns that Valéry's disregard for the power of common speech at times tends to chill and refine his poetry, and that of his followers, into a sort of laboratory product. These essays should come into the hands of everyone interested not only in the now almost mythical figure of Valéry but in the evolving situation of poetry and poetic theory in our time.

More Essays from the World of Music, by Ernest Newman, selected by Felix Aprahamian (Coward-McCann). A second collection of some of the pieces about music that Mr. Newman has contributed to the London *Sunday Times* from 1920 on. In some ways, it is even better than the first, which was remarkably lively; this book is more speculative ("None of us can be quite sure of anything in art") and often more downright ("few thinking people" would claim that Verdi was "fundamentally a front-rank musician").

Once There Was a War, by John Steinbeck (Viking). The author's introduction says that for a long time he resisted the impulse to reprint his war correspondence, believing that "unless the stories had validity twenty years in the future they should stay on the yellowing pages of dead newspaper files." Unfortunately, these thin feature stories—"human-interest" without re-creating human beings—about goat mascots, short snorters, the pathos of a shelled rosebush, and the atrocity of English cooking do not pass that admirable test.

The Second Fireside Book of Baseball, edited by Charles Einstein (Simon & Schuster). Another mountain of fact, fiction, verse, cartoons, and photographs, in which, as before, the contributions of the professional interpreters—the reporters and cameramen—are by far the most impres-

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sive. There are, of course, a few exceptions—Ring Lardner's durable "My Roomy," a diverting study by Roger Kahn of the fascination that baseball has for intellectuals, a factual parody of "Casey at the Bat" by Meyer Berger, and a most instructive exegesis by (or signed by) Joe DiMaggio on "How to Play the Outfield." For the rest, in spite of Mr. Einstein's liberality with literary lions (Jacques Barzun, Sherwood Anderson, Robert Penn Warren, Kenneth Patchen, Marianne Moore), the honors go to Arthur Daley, Jimmy Cannon, John Drebinger, Daniel M. Daniel, John Lardner, Richard O. Boyer, Tom Meany, Joe Trimble, and Red Smith, and a score of unidentified photographers.

HERBLOCK'S SPECIAL FOR TODAY (Simon & Schuster). A generous selection of the editorial cartoons drawn for the Washington *Post & Times Herald* and two hundred other newspapers by Herbert Block over the past four years. Mr. Block has added a thirty-thousand-word commentary that reminds the reader of issues referred to in the cartoons and also allows the author-artist to take a couple of extra cracks at the administration. A fine book for Democrats.

THE PICK OF "PUNCH," edited by Nicolas Bentley (Dutton). This year's selection from the pages of *Punch*—poetry, prose, and cartoons. Everybody knows *Punch*, and every year more and more Americans are becoming sufficiently attuned to the English psyche to appreciate it. Meanwhile, the English (as they themselves are the first to lament) are becoming more and more like Americans. At least, quite a few themes appear in the 1958 annual that seem pretty funny on this side of the Atlantic: rock 'n' roll, small foreign cars, women (considered as a separate species from men), and children (considered as a separate species from people).

•

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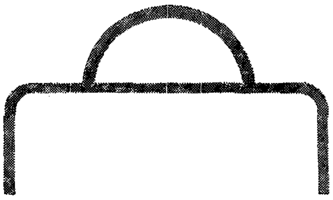

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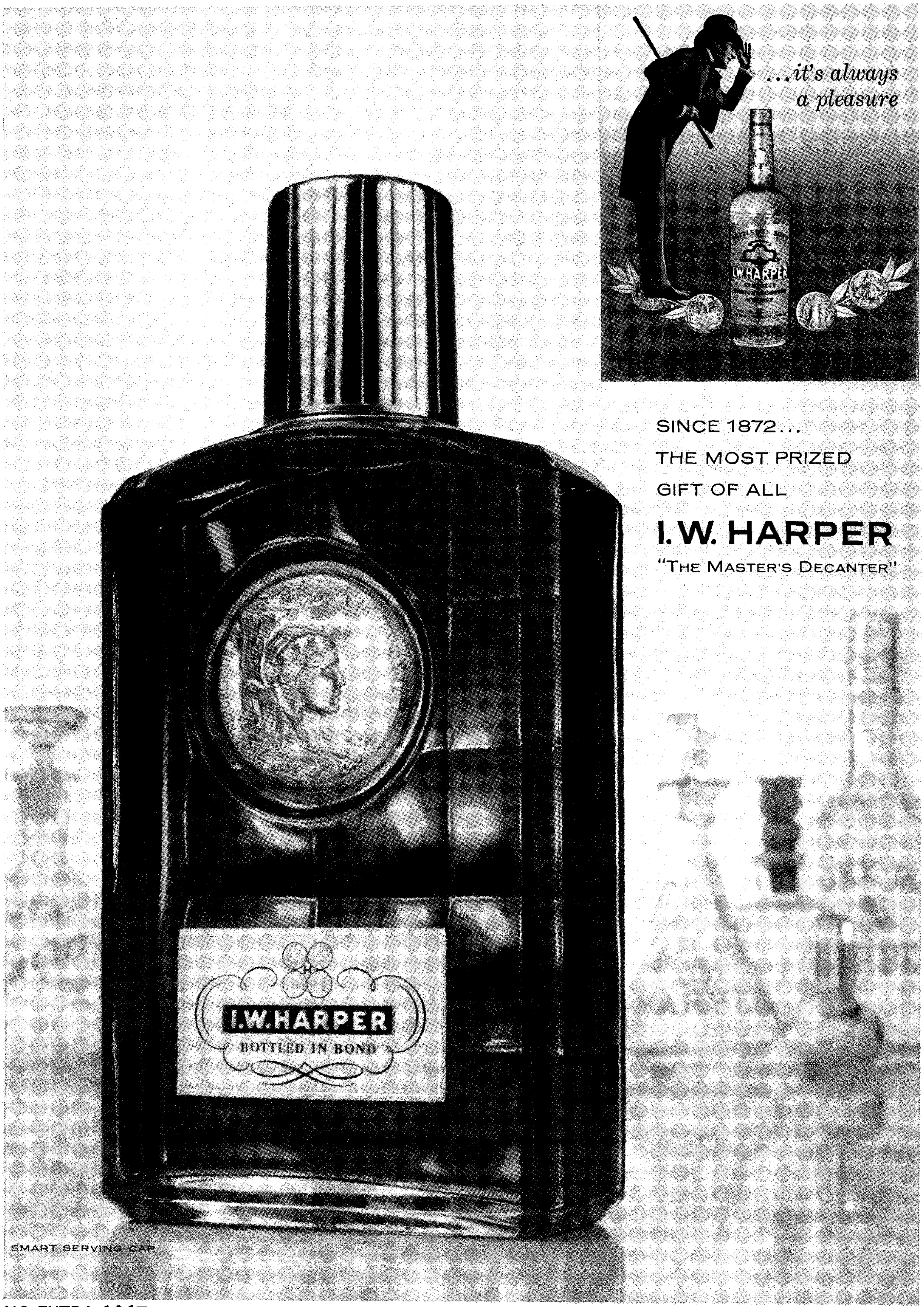
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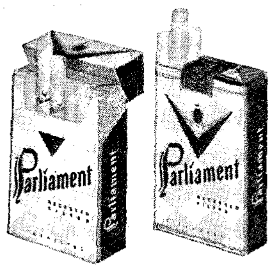
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